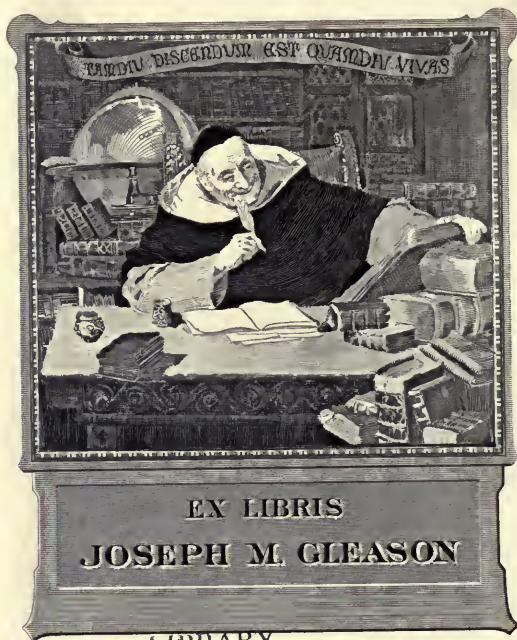


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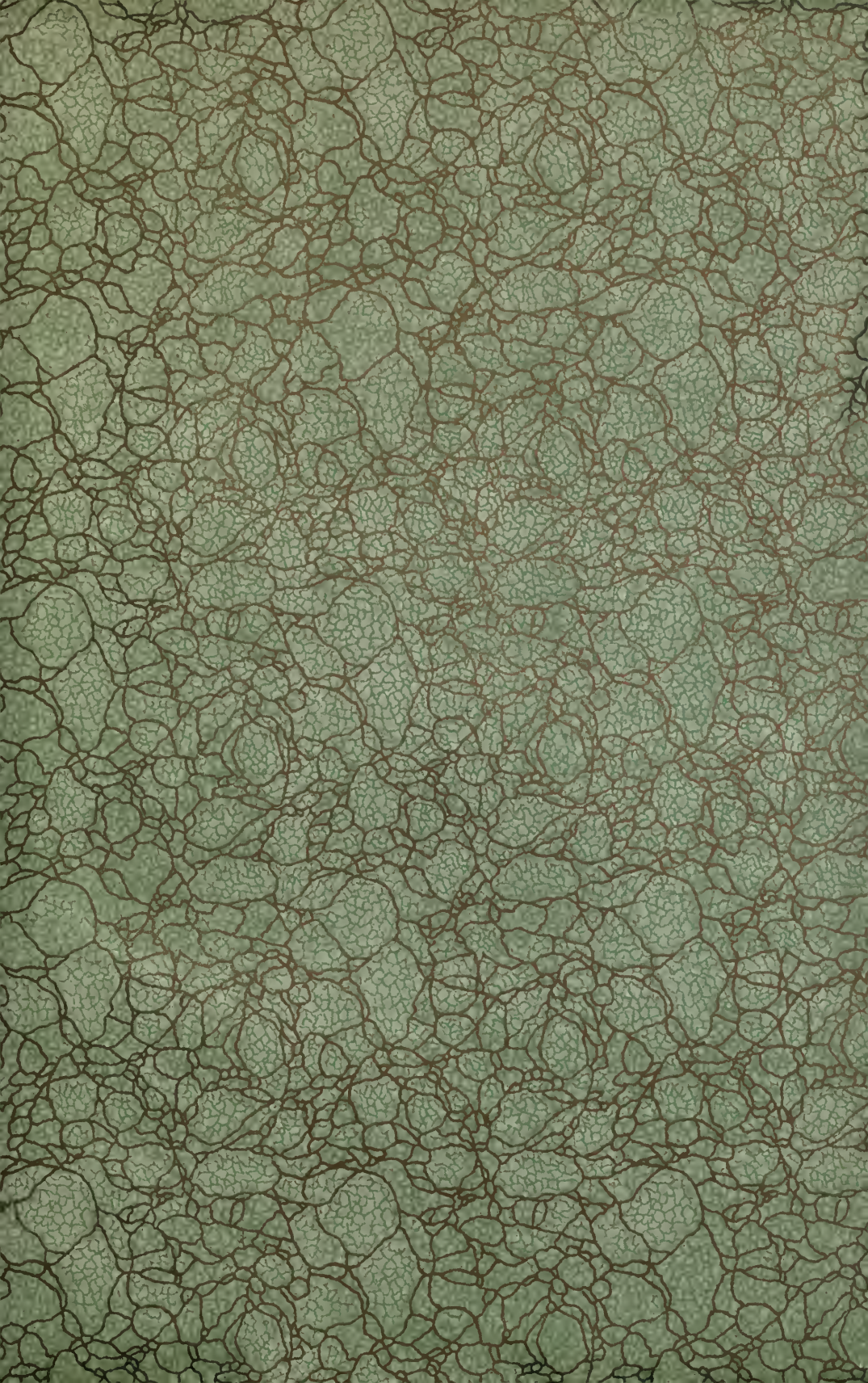


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PRINCESS & CAVALIER  
THE AGE OF COLONIZATION  
1570-1620









HAYES BARTON, BIRTHPLACE OF SIR. WALTER RALEIGH



The Real America in Romance

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# PRINCESS & CAVALIER

THE AGE OF COLONIZATION

1570-1620

EDITED BY

EDWIN MARKHAM

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE, AND OTHER POEMS,"  
"LINCOLN, AND OTHER POEMS," "VIRGILIA, AND OTHER  
POEMS," "THE POETRY OF JESUS," ETC.

*VOLUME IV*



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## PRINCESS & CAVALIER

### THE AGE OF COLONIZATION

THIS generation in America is ushered in by the passing from the stage of history of Philip II, where he had played the part of villain to every nation of Europe, not excepting his own Spain. He had constituted himself the watch-dog of the New World, and no man might tread its soil without his consent. Relieved at last of the terror of Philip, France felt strong enough to begin anew her efforts at colonization in the vast unbroken territory that stretched northward from Florida over fertile fields and valleys untenanted save by wild beasts and savage men. But, unable to forget Philip's ghost, she removed herself far to the north, where, almost simultaneously with the foundation of Jamestown, she set her foot firmly upon the rock of Quebec.

In this generation it will be found that the Spanish name Estévan has been anglicized to Stevens. This change is significant, as marking the beginning of English colonization in America and the beginning of the decline of Spanish domination. Using Henry Hudson, the Englishman, much as Spain had used Columbus, the Italian, Holland founded the Commonwealth that bears to-day the proud title of "Empire State." It is worthy of note that, among the colonizing nations that planted themselves upon American soil, the Dutch alone were successful from the first. New York and Albany, though with new names and changed flags, owe their existence to the one nation in continental Europe that had bid successful defiance to Philip.

After the lamentable experience on Roanoke Island, where her settlers perished and left not a trace behind, Eng-

land came near failure again and again at Jamestown, yet there made the beginnings that have expanded until the child has fairly outgrown her parent. No one could have foreseen how great an oak was to spring from the tiny acorn dropped on Virginia's fertile soil; no one who notes how near, through discouragement, starvation, and death, the little colony was to a tragic end more than once, and how supplies and reinforcements arrived to give new life and hope in the nick of time, can fail to see a mighty purpose working itself out.

Though widely separated in geography, the deeds of these several peoples, English, Dutch, and French, are strung upon the thread of Romance, and, instead of being treated as unrelated incidents in dislocated chapters, kept constantly in view. The actions and reactions of the various settlements, the opening of inter-colonial trade, the civilizing and unifying influences of commerce, tending from the first to bring about the concord which now appears so inevitable, are bound together in time, and can be followed with increasing and unforgettable interest. The numerous portraits of the actors in the events of that day all fall strictly within the chronological limits of the generation under discussion, and have their due part to play in fixing their subjects and the events in which they took part upon the reader's memory.

Chief among these is the valorous Captain John Smith, who is gladly accorded place among the greater men of the New World. But he was long in coming into his just deserts. Brave, patriotic, and with marked executive ability, he was regarded as a failure in his own day, largely through the envy and malice of the men who thwarted his best endeavors. He placed the welfare of others before his own, he used such power as he obtained for others' good; and for this he must long be held in high esteem.



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PRINCESS & CAVALIER





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## CHAPTER I

### THE DRAGON OF THE SEAS

THREE-AND-TWENTY ships went sailing down the English Channel in the autumn of the year 1585. Three-and-twenty ships with lofty poops and bristling guns; with stalwart ribs of oak and bellying snow-white sails, nodding and courtseying farewells to the chalk cliffs of England as they sailed. It was the fleet of Francis Drake, sent by his Queen, Elizabeth of England, to scourge the western seas of her enemy, the Spaniards — Drake, whom the men of Spain sneered at, calling him Draco, the Dragon, laughing as they punned upon his name, and



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH (*From the portrait in the State Library of Virginia*)



ON THE OREGON COAST

turning pale as they laughed; Drake, who, the mothers of Spain told their children, dined upon children that did not obey their parents; Drake, who had already brought terror to many Spanish hearts, before whose prowess the maritime power of Spain was to go to awful wrack, destined to place England in control of the seas so securely that in the centuries that have come and gone since he sailed the ocean none has displaced her.

Born with hereditary dislike for the Dons of Spain, he had been kindled into undying, passionate hatred of them, when, as a boy on the deck of one of John Hawkins's five stout ships, he had fought

with thirteen Spanish vessels in the harbor of San Juan de Ulúa, now the harbor of Vera Cruz. Hawkins, sailing in the Spanish Main, had sought shelter there from storms. The Spanish fleet appeared in the offing. Hawkins, though there was then no war between their sovereigns, feared the intentions of the Spaniards, and would not permit them to enter their own harbor until they had given promise that they would not attack him. Once inside, the Spaniards had made battle; for who were the English that word should be kept with them? Two of Hawkins's ships escaped. One of them bore away young Drake, with wrath in his heart, and a desire for revenge which many years of destructive enmity could not satisfy.

Already he had worked out part of his revenge. Five years before, in the *Golden Hind*, he had ravaged the western coast of Spanish America, from Chile to Mexico, striking bitter blows in each harbor where Spanish treasure ships made port, burning towns, and carrying away plunder valued at millions of dollars. From his corsair work he had turned to scientific exploration, coasting far along the shores of the North Pacific, entering a harbor thought to be the bay of San Francisco, and reaching as far as the coast of Oregon before he turned back.

Now, his Queen had sent him to desolate the coasts of Florida and the West Indies. As the ships nodded and smiled down the channel, two men stood on the decks of the *Elizabeth Bonaventura*, the flagship of the fleet. One of them, whose blue eyes looked merrily upon the world, was in the full vigor of youth, broad of shoulder, ruddy of countenance, fine of physique. He was clad in the gorgeous extravagance of color of the Elizabethan period, contrasting strikingly with the somber black of his companion, a lean man past middle age, who had sailed with Drake on the previous expedition.



"Good Master Seymour, it seems that your first voyage was but a sorry affair for you, if one may judge by the look of you," said the younger. "That vile malady, the calentura, which must have been invented by the Spaniard or Satan — and, by my faith, there's small difference betwixt the two — has most cleanly picked your bones, already but meagerly furnished with solid flesh."

Seymour turned a long, thin, resentful face toward the other man as he replied sourly: "Your words bring but poor comfort, Master Ballard, and are of a kind no man likes to hear. I was attacked by a fever that carried off three hundred hale and hearty soldiers and sailors, and I survived it. Does not this fact indicate that my constitution is of splendid stuff?"

"Of a truth, yes," soothed the other. "I crave your pardon, Master Seymour. You see I was born with the bluntest of tongues, but one which though forever a-swing rarely intends to scathe. I agree with you that your scrawny man may outlive your fat lout, — ay, and accomplish more into the bargain. Master Seymour," he resumed after a pause, "when my cousin the admiral let it be known that he wished a scribe to accompany him on this voyage, to set down all pertaining thereto that might be of interest to the public, you came to him; and, bearing with you most satisfactory words of commendation, he engaged your services. But all along I have felt that life on the sea is but little to your taste, and still less so the scenes that result in our wiping from the earth when occasion demands the Portuguese or the Spaniard."

Seymour gazed in silence for some moments at the autumn sun, now sinking out of sight in the crimson west, which had made of the tranquil sea a huge opal with changeful hues of red, blue, and green. Then he answered, "'T is true I left with regret my books and my researches,

but I brought my pens and my ink-horn, and an erudite man must always find pleasure in writing the results of his observations. Still, the real object of my journey is a certain discovery I wish to make."

"A discovery? You wish to find gold? A not unreasonable expectation, since 't is said this new world is full of it."

Seymour shook his head. "I am looking for something far, far more valuable and much more worthy of the time and thought of a man of science. Three-quarters of a century ago Juan Ponce de Leon believed that there might be found in this newly discovered territory the waters of immortality, a fountain or spring that would bestow upon man the gift of eternal youth."

"But he found a mortal wound instead," interrupted Ballard, scoffing at him.

"That fact does not prove at all that the waters do not exist to-day.

Many a man has searched for treasure without finding it, and still it is there. The fountain of youth is not a thing believed in merely by the ignorant, but by many people of wisdom and fortune. This conviction is shared by the learned Doctor Dee, whose erudition is appreciated by no less a personage than her gracious Majesty the Queen. She has oft consulted him to learn the wondrous things he can tell of what to others lies veiled behind the future."

"You are not so aged as to require the aid of these magic



SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

waters," remarked Ballard. "There is not yet a grey thread in your locks, though the sly crow has made tracks about your eyes."

"I am not an old man, it is true; though what man would not exchange if he could the failing eye and the diminishing calf of five-and-forty for the keenness and the lithe grace of twenty? But 't is not altogether of my own advantage I am thinking, or, at least, not of my well-being in that direction." He leaned forward, and clutching with his long, thin fingers the gayly slashed sleeve of the other, continued, "I have brought with me a cask in which to convey some of the waters back to England, for I have in mind one to share with me this great blessing. That other is one who in return for the gift will grant me, and gladly, high preferment at court. I, Martin Seymour, belonging as I do to one branch of a family that gave a queen to England, I, a man of science, should occupy a higher place than that into which ill luck has thrust me. The personage of whom I speak will place me in that splendid galaxy of learned men who grace the court of Elizabeth!"

"And who, rejuvenated by the waters, would be able to grant so rich a return?" wondered Ballard.

Seymour lowered his voice as he responded impressively: "Who but the Queen herself? Her Majesty has passed the half-century milestone and is waxing old. What would she not be willing to give in return for the restoration of her lost youth?"

"By my faith! I should not like to be the one who would dare to hint to her Majesty that such a remedy is needed," laughed the other.

"That part of it I should know how to manage in conjunction with Doctor Dee. But 'alas!" he sighed, "not yet have I found the spring, though I have bathed in what seemed to be promising pools at Santiago in San Domingo,

and, before falling into the clutches of the fever, at Carthage.

"Which had well-nigh rendered your fountain useless," commented his friend, adding, "Well, I come not to find a fountain of youth, which, the saints be praised! I do not yet need, but to woo that alluring dame called Adventure, and belike to win a portion of that gold with which my good cousin so lavishly has filled his own coffers. Gold have I found none, but adventure a-plenty, and 't is a rich pleasure to punish the don for his arrogance."

"Philip of Spain has reason for his pride," observed Seymour, "for he owns two-thirds of the known world."

"The time is coming when it will be wrested from him!" cried the other hotly, "though he considers himself so invincible. Think of the cognizance we found in the town-hall of San Domingo! Was it not of a sort to fire the blood of all true Englishmen? A globe forsooth, with a horse volant, and the motto '*Non sufficit orbis!*' Instead of not being satisfied with the whole earth, right hard will he find it to keep that which he has, should our Queen see fit to declare war against him."

"Whatever the future holds in store for him he feels secure in the present," remarked Seymour. "Armed with his papal bull of donation, which gives him the sole title to the two Americas, Philip of Spain feels that no other race has the right to set foot upon his soil."

"Yes," agreed the young man; "small difference does it make to him whether the so-called intruder be a Frenchman or an Englishman; the victim finds his ship scuttled, and himself stretched on a rack in Seville or burning in the *auto-da-fe* in Madrid."

"And already is he preparing a great fleet to send to England, and who knows that it may not be what he terms



it, the Invincible Armada? Our Queen is wise to remain for the present discreetly inactive," said Seymour.

"Never fear, her Majesty has our Captain Drake to send against Philip's Armada," chuckled Ballard. And, indeed, the day was not far distant when Drake was to sail into the harbor of Cadiz and "sing the beard of the



SAN DOMINGO IN 1671 (*From an old engraving*)

King of Spain," leaving his name a word to be used in Spanish domains for generations to frighten children.

"A commander whom his enemies call a pirate," droned the deliberate voice of the secretary.

"Then he divides the shame of it with his sovereign," retorted the other. "Did she not say in giving him his sword, 'We do account that he who striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us'?"

"I wonder what we shall find in this new country of Virginia, which the Queen has ordered Sir Francis to inspect," said Seymour. "The strangest thing we have had

from that land is the weed called by the natives *γῆρῶνος*, the which our tongue has changed to tobacco. I was told that it brought comfort to the very soul of a man; a statement I have believed since it is said that Sir Walter Raleigh smoked it in silver pipes in the very presence of her Majesty. Resolving to try for myself, and having procured a pipe, I set it afire, expecting to revel in the joys of the gods. But instead of beholding pleasing visions in the blue smoke that curled about my head, everything grew dizzy and dark, and so sick was I that I thought I was like to die. Instead of comfort, the bowl of the pipe harbors the foul fiend, — of that I am ready to stake my life!"

"I have not tried it myself," remarked Ballard, "but I am told that after a while the sickness ceases to come, and that the use of the weed brings all the joys claimed for it. We have with us a store of it procured at different points."

The secretary shuddered, his face wearing an expression of extreme disgust. The two remained silent for some time, gazing reflectively at the water and the sea, and watching those that were in sight of the other twenty-four ships of Sir Francis Drake's fleet. The younger man broke the silence, "Master Seymour, you who are a scholar, and have studied globes and maps, are you able to tell me why our land of England has been so slow to take what rightfully should be her share of this new world."

"You must know, Master Ballard, that 't was by a strange mischance that Henry VII had not also a share in those great discoveries.

"Columbus, after having been repulsed in Spain and Portugal, sent his brother Bartholomew to the court of England to explain his plans to King Henry. Unfortunately, Bartholomew fell into the hands of pirates, and his arrival in London was delayed. So, before King Henry had time to negotiate with Don Christopher for the promotion of the

scheme, Columbus had received aid from Queen Isabella, and the voyage of discovery had already been made.

"When Columbus returned with marvelous stories of the land he found, England's King longed more than ever to put his finger into the luscious pie. So when the Venetian Giovanni Gabota, or John Cabot as his name had become during his residence in our country — applied for a commission of discovery of the new territory which he thought must lie to the northwest, the King readily gave his consent. Henry placed the enterprise in the hands of a foreigner, the more willingly because at that time the English knew little of the science of navigation. Cabot and his son Sebastian sailed away under the English flag in 1497, just two years after the return of Columbus from America."

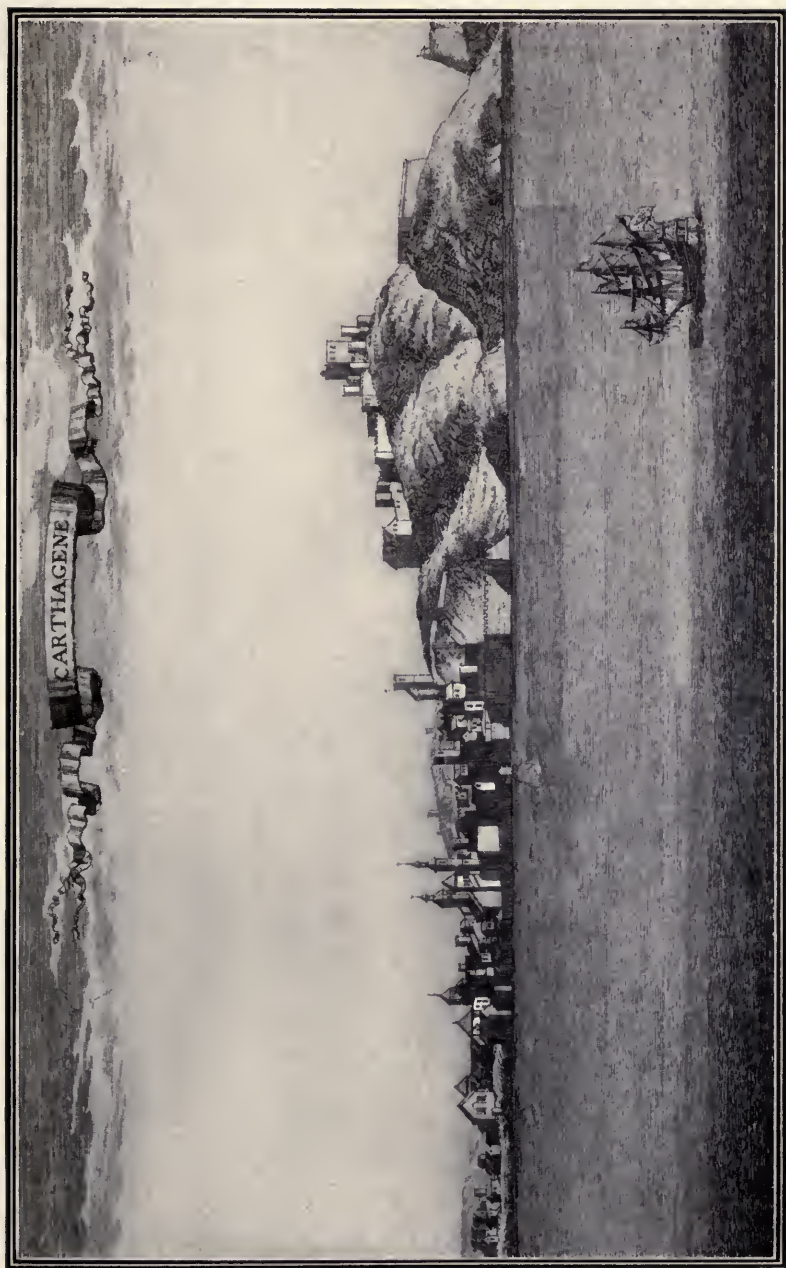
"But the King contributed meagerly to the enterprise. Cabot was poorly equipped with a fleet."

"A poor thing compared to this. Only one ship furnished by the King and four small boats. They expected to find the rich treasures of Cathay as described by Marco Polo, but they found only a land which they named Prima Vista — which we now call Newfoundland — and, like children anxious to tell what they have seen, returned to England, bringing with them three of the natives. The following year Sebastian Cabot, with a company of three hundred men, made a second voyage with the hope of finding a northwest passage to India. He reached North America, and sailed along the coast from Labrador to Virginia, but so far as is known he did not land."

"But how came it that Henry VII did not take possession of the countries discovered by the Cabots?"

"Because he had so much to occupy him at home. He was waging a war with Scotland, and was in the midst of negotiations with the wily Ferdinand for the marriage of his eldest son, Prince Arthur, with the Princess Catherine.





CARTHAGENA ON THE SPANISH MAIN (From a very rare print)





Moreover, the land found by the Cabots lay within the territory covered by the papal donation, which the King, being a good Catholic, of course felt bound to respect. But when the spirit of the reformation swept over Western Europe, Henry VIII, angered by the Pope's opposition to his divorce from Catherine of Aragon, annulled papal authority in England, and himself became the head of the Church in his own realm. Political relations were severed with Spain, our country no longer felt bound to acknowledge the validity of the Pope's grant, and her people considered themselves free to take a portion of the New World. Cabot, who in the meantime had entered the service of Spain, returned to England during the reign of Edward VI and was made grand pilot of the kingdom."

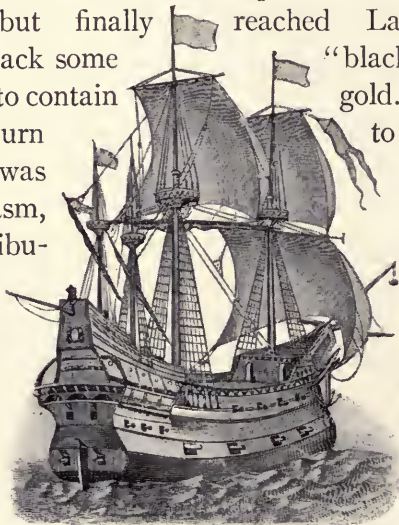
"Queen Mary was one to stand in awe of the papal bull," remarked Ballard.

"Ay, that she was! In one way it was well that she bestowed her hand on Philip of Spain, for, from hearing so much of their discoveries from the Spanish people, a longing for adventure on the trackless seas was kindled in the hearts of our sailors. Then our good Queen Elizabeth, may Heaven grant her long to reign over us! freed her realm and determined to take her own."

The two friends were presently joined on deck by other members of the flagship's crew, and they continued to discuss the voyage and discoveries made under the English flag during the previous decade. England was just entering on her career which soon made her mistress of the sea, a position which once acquired she has proudly maintained. Braver men than England's early sea-kings never sailed the seas, and their names have been an inspiration to the seamen of all nations and all times. One of the commanders of this expedition, Vice-Admiral Martin Frobisher, was destined to cover himself with glory in the struggle with the Armada,

and to be rewarded with the honor of knighthood. He had already sailed on three expeditions in search of a northwest passage to Cathay. He seems at an early age to have become possessed by his lifelong dream of a northwest passage to India, and after a long solicitation was enabled chiefly through aid of Warwick to sail on his first expedition in June 1576, with the *Gabriel* and *Michael*, of twenty tons each, and a pinnace of ten tons, having a total complement of thirty-five men. The pinnace was lost in the storms, and the *Michael* deserted, but Frobisher continued his adventurous course, was almost shipwrecked on the coast of Greenland, but finally reached Labrador. His

men carried back some "black earth" which was supposed to contain gold. The year following his return expedition was great enthusiasm, herself contributing royal navy a tons, which the English the thirst for as the Span- third expedi- patched in harassed by



OLD SPANISH GALLEON

out and dissensions within, and returned home with a great cargo from which, however, no gold could be extracted.

In the same year, Sir Humphrey Gilbert obtained a royal patent to discover and occupy remote heathen lands not actually possessed of any Christian prince or people. With his younger half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, he sailed in quest of the unknown goal; but this expedition, which cost all his own and his wife's estates, was frustrated by internal dissen-

sions, tempests, and a smart brush with the Spaniards. Undaunted, he sailed on his second attempt to colonize America in June, 1583, and in August landed in Newfoundland, of which he took formal possession in the name of his Queen. On the homeward voyage he met with a succession of disasters, culminating when the vessel in which Sir Humphrey sailed was wrecked and all on board perished.

If Gilbert had established and maintained his colony, it is possible that the War of the Revolution would never have been fought, for the charter under which he set forth from England guaranteed all the principles of self-government for which the colonists battled with King George III, more than 200 years later.

Speaking of this tragedy, Master Ballard said: "'T was but a short time before I left home that I was talking with a sailor who had made that voyage, and was with the crew of the *Golden Hind*. Their largest vessel had been wrecked against a rock on the American coast, and a hundred men were lost, so with two small ships they set out for England.

"Sir Humphrey was aboard the *Squirrel*, and when a terrible gale struck them, near Fayal, the *Hind* was in speaking distance of her sister ship. Sir Humphrey was sitting abaft with a book in his hand — belike 't was his prayer-book, for he was a godly man — when the captain of the *Hind* called out at the top of his voice that they were in mortal danger. At that very moment the *Squirrel* began to sink.

"'We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land,' called out Sir Humphrey cheerily; and thus, brave sailor and Christian gentleman that he was, went he down to his death!"

The conversation turned to Sir Humphrey Gilbert's half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, him of the courtly manners and velvet tongue. He had risked £2000 in the ill-fated expedition of Sir Humphrey Gilbert; and when news of the disaster reached him, he straightway obtained a fresh charter

from the Queen investing him with almost unlimited powers as lord proprietor over all the lands which he should discover between 33° and 40° of north latitude. Raleigh was now in the prime of manly beauty; his tall and handsome figure, dark hair, high color, lofty forehead, resolute and manly bearing, alert expression, and spirited wit combined to form an imposing personality, and all the advantage that nature had given him he heightened by a gorgeous splendor in dress and jewels. The Queen bestowed the honor of knighthood upon him. Parliament confirmed his charter, and in order to enrich him gave him a monopoly of the sale of sweet wines. At one leap Raleigh sprang from obscurity to unbounded popularity, and by an almost unanimous vote was elected to represent the county of Devon in Parliament.

Under his patent, granted in 1584, Raleigh dispatched to America two vessels under command of Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow, who were ordered to explore its shores, and select a suitable place for a settlement. Reaching the coast of Carolina in July, they landed on the islands in Pamlico and Albemarle Sound, raised the banner of England, and took possession in the name of their Queen.

"I was on the ship of that splendid pilot, Arthur Barlow," said Ballard, "and remembering the taste of that voyage made me long for this one."

"You were well treated by the naturals, I am told," observed Seymour.

"That we were. One copper-colored fellow came aboard our ships and looked them over, as filled with wonder as if they had been objects dropped down from Heaven. He went away and soon returned with a load of fish which he divided in halves, and with a wave of his hand showed that he intended a portion for each ship. King Wingina was ill, but his father, Granganimeo — beshrew me, but those peo-



ple have a length of name! — was most kind. The next day we were taken up the river in a boat to his village of nine houses built of cedar. Never since the days when I went to visit my old grandam did I receive a warmer welcome than from the wife of that red man. By her orders we were taken to land on the backs of the natives, and then what must she do but take off our shoes and lave our feet in warm water! 'T was enough to make a man blush from modesty, she being young and not ill-looking. Never did a meal more grate-



A GLIMPSE OF THE PACIFIC

fully appease the appetite than that she offered us of venison, with fish and fruit and a strange dish, white and soft, called hominy. All the while I kept saying to Captain Amidas, at my right, 'This is too good to be true, she has set a trap for us, as I have snared birds when a boy!' Sure enough, while we were eating a party of the Indians came, silent as the snow,



with their bows and arrows. We grasped our arms, but that red woman drew herself up as our Queen might have done, and after making her people break the arrows, drove the intruders from the house."

"Most glowing were the tales your party brought back," said Seymour dryly, "and many there were who thought your accounts greatly embellished, and not more true than the stuff of which the 'Faerie Queen' is made."

"But they were all true," insisted the narrator earnestly, "and her Majesty believed them, for did not she name the country herself Virginia, because of its virgin beauty, purity, and fertility of the first creation? And did we not take home with us those splendid Indians, Manteo and Wanchese, to show the kind of people we found there?"

"I am not so sure that the name was given by the Queen to express her belief in the reports brought back from the new country," replied Seymour, still skeptical. "There be some who say the name Virginia was given her by majesty as a memorial of her state in life."

Which of these motives influenced the Queen to name the new possessions Virginia is a question still unsettled, but there is no doubt that Elizabeth considered this acquisition of territory one of the most brilliant achievements of her reign.

Thus the mariners gossiped as the ships went bobbing and bowing through the channel past Land's End, and turned their prows against the might of Spain. Full many months were they to sail the seas, with a wary, watchful eye for the treasure-ships of Philip.

## CHAPTER II

### THE SACK OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

**L**IKE the dragon that they called him did Drake fall upon the Spanish town of Carthagena in the New World, to its utter destruction; his sword and his torch were felt in San Domingo, and when there was nought left in the Spanish Main for him to destroy, he turned his ships northward to do the Queen's further bidding, and bring her word of Virginia.

His three-and-twenty ships, rolling sluggishly in the smooth swell off the coast of Florida, loitered in the faint breeze of May, that whispered of warm southern seas through their standing rigging. The men about the deck of the flagship complained, grumbling that romance was dead, for that they had nought left to destroy. The bold sea-king of Devon, pacing the poop with his cousin, Master Will Ballard, fretted impatiently under the tameness of the errand, Master Seymour trailing deferentially behind them.

He did not look the dragon described by the Spaniards when they used his name to frighten their children. He was a man of well-knit figure, as strong as iron from the hardships to which he had been inured from earliest youth. His flowing mustache, pointed beard, and closely curling hair were brown. His eyes, bright blue and keen, were neither harsh nor cruel in their expression. But his sailors knew the light ready to kindle there, and feared him wholesomely. He was born to command; and he was able to discharge every duty on board a fighting ship, from furling a sail in a gale of wind to dressing the wounds of the injured.

"There is little work for your pen along the coast of this wilderness, Master Seymour," said the sea-king, as they paused at the rail.

"An my eyes do not belie me, there is work to hand!" cried Master Ballard before Seymour could make reply, gazing across the waters to the dim outline of the coast.

"What mean you?" cried Sir Francis, instantly alert; for the other had spoken in a tone of some excitement.

"Look you, Sir Francis; off the port bow, at the break in the sand hills," made answer Ballard, pointing with his arm in the direction he described. "What make you out? Is it not a beacon set close to the water?"



MARTIN FROBISHER

The keen eyes of the commander closed to slits as he looked, steadying himself with legs spread against the roll of the vessel.

"You, sirrah, fetch me my glass!" he cried to a cabin boy near. "Hasten, lest you feel a rope's end!"

Before the lad returned with the glass, one came aft, cap in hand, to report that the lookout had discerned a strange object on the land. Before he had done speaking, the sound of a gun came reverberating across the waters, a puff of smoke floated from the side of Frobisher's ship and a signal flew from his mast head.

"Ha!" cried the admiral, looking long at the object through the glass, which the boy had now brought. "'T is the sign of a white man, forsooth. Belike it is the French colony of Huguenots. But no, that cannot be," he added still scanning the land fall, "for they have been swept away these twenty years. Egad! 'T is like the Spaniards have taken their places!"

Shouting many orders, the captain brought his vessel into the wind, where she rested in stays. He signaled Vice-Admiral Frobisher and Rear-Admiral Knowles, who came aboard for consultation. In the end Drake came to the break of the poop, his eyes afire with the light of battle.

"Let pinnaces be manned, and a reconnoissance made at once!" commanded Drake; and boats filled with armed men and bearing pieces of artillery soon entered the inlet of what is known to this day as the Matanzas River. The structure that had attracted their attention, and had been but dimly outlined when seen from the ships, proved to be a high scaffold standing on the sand hills and used as a watch-tower to discover ships at sea.

A mile farther up they discovered a fort, and from its battlements flaunted the great red and yellow flag of Spain. The loud roar of cannon rent the air and a shower of missiles came in their direction, fortunately doing no harm. The English answered this invitation promptly with a shot from their own ordnance, fired by Lieutenant-General Carlisle himself, and aimed at the Spanish ensign. Another volley



from the fort followed, replied to by the English with a shot that struck the foot of the wall.

Nothing more being heard from the Spanish stronghold, Carlisle was going to intrench himself near the fort; but as it was too late in the day to make the trenches he was obliged to postpone it until the following morning.

Will Ballard was leaning over the gunwale of the ship when he noticed a small boat approaching, in the bow of which was seated a man playing the fife. Loud, shrill, and appealing rang the notes, as if the player had taken this means to ask for sympathy and aid.

"What tune is that?" wondered Ballard. "'T is as familiar to me as my mother's lullaby, and tickles the ear most agreeably. And well it may be familiar!" he exclaimed the next moment, "'t is the 'Prince of Orange's March' and not a bar of it but would make a man sicken for his home in merry England. No Spaniard would play that tune, nor would he thus boldly throw himself upon the mercy of Drake."

As soon as he was within speaking distance the man informed the English that he was Nicholas Burgoigne, and that he was a Frenchman whom the Spaniards had detained as a prisoner at the fort, and that as they had now evacuated the place he was free to make his escape.

"And a happy man should you be that our fleet touched these shores, for 't was but a question of time when you would have been grilled as brown as Saint Lawrence. But what is the name of this fort?"

"San Juan de Piños."

"And the town which was seen from our boats?"

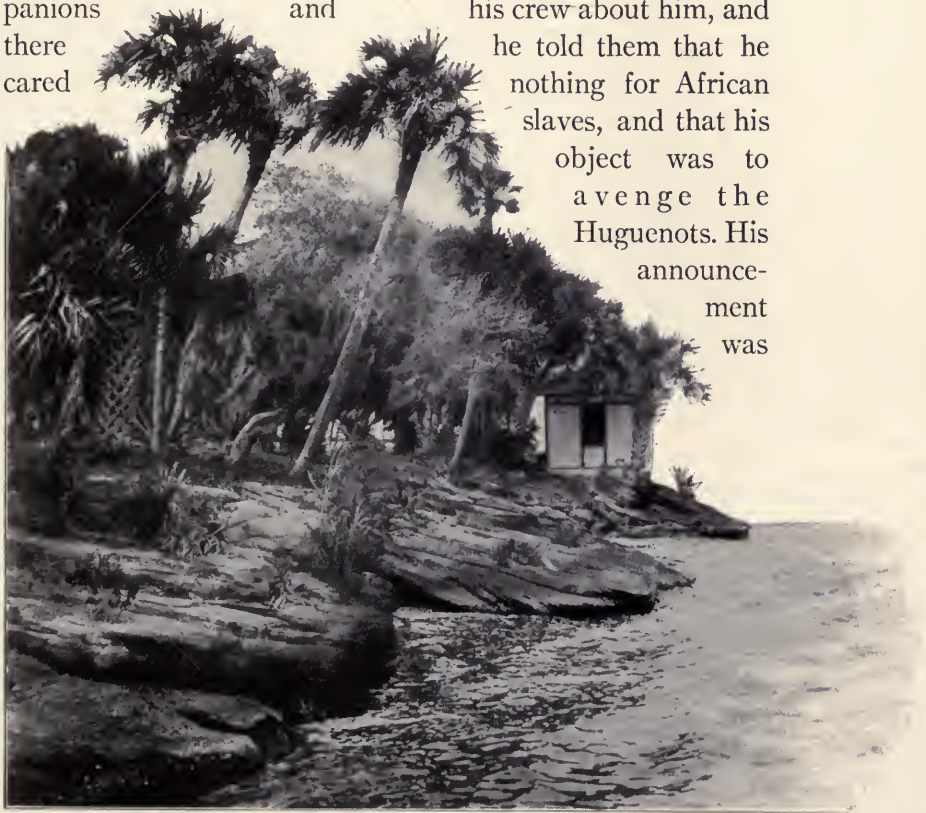
"Saint Augustine. It was founded by the Spanish Admiral, Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles."

"A man loathed by all English sailors!" exclaimed Drake fiercely, displaying his national patriotic hatred of



his enemy although he had been dead for twelve years. The admiral had joined his cousin as the Frenchman neared the ship. "Then it was Menendez who drove away the Huguenots?"

"Yes. He had orders from Philip II to behead all Huguenots found on these shores or on the seas when he took possession of this place. Then that brave man, the Chevalier Dominique de Gourges, sold all his estates to obtain money to fit out an expedition, and he sailed out of France with a commission to kidnap slaves in Africa, though that was only an excuse. Once at sea, he gathered his companions and his crew about him, and there he told them that he cared nothing for African slaves, and that his object was to avenge the Huguenots. His announcement was



ON THE COAST OF FLORIDA

greeted with loud cheers. And he accomplished his purpose, but then, alas! there came Menendez once more and drove the French away in their turn."

Burgoigne offered to conduct the English to the fort and the general, the vice-admiral, Ballard, Seymour, and some others in two skiffs started off, giving orders for the pinnaces to follow. At the approach of the boats some of the bolder Spaniards, who had returned to their stronghold, fired at



FORT SAN JUAN DE PIÑOS

their enemies, who resolutely stepped ashore and entered the place, which by that time was deserted. The fort was built of wood, surrounded by trunks of pine trees set in the earth. Inside they found fourteen brass cannon, and in one corner an iron-bound mahogany chest, at the sight of which Ballard exclaimed, "Here is treasure for Drake, if I am not mistaken." He opened the chest, saying as its contents were revealed, "I was right; it is gold, and will gladden the heart of my worthy cousin."

"It was to pay off the garrison," Burgoigne informed them.

"And it will pay for our trouble in coming over," said one of the officers, and ordered that the chest, which contained £2000, the equivalent to-day of nearly \$100,000, be conveyed to one of the boats.

Making sure that there was nothing else of value about the fort, Drake put it to the torch.

"So much for your fort, Menendez!" he laughed, as the black smoke puffed up from the ramparts. "Now for your fine town of Saint Augustine."

The Spaniards fired perfunctorily upon the advancing English, and fled in abandoned terror; for the Draco was of the devil, and might not be harmed with leaden ball. Out of the town they ran and into the woods beyond, followed by such of the English as could leave the looting. Foremost among the pursuers was Will Ballard, anxious to warm his steel once more in Spanish blood. Behind him followed Master Seymour, laboring heavily through the tall, rank grass. But the terror of the dragon was too great; no Englishman could catch the fleeing dons. Worn out and puffing, Will sat upon a tuft of grass to take breath, and to await Seymour, who presently came floundering in to throw himself on the ground at his side.

As they rested they heard the cries of the English in the town, and saw smoke arising. The public buildings, the monastery of the Franciscans, the homes of the colonists, crumbled into hot ashes beneath the flames. The gardens were laid waste; the rose withered on the stem; the climbing vines scorched and writhed; the majestic palms curled and crumpled before the heat. Devastation and woe were left where once had stood the fair city of Saint Augustine, the first of the settlements of the white man in what is now the United States of America.

"And now, Master Ballard," said the secretary, as they surveyed the smoldering ruins about them, "it will

be some little time before we need return to the ships, and 't is my desire to search a bit for those miraculous waters of which I have spoken to you. Do you see that group of trees over yonder in the distance? I feel somehow that the fountain of youth sparkles beneath them. Will you accompany me thither?"

"Certainly, if you desire it, though I am half blistered by the sun, which in this southern climate begins to scorch even in the month of May. But I will frankly state, Master Seymour, that I have not the faith that you evince in a fountain of youth anywhere on this wide earth."

"My friend," flashed the other, "fighting death and grisly age has been the aim of man from that learned Egyptian Hermes Trismegistus down to our own Doctor Dee. Were there not somewhere a panacea for those evils, why should a desire for it be implanted within us? However, if you do not wish to accompany me I can go alone."

"I will go with you, lest in your earnest search you forget to keep a wary watch, and fall by the hand of a hidden enemy."

The clump of trees was farther away than it appeared, but greatly to the secretary's delight, there really was beneath its shade a spring surrounded by rocks. Ballard hastened to drink from it, finding it crystal clear and cold. Just as his friend was about to plunge into the spring he exclaimed, "See! Yonder is a house, and a far better one than any we have burned this day. Let your coming youth wait while we go over and search the place, for it appears to be deserted like the others."

"No, no," insisted Seymour, "I will not wait a minute — not a single instant! This bath and its consequences are of far more importance to me than the finding of a mine of diamonds could possibly be."

"Take it, then, and have done with it. But stay,"





SIR FRANCIS DRAKE





laughed the speaker, "how young are you to be when you come out of it? Methinks 't is a question that concerns me greatly. If that spring should set you back to your infancy I should have a squalling brat on my hands."

"I shall not be a child," was the haughty reply. "The fountain restores youth, not infancy."

"Glad am I to hear it, and 't is a most obliging thing, is your spring. But man alive! Are you going in with all your clothes on? Wet raiment atop of your late fever will play sad havoc with your health, I fear."

"I have no time to waste, and what cares the fiery blood of youth for wet clothes?" returned the other contemptuously.

"I never knew a man to feel so cocksure," murmured Ballard, as the secretary without more ado stepped into the water. The spring being no more than three feet deep, he was obliged to sit down in it in order to cover himself. Ballard, with a broad grin, standing with his hands on his knees, leaned over and watched the performance. "Get your head under," he suggested, "a visage of fifty fits but ill with a body of twenty."

At another time Seymour would swiftly have resented this allusion to his age, but he was now too intent upon regaining his youth even to hear it. He put his head under the water and came up gasping for breath. "Do — do you notice a difference?" he sputtered.

"Of a truth I do!"

"I am younger!" exclaimed the seeker for youth triumphantly.

"No; but you are wetter, a very great deal wetter, and your hair clinging flatly to your head gives you so much the look of a sea-lion that only the bark is needed to complete the resemblance. Your teeth are clicking together as if they would keep time to a Spanish dance, and right lucky

will you be if you come not to eternal youth through the gate of shadows. Come out at once!"

Seymour obeyed, remarking hopefully even as he shivered, "Belike the water does not take effect at once."

"Truly it does not. And now let us hasten to the house, where we must find you some dry clothes, and perforce rig you out as a Spaniard and the born enemy of your country. Let us run, so that the swiftly coursing blood will defy the



FORT MARION, OVERLOOKING THE MATANZAS RIVER

effects of your icy bath." Taking his friend by the arm Ballard sped with him toward the house.

"Those long legs of yours make good speed," he laughed pantingly, "and with their blackness and thinness you are like a giant spider."

"But a moment since I was a sea-lion," snapped the learned man, who was not in the best of humors.

They reached the house, which was wrapped in the silence of the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, since nothing could be heard but songs of birds, the chirping of insects,

and the droning of the bee. A long, low dwelling it was, larger and more ambitious in every way than those in the town, seeming to have been the residence of a person of distinction. Climbing over the broad veranda were crimson roses, nodding their heavy heads to the breeze, to which they lent a rich fragrance, and back of the house was a large garden of fruit and vegetables.

"A man might do worse than spend his life in such a place," declared Ballard, looking about him; "it makes one wish he could make a long stay in this country called New Spain."

He rapped sharply on the door with his sword-hilt as he finished speaking. Receiving no answer, he opened the door, saying, "As I surmised, the place is deserted."

The room they entered was hung with Aragon leather, and bore other evidence of having been tenanted by people of refinement and culture. On a table was a rare old book bound in ivory and set with colored stones. The secretary pounced upon it at once, saying delightedly: "The script is Arabic. It must have belonged to the Moors before Ferdinand and Isabella drove them from Granada."

"And here is my lady's lute," commented Ballard, taking from a silken couch in the corner a guitar with a blue ribbon looped about its neck. He strummed on the instrument discordantly for a moment before throwing it aside to disappear through a doorway. Thence he called after a while, "Here, Master Seymour, is fine gear for you. Come and don it at once. 'T is the uniform of a Spanish officer, a costume accursed, but 't will do until you can get back to the ship."

Throwing off his dripping clothes, Seymour replaced them by the rich uniform, and, entering into the spirit of the transformation, even went so far as to toss aside his black



cap for the broad sombrero and drooping plumes of the individual whose property he was appropriating.

"The coward has run away, and even left his blade behind him," cried the young man, slipping a sword from its sheath. "Egad, 't is a fine piece of steel," he added, in admiration. "Beshrew me, Master Seymour, an it is not a Toledo blade that I hold, may I never wield one," he continued, examining it closely. Taking the point in his other hand he bent it into a circle. "See!" he cried, with the joy of a child who finds a new toy. "This will I take to England, if I take my hide home again. Belike I shall twist it yet into the frame of a don. Well, might I commence on you, Master Ballard," he subjoined, laughing as he glanced at his friend in the Spanish suit, "for you look as bitter an enemy of the Queen as a man need, to be slain!"

"Hist! what is that?" whispered the other, making no retort to his young companion. A long, low wail came from behind a low door at one side of the room.

"'T was the whine of a cat!" said Ballard; though his eyes belied his belief. The sound arose again. "Ha! Gadzooks! 'T is a child!" he added, softly, creeping to the door and laying his ear against it.

It was unmistakable this time. As the child wailed, some one stirred toward it and silenced it. Ballard motioned to his companion. Master Seymour went noiselessly to the door.

"Draw!" whispered Ballard to him. "There is some one within!"

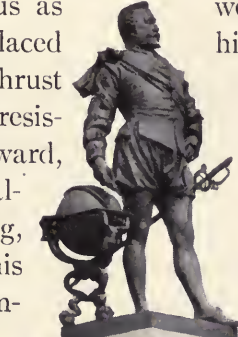
"Nay, what shall I draw?" rejoined Seymour, extending the palms of his hands. "I have no weapon."

"Take mine, then," returned Ballard, swinging the hilt of it toward him. "I have this blade of Toledo. Mayhap God has sent it ready work. Come! Draw! Make haste! Nay! 't is a good blade, and has done well ere this," he added, as Seymour displayed misgivings.

Sword in hand, Ballard knocked against the panel of the door. There was no answer, save a soft repetition of the cry, swiftly smothered. Ballard knocked again. Silence within.

"Make ready, then," he whispered, turning to his companion. "'T is awkward enough, this low lintel; they will have at us as we stoop to enter."

So saying, he placed the door and thrust For a moment it resisted, bending far. At last it sprang inward, with a crash. Ballard, the sudden letting, before he got his again; Seymour coming and pale. Raising his weapon to the guard, Ballard looked about on all sides. Having looked, he lowered his point, for the middle of the room was a young woman in a soft, clinging costume of gold-



STATUE OF DRAKE AT PLYMOUTH

colored stuff. It was confined at the waist by a jeweled belt, the long ends of which reached near the floor. The broad collar was turned back from her neck and a-flash with bright and sparkling gems. A cap of rich black velvet contained and almost concealed her black hair. About the room were scattered gowns of rich texture, satin shoes, jewel cases, fans, and other belongings of a woman of means, as if they had been collected to be taken away. On a bed against the wall were a pair of men-children, twins of about two years of age. One of them slept; the other gazed at the strange men with large, dark, wondering eyes.

The woman, looking upon the intruders in succession, turned pale and fearful at first sight of Master Seymour. Seeing soon that it was an English face in the Spanish clothes, her face cleared, and she turned to Ballard with a little cry of gladness.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she said. "I feared it was the Spanish!"

"'T is a strange fear for one who is a Spaniard!" returned Ballard, perplexed.

"But no; I am not a Spaniard," said the woman; "I am a French woman. My husband, who was Spanish, is dead, and for that I am of the Huguenot faith there are those who would destroy me. I feared they had come to do it, now that my servants have fled."

"You speak the tongue understandingly," remarked Ballard, accepting the explanation.

"Ay, I lived once in England, whither my parents fled for their faith," she replied. "'T was there I was wedded to Señor Estévan."

"And these?" Ballard inclined his head inquiringly toward the children.

"Are my children," the woman made ready response.

"Who is this man that wears my husband's clothes?" she went on. There was no resentment in her tone. There

was scarcely sign of a desire to be answered, as though the question came casually into her mind.

Master Seymour made haste to explain that he had fallen into a spring and wet his own; whereat Will Ballard could not forbear smiling. The woman marked it not. When he had done, an awkward silence fell.

"You have much of wealth about you, señora — you



SAINT AUGUSTINÉ, 'TO-DAY, FROM THE MATANZAS RIVER

will have to tell me the name again?" quoth Ballard, at loss for something to say.

"Estévan, señor — monsieur," replied the woman.

"Is there English for it?" asked Ballard, in return. "Forsooth, these Spanish names play a havoc with my jaws."

"In your tongue it is Stevens, haply, monsieur," the woman answered.

"Good!" exclaimed Ballard. "And your children, Mistress Stevens?"

"This one who wakes is Felipe, whom you would call Philip; the other is Mateo, or Mathew," she told him, indifferently, barely glancing at them.



Of a sudden she came to Ballard, clasped her hands before her, and spoke passionately.

"Oh, monsieur," she said. "I pray, I implore you to take me with you to England. What is there for me here? The town is destroyed; my husband is long since dead; I have no friends; my protectors have left; the Spaniards will return to slay me! See! I have much wealth! It shall be yours, as much as you will, if you will take me to England with you. If monsieur could know how I have prayed through long nights in bitter fear for some one to come to take me away you would know how I beseech you now. Oh, monsieur —"

He held up his hand for silence.

"Mistress Stevens, you need not have said so much to an Englishman," he observed. "Come, make ready your boxes. Doubtless I can make peace for you with our admiral. Sailors will come to get what you may wish to take with you."

"Mistress Stevens did not speak of her little boys," observed Master Seymour, looking shrewdly at her. "Is it that she does not wish to take them?"

"Of a surety I shall take them! Are they not mine?" retorted the Frenchwoman, turning fiercely upon him.

"In sooth, you had said so," remarked the philosopher significantly.

Ballard, upon whom all this was lost, again bade her prepare what she would take, and to make haste about it. It was not long before they set out for the river, Seymour and Ballard each with a child in his arms, and the woman bearing a richly inlaid casket containing her jewels.

"And 't is rare booty to be taking back to our admiral," chuckled Master Ballard, as they made their way through the smoking ruins of Saint Augustine.

## CHAPTER III

### THE HUGUENOT LADY

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE was in a high good humor that day. He had defied the decree of the King of Spain that no foreigner should put foot on his domains and keep his head in the place intended by nature; he had burned a Spanish stronghold; he had sacked and destroyed a town, and the gold he had seized, added to the booty already obtained, brought the sum up to about £60,000, one-third of which was to be divided among his men. It was a most opportune time for Will Ballard to make his request, and it was granted without hesitation. Not only was this rich Huguenot lady to be transported to England, but she was to travel on the admiral's own ship.

The affair having been arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned, and the original intention to stop at Saint Helena



IN CHESAPEAKE BAY

having been abandoned on account of inability to find a pilot capable of conducting the fleet, orders were given to steer for Roanoke, Sir Walter Raleigh's colony, implanted by his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, in Virginia.

As soon as she, with her little ones, was safely aboard the *Elizabeth Bonaventura*, Will Ballard offered to restore to Mistress Stevens as he called her, her husband's sword of Toledo make.

She refused to accept it, saying, "Keep it, monsieur, as a slight token of your kindness to us."

"One of your boys will be glad when he grows up to own his father's blade, and so fine a one too!" She shook her head, saying, "It will be so many years before that time. I shall not trouble to keep it so long."

The presence of Nicholas Burgoigne on the ship seemed to vex this lady greatly. She invariably retired at his approach, and in fact remained most of the time secluded in the quarters assigned her. But she was always arrayed in gowns of gayest stuffs or wrapped in shawls of heavy silk and brilliant hue, like one who revels in a riot of color.

As Seymour, Ballard, and Burgoigne sat together at supper the night after they left Saint Augustine, or rather its ruins, a new dish was set on the table. It was a platter heaped with balls of a greyish color.

"What are these?" asked Will Ballard, adding the next moment, "they are those roots we brought from South America. Let us see what their taste is like." As he spoke he put his knife through one of the spheres, which thus opened was white and soft on the inside. "The naturals call them patatas. Do they eat the skins?"

Putting a portion in his mouth he swallowed it reflectively, remarking, "'T is not so delightful as nectar and ambrosia, nor so toothsome as an apricot, but the taste is not unpleas-

ant, and 't is well calculated to fill a hungry man. Try one, Master Seymour."

The man addressed shook his head emphatically. "If you will recollect I tried one when we found them and it made me ill."

"But you chewed some of the peel raw; 't is the boiling makes them good food."

"No; I will not touch them. I will have nought to do with untried weeds and roots. Civilized man should not eat the food of savages. Have a care, Master Ballard! While this root may not be unpleasing to the palate, belike it contains if eaten in quantities a subtle poison that will creep through the veins and induce death or madness. Or at the very least it may double you up with pain, like the vile weed I smoked in a pipe, and which liké to have ended my existence."

Thus did Master Seymour basely slander an article of food now appearing at least once a day on almost every table throughout the civilized world, that favorite vegetable, the potato.

"Tut, man," laughed his friend, "were all as timid as you about trying the viands of strange countries, there would be little variety in our larders. We owe our salad to Catherine of Aragon, who brought it from Spain, and did not Catherine de Medici show the French people how to cook?"

"But no, monsieur, no," protested the Frenchman. "My people know how to cook. They have the knowledge at their fingers' ends. Catherine, she was a Queen—a bitter Queen to France—and she has gone to her reward these eleven years; but we French knew how to cook before her."

Ballard was about to reply when he felt a soft touch on his knee. It was one of the Estévan, or Stevens, babies,



the dark-eyed one. Having escaped the watchful eye of the person in charge, he had begun a tour of investigation on his own account.

“’T is you then, Master Philip,” laughed Ballard, taking the little one on his knee. “I thought I had been touched by a ghost. You were looking for a friend, were you? Right well you knew where to come! A pretty sprite, is he



QUEEN ELIZABETH

not?" and he stroked affectionately the soft roundness of the baby's cheek, continuing, "Your mother must guard you in better fashion else we shall find you tumbling down the hatchway or into the sea."

"That Frenchwoman is no more the mother of that child than I am," asserted the secretary solemnly.

"You put it strongly," grinned the baby's friend.

"I meant to put it strongly."

"But man alive, you are dreaming! Why should a woman take a pair of children on a long voyage and claim them as her own were such not the case?"

"Who can fathom the mystery of any woman's acts?" asked Master Seymour solemnly. "Can you, can I, can any man tell why a woman does this or that? I am a philosopher, and as such I am a close observer; watching this Señora Estévan on the few occasions when I have had opportunity, I have not noted one scintilla of the maternal in her attitude toward those little boys."

"Oh, she is cold-hearted as a fish. That I do not deny. Almost any woman would have been dissolved in tears to see another man inside her husband's clothes, but she cared not at all, although she was a bit startled at first. The nobility of France to which she belongs think it no doubt beneath them to make a display of the emotions."

"The nobility of France possesses natural affection like all the world," remarked Burgoigne quietly.

"I crave your pardon, Monsieur Burgoigne. I meant not to offend. But tell me as one who knows your countrywomen, what is your opinion of this lady?" Ballard drew little Philip closer to him as he spoke, and the child confidently leaned his head against the breast of this big friend, and turned his innocent eyes upon the Frenchman, as if he too were anxious for a satisfactory answer to the question.

"You do not know the ladies of my country, Monsieur

Ballard, or you would divine that this person is not what she asserts herself to be. There is an air about the French women of the aristocracy that — well, I cannot explain it to you, but this person is not of them, she is not a lady."

"Why, to me she has a certain air —"

The Frenchman waved his hand. "Copied, monsieur. She has lived with ladies, and is a clever imitator."

"I think you and Master Seymour are in a plot against Mistress Stevens," laughed Ballard. "Is it not so, Philip



ON ROANOKE ISLAND

lad? One of these monsters says your mother is not a lady, and the other that she is not your mother!"

"Monsieur has most kindly taken care of my little runaway," said a voice almost in the ear of Ballard, who turned to see the Frenchwoman at his side. "My restless little Philip is not obedient like his brother but seizes every opportunity to fly from his mother." She took the little one from Ballard's arms as she spoke, bent her head to the pretty face, and kissed it again and again, leaving them with the child still pressed closely in her arms.

"Whether Monsieur Burgoigne is right or not I cannot say, but, Master Seymour, I greatly fear that your philosophy

has led you astray, for if you do not believe that to be true maternal affection, then are you most exacting in your notion of such matters."

"Feigned, feigned," snapped Seymour. "With the foot-fall of a cat she slipped toward us and heard your last remark."

"Well, 't is all one to me, whether both or neither of you be right, so that she does not mistreat the little ones. That she is a woman of means there is no doubt, for not only is she trigged out in finest array, but the sailors who carried her chest aboard groaned at the weight, saying that nought but gold could be so heavy."

Drake's fleet cruised northward with a fair wind, keeping close enough to the land by day to observe the general character of the country, and standing out farther to sea by night. During the voyage the Frenchwoman kept her cabin for the most part, rarely coming on deck; though the children were



BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA



constantly about the poop, to the annoyance of the admiral and the amusement of his hearty cousin. In due time they came to the Chesapeake, and laid a course for Roanoke Island.

No permanent English settlement, before Raleigh's time, had been established in America. Sir Walter himself had planted a colony on the island of Roanoke, where it was existing precariously under Ralph Lane, a man of considerable distinction, and so much esteemed for his services as a soldier that he was afterwards knighted by Queen Elizabeth. The colonists at Roanoke, like all other emigrants to America in those days, were mad for gold, and a wily savage lured them by such tales as that the River Roanoke gushed from a rock near the Pacific where surges from the ocean sometimes dashed into its fountain-head, and that its banks were inhabited by a nation skilled in the art of refining the rich ore with which the country abounded. The walls of their cities were described as glittering with pearls. To a student of Indian tradition along the Atlantic seaboard, this story may not be wholly an invention of the savages of Roanoke. Nearly every Atlantic tribe made reference to some great tribe, either in the interior or on the South Sea, who possessed gold, lived in houses, and enjoyed many comforts unknown to them. It is possible that the Indians of the Atlantic coast had reference to the Aztecs of Mexico.

Lane had been so credulous as to believe the Indian story, and ascended the rapid Roanoke, prosecuting his journey till his stores of provisions were exhausted, and he was compelled to kill and eat his dogs. He thus advanced no farther than the present site of Williamsburg, Virginia. The sudden return of Lane and his party frustrated a well-laid plan of the Indians, to fall upon the English colony during his absence and destroy it. Finding that they durst not attack the white foe, the Indians next conceived the plan of



*J. D. Mays*



leaving their lands unplanted, in order that, as the whites depended on them for food, famine might compel their departure. This suggestion was defeated by the moderation of one of their aged chiefs, though the feeling of enmity was not in the slightest abated.

The English, fearing the natives were combining to destroy them, asked an audience with Wingina, the most active among the native chiefs, and Lane and his attendants were readily admitted to his presence, June 1, 1586. Although there was no sign of hostile intention by the Indians, at a preconcerted signal the Englishmen fell on the unhappy King and his principal followers and put them to death. This atrocity roused the wrath of the Indians, and left the situation of the colonists more precarious. This was the beginning of the end. As a colony it was a failure, and by way of increasing geographical knowledge no great things were done. But they learned that the climate was so wholesome that only four had died during the year, of whom three had brought the seeds of their disease from England. Chesapeake Bay, though known to the Spanish long before, came into English knowledge through Lane's expedition up the Roanoke.

But the colonists were discouraged, still dependent on the mother country for supplies, and almost to a man stricken with homesickness, when the rumor came that a great fleet of more than twoscore ships was slowly beating its way up the coast against head winds and adverse tides. This was on June 8, 1586, and only seven days after the cruel assassination of King Wingina and his men. But so retarded was the progress of the ships that three days went by before Sir Francis Drake came to anchor outside Roanoke Inlet.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE EFFECTS OF THE STORM

**D**RAKE'S main fleet was obliged to anchor about two miles from the shore, whence the admiral sent a message of inquiry to Lane. He replied that they desired supplies and a vessel to take them back to England, should matters become too desperate to warrant longer stay in Virginia.

The admiral answered that he would leave them supplies, or that he was perfectly ready to take the whole colony home with him should its members so elect. Governor Lane pluckily answered that they would remain and continue the work they had begun, whereupon Drake ordered that a ship be selected and generously fitted out with all manner of stores for the half-starved colonists. But a terrific storm came up, which not only drove that ship and some others



ON THE COAST OF ROANOKE ISLAND

with their anchors out to sea, but threatened the entire fleet with disaster. This untoward event, which for the time being arrested the progress of Virginia, was responsible for a strange scene on board the *Elizabeth Bonaventura*.

When clouds of greenish black begun to darken the sky and the sullen grumble of thunder was heard in the distance, together with the screaming of the wind through the rigging, Mistress Stevens sought Will Ballard, laid a trembling hand on his sleeve, and asked, "Is there to be a severe storm, do you think, monsieur?"

"There seem to be great preparations for something of the kind, but perchance it will blow over after all," he answered, kindly.

"But I am so afraid of storms, even on land," she moaned, shivering. "They are so horrible in this country; last summer in Saint Augustine people were killed by the lightning, stricken down on the instant from perfect health to the stillness of death!"

He comforted her as best he could, advising her to return to the children, and to drive all thought of danger as far as possible from her mind. Turning to obey, she met Burgoigne. Forgetting the scorn with which up to this time she had treated him, she inquired if he thought the ship was in danger. "Who can tell, madam, the results of a storm even when on land and housed?" he asked bluntly, and passed on.

The storm grew in fury. Again the woman sought him out.

"Monsieur, tell me that we are in no danger!" she implored.

"Whatever I should tell would make but little difference, mistress," he answered. "If our anchor does not hold us fast, then may we drift out to sea, as have some of our other vessels, already, no doubt, to be torn to pieces by the storm."

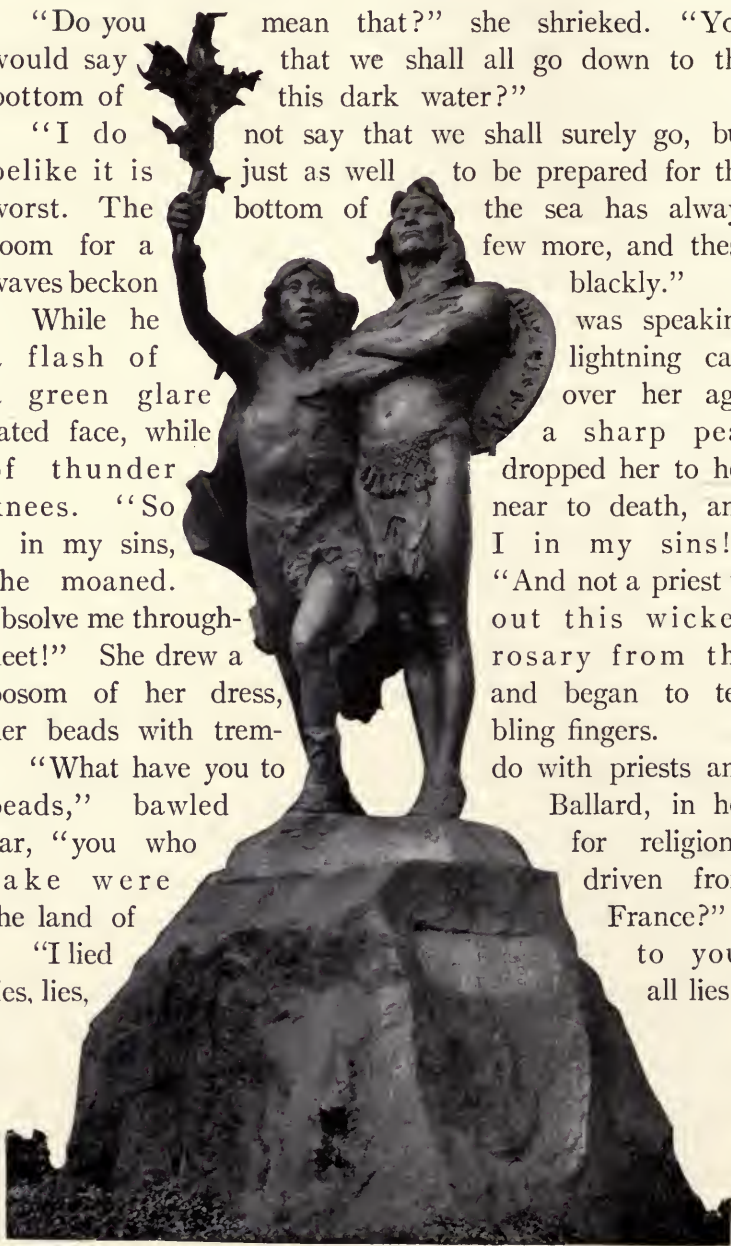
"Do you mean that?" she shrieked. "You would say that we shall all go down to the bottom of this dark water?"

"I do not say that we shall surely go, but belike it is just as well to be prepared for the worst. The bottom of the sea has always room for a few more, and these waves beckon blackly."

While he was speaking a flash of lightning cast over her agitated face, while a sharp peal of thunder dropped her to her knees. "So near to death, and I in my sins!" she moaned. "And not a priest to absolve me through-fleet!" She drew a rosary from the bosom of her dress, and began to tell her beads with trembling fingers.

"What have you to do with priests and beads," bawled Ballard, in her ear, "you who for religion's sake were driven from the land of France?"

"I lied to you, lies, lies, all lies,"



THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

she wailed in the midst of her prayers, "I knew that you would be kind to a Huguenot."

"People have lied from worse motives, and 't is not so grave a sin that it need throw you into such a state of despair. But go back to your little ones, mistress, they may be needing your care."

"They are not mine. That, too, was false. I never was wife or mother!"

"Is it so, indeed? Then I insist that you confess your sins to me, lacking a priest."

"There is nothing to compel me to such a course," she replied, sullenly, recovering herself with an effort.

"You have told too much to remain silent now, mistress. Sit on this coil of rope, and reveal to me the full depth of your iniquity, whatever it may be. Perchance 't will ease your conscience."

At that moment a voice was heard crying, "Another ship has drifted out to sea!"

"Oh, yes; I will tell it, all!" shrieked the Frenchwoman. To the weird accompaniment of the storm, sometimes screaming her words so that they might be heard above the roar of wind and wave, pausing in terror when the lightning's flame wrinkled the sky, followed by the crash of reverberating thunder, she told her strange story:

"My real name is Louise Dumont. My mother was the nurse of Mademoiselle Élise, only child of the Barres, and I, much younger, was her *sœur de lait*, as we say in France, her foster-sister. My young mistress made of me something more than a servant. But I never was fond of her. She was a Huguenot and I a good Catholic, and, yes, I will admit it, I was jealous and envious of her in every way. But you may be sure that I kept my thought to myself, for they were kind to me, and the service was easy. Then it came to pass that Monsieur and Madame Barre



were slain by the duc de Guise, but the good Élise remembered me after she had gone to Beaucarre and thence to this New World. When she had been married for long to Señor Francisco Estévan and was safely settled there at Saint Augustine and her little boys were born, she sent for me. And I, hearing it was easy to be married in the New World, came — ah — what was that!" cried the narrator suddenly sinking to her knees. "Has the lightning struck the ship?"

"Go on with your story."

"It is true what I told you, the señor died a year ago."

"I should be grateful for at least that much truth," remarked her listener dryly. "But, continue, mistress," he said as she hesitated. "We may ere long be drifting at the mercy of the waves, and should we crash against one of the other vessels your moving tale might be finished in another world."

Louise Dumont shuddered as she obeyed: "On the day that Saint Augustine was destroyed my mistress had been sent for early in the morning to go to the sick child of a fisherman some miles farther down along the shore, for it is known that she has a knowledge of healing ailments with herbs, and the poor people often —"

"'Has!'" interrupted Ballard. "You speak in the present. Is the mother of those children alive to-day?"

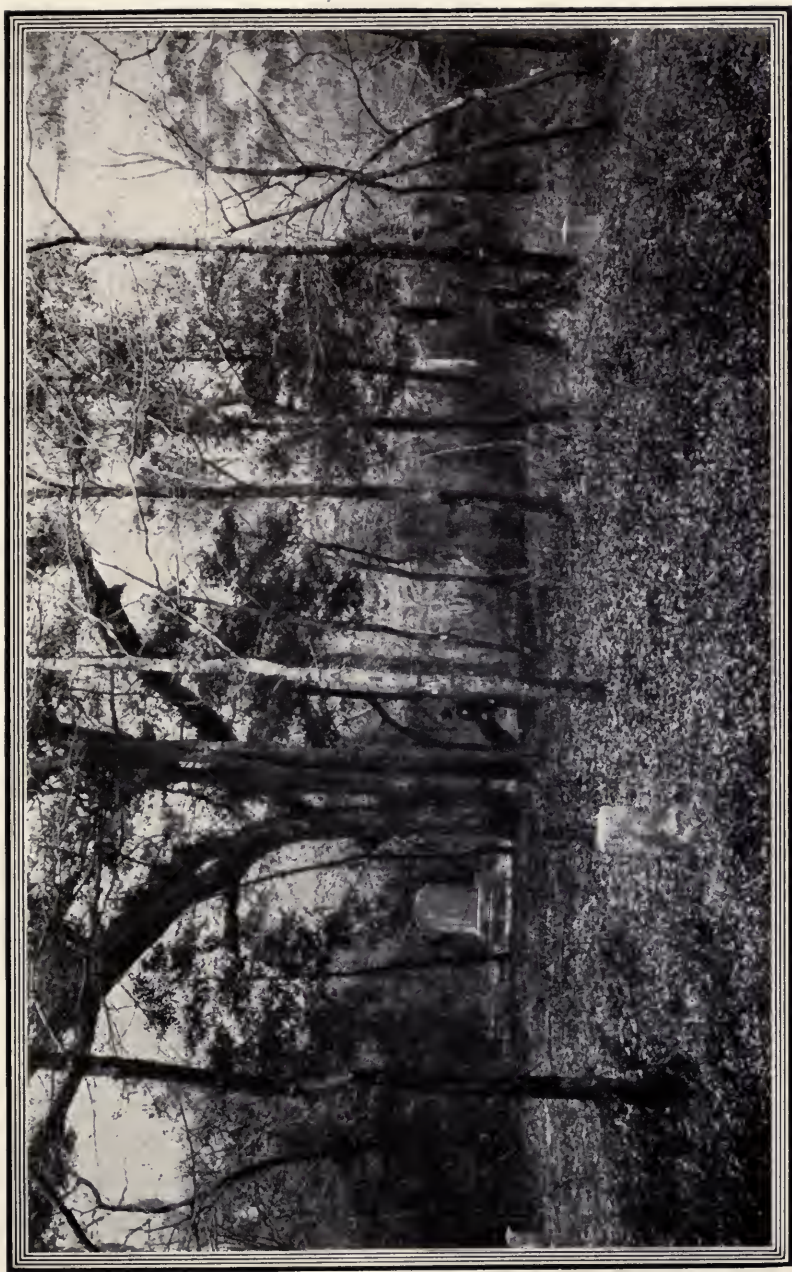
"I know not if she be alive to-day. She was living when the city was burned."

"And you went away, — you took the children without a word to their mother?"

The girl wrung her hands nervously and made no reply.

"Go on!" he shouted, "you must keep back nothing now that you have told so much."

"When I knew that the assailants were English, a plot instantly formed itself in my mind. From the first I had



SITE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S LOST COLONY ON ROANOKE ISLAND



hated the new country, and here was a chance to leave it. The other servants had run away, and my mistress would not be home until late. I would assume her name and throw myself upon the mercy of the English, who are ever ready to befriend the Huguenots. The helpless, and I think not ill-looking mother of two little children, what man could behold them unmoved?"

"And the jewels of which you brought away a fine quantity, and the gold that weighs your chest so heavily, and above all the two pretty babies? Did you intend to restore all these precious things to your mistress at some future time? Tell me!" he insisted as she remained obstinately silent. "Do you not feel the ship leaping on the waves as if to break away from her moorings, while all her timbers are creaking as if they would be rent in pieces?"

"*Sainte Vierge, priez pour moi!*" she cried in terror. "No! I had an evil scheme in my mind. My mistress has kinsfolk in France on her mother's side of the family,





whom her father had scorned, and whom she has never seen, a family rich but of the bourgeoisie. They have been told of the marriage of mademoiselle, and of the birth of the children, but that is all they know. I had



QUEEN ELIZABETH (*From the painting by Zucharo in the National Portrait Gallery, London*)

resolved to go to them as my mistress."

"And as a Huguenot?"

"O, no; the relatives are of the true Church. I would go as one who has seen the error of her ways, and has become a good Catholic. There are confiscated estates in France that might be restored to the children and to me. I have papers with

me of value which would prove everything."

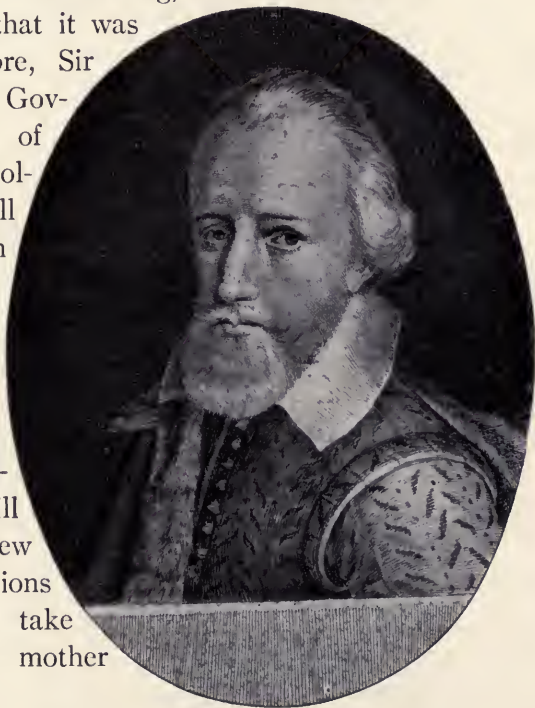
"'T was a well-cooked scheme, mistress," observed her listener when she had finished; "but take my word for it, whether this fair ship drifts us to eternity, or carries us safely to old England, 't is a plan that will never be carried out. And now go back to the little ones, for if your saints remember their wrongs and their innocence, for their sake, if for no other reason, the ship will be saved."

With a low moan the woman left him, and made her way across the pitching decks to her cabin.

## CHAPTER V

### SEPARATION

FOR two days longer the tempest raged, until at last the sun smiled on a quivering sea that dimpled and sparkled in its light as if the heaving, foam-crested wave had never been. Now that it was safe to send a boat ashore, Sir Francis Drake informed Governor Lane of the fate of the ship intended for the colony, saying he would fill another with supplies in its stead. But the governor replied that God Himself seemed to be against the unfortunate colony, and that as it did not seem to be in accordance with the Divine Will that they remain in the New World, he and his companions begged the admiral to take them all back to the mother country.



SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE

Virginia was for the present abandoned by the white man. And as the fleet of Sir Francis sailed away, bearing the last of Lane's colony, Sir Richard Grenville, with a shipload of supplies, was off the coast on his way to their succor.

Will Ballard, a man of discretion, albeit frank of speech,

forbore to tell his cousin at once about the confession of the Frenchwoman. He bided his time, until the passage homeward was well commenced, and until he saw signs of fondness toward the children springing in the rugged bosom of the sea-king. When he did at last tell him of it, the fiery mariner was for throwing the woman into chains at once. Ballard, by shrewd argument, dissuaded him.

"Left at liberty, she will be able to care for the children," he suggested, "which is a matter to be considered, since there are no other women aboard, and we men make but sorry nursemaids. She cannot escape us unless she fling herself into the sea; a thing which will give us little enough trouble, God wot."

"But what are we to do with these Spanish brats?" cried the admiral, with a round oath.

"Nay, call them not brats," returned Ballard. "And as for their being Spanish, at the worst they are but half so. Think you not, too, that it would be a good turn to make a whole Englishman out of half a Spaniard? As for doing with them, belike we shall have little trouble in finding them homes. I think I have seen you yourself cast tender eye upon the youngsters ere this."

"And what of that?" retorted Drake.

"Think you that Mistress Drake would be averse to such an one to make another great admiral of?"

Drake, wont to indulge his blunt cousin, smiled grimly at this as he turned on his heel.

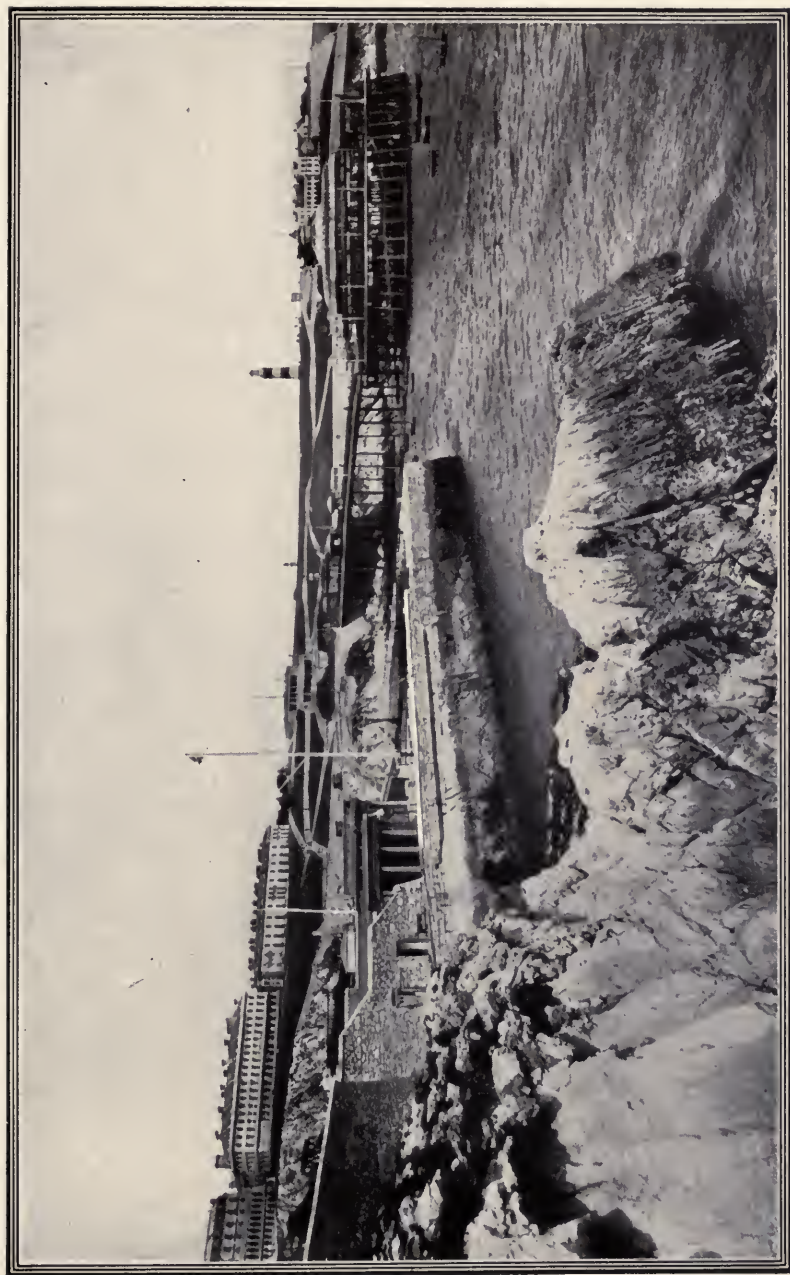
"Thou art a woolly fool, Will," quoth he.

Will Ballard chuckled to himself as he watched the admiral descend.

"Thou art like to have a worthy father, lad," he said, gently, turning to one of the toddling babes.

Louise Dumont, now bitterly regretting the confession wrested from her in her terror of the storm, remained more





A GLIMPSE OF PLYMOUTH HOE, ENGLAND





secluded than before, while Ballard watched her closely to see that the children were not neglected. The kind-hearted young man petted both the little ones, but Philip was his favorite, and when the sea was calm the boy was carried about the ship on the shoulder of his big friend.

In the meantime, Master Seymour, having written an account of Lane's people and the state from which they had been rescued, relating the facts in a manner he deemed pleasing to the admiral, wrote his own opinion of the matter.

It was a period in which orthography was a fickle jade, and when even Queen Elizabeth's favorite courtier spelled his name in eight different ways, so, while not reproaching the learned scribe for his fantastic spelling, it will become more readable when rendered in modern style:

"We have picked up Governor Ralph Lane and his whole colony, and are carrying them back home with us. They are a sorry-looking lot, being half starved and completely discouraged. Surely a more promising enterprise never left the coast of England than was that which sailed away from Plymouth, April 9, 1585. Sir Richard Grenville, one of the most able men of the time — or supposed to be, it was never my opinion — in command of the squadron with Ralph Lane, the royal equerry, for governor, and Amidas as his assistant. And there was Thomas Cavendish, and the learned mathematician and astronomer, Thomas Hariot. But two members of that party, whose presence were not taken into account, were destined to wreck the whole scheme. They were Greed and Selfishness!

"Sir Richard Grenville's piratical propensities getting the better of him, he stopped to capture Spanish ships in the West Indies, thus delaying the squadron, which was three months on the way, and came near being wrecked on a point of land they appropriately named Cape Fear.

"Having once landed, did they go to work and till the

land and build towns as they were expected to do? No. Their minds were bent upon gold and plunder! Then consider the short-sighted policy of Sir Richard Grenville in stirring up the Indians as he did! Manteo had returned with the English to act as guide and interpreter, and conducted them to several of the villages on the islands and continent. The natives had been inclined to be friendly to our people, as my young friend, Will Ballard, has testified when relating the kind treatment he had received on a previous trip from the wife of the natural with the long name, and from others. But at a town they call Aquasco-gok, an Indian stole a silver cup. So far as I can learn as much of a disturbance was raised about this trumpery cup as if it had been the Crown of England. Our people set fire to the town by order of Grenville, and the inhabitants fled to the woods for protection.

“Having roused the fury of the Indians, and having done all the mischief he could well manage, Grenville left them at Roanoke, and after plundering a number of Spanish galleons in the West Indies went back to England.

“The Indians then told Governor Lane malicious tales of a wondrous river, more marvelous it seemed than even the Pactolus with its golden sands, for he would not only find great quantities of gold on its banks, but its shores were lined with pearls! And so with his men he chased this jack-o'-lanthorn until hunger compelled him to return.

“The chief, Wingina, who had been ill when my friend Ballard was in Virginia, was well now, and apparently very well. He constantly entered into conspiracies with other chiefs against the whites, and did everything in his power to cut off their supply of provisions, until he was drawn into an ambush and killed. Can a philosopher blame the red man so much? But who knows what might have happened

to Governor Lane and his people had we not touched their coast and taken them home with us?

"When his fleet arrived at Plymouth, Sir Francis Drake found that his errant ships, even the one he had loaded with provisions for the colony, had reached England before him, and were safe; so taken all in all his voyage had been a successful one." So far the diary.

Great was the bustle aboard the *Elizabeth Bonaventura* when the fleet of Drake sailed into the harbor of Plymouth,—sailors scurrying about decks to take in sail; adventurers crowding the rail to learn the news from those who came out to them in little boats; servants struggling with huge boxes and cases of plunder; men dragging chests of gold from the hold, ready to be taken ashore; the farewells of those who had been through many brave dangers together, and all the commotion incidental to a return from a voyage of many months in seas that teemed with romance.

Will, his Toledo blade at his side, waited close to the rail to leap to the quay as soon as the vessel came near enough. His thoughts were of many things, but not at all of the Frenchwoman. So accustomed had he become to her and to the children that they no longer obtruded on



SIR THOMAS CAVENDISH



his attention. Now, in the excitement of returning home, he forgot them completely. Seymour came to him.

"And what of the French bird?" the secretary enquired. "Hast thou seen her safe ashore?"

Ballard, without pausing to answer, hastened aboard once more, through the press that descended the gangway.



GRAPE VINE ON ROANOKE ISLAND, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN PLANTED BY  
THE RALEIGH COLONISTS

Churning through the crowd that thronged the decks, he made the best of his way to the cabin which the woman had occupied, trying to fix in his mind when he had last seen her.

The door was wide open. There was no stir within. Alarmed and chagrined, he entered. Only one of the children was there, wailing and sobbing at being left alone. It was Philip, he of the dark eyes.

## CHAPTER VI

### IN THE HOME OF DRAKE

**A**LTHOUGH search was made for the culprit, she could not be found. Some of the sailors had seen her go ashore, had even helped her, and been well paid for it; for not knowing the truth regarding her, none of them had tried to prevent her from landing. She had told them that the other baby being asleep she would return for him as soon as she had found a cart to carry her belongings. That was the last they had seen of her.

It is believed that she had taken a ship for France, and the authorities were notified, which was all that could be done for the time being.

Little Philip was taken to the sumptuous home of Sir Francis Drake, whose good lady gave him a cordial welcome, there to await communication with his mother. Time passed, and it was learned in some roundabout way, by means of a returned adventurer, that the Señora Estévan had died, probably from grief at the loss of her children.

The ship in which Louise Dumont and her charge were supposed to have embarked was lost with all on board, and now, all alone in the world, Philip Stevens became a permanent member of the household of the sea-king of Devon, then the richest Englishman in the world.

When the boy was old enough to begin his studies, Master Seymour was engaged as Philip's tutor. Many things outside the information conveyed by his schoolbooks did the good man impart to his pupil. Philip was fond of listening to recitals of adventures on the sea, and his tutor

related over and over again stories of the prowess of England's maritime chiefs. But the favorite hero of them all was Sir Francis Drake, of whom his protégé stood in awe, regarding him as occupying a place above that of any other human being, saving and excepting the Queen.

Master Seymour shared this opinion to a considerable degree, and was inordinately proud of having been the secretary of that great man, especially since the destruction of the Spanish Armada had made the admiral's a name



THE ARMADA: OFF CALAIS (*From the tapestry in the House of Lords*)

to conjure with. If one cannot be famous, it is at least something to have been on intimate terms with a celebrity.

"And what Sir Francis is he owes entirely to his own exertions, my lad," said Master Seymour. "Although he had met with various adventures on the seas, he was simply 'young Drake' when, in 1567, Hawkins put him in command of one of his five ships. And just here I can give you an instance of why Sir Francis learned to hate the Spaniard. On that voyage Hawkins's ships had sought refuge from a storm in the port of San Juan de Ulúa, and there came sailing up thirteen ships from Spain. Hawkins could have kept them out had he chosen so to do, but



he admitted them on their solemn promise to keep peace. Then what must they do but attack the English and destroy three of their ships. Though the other two escaped and got out to sea, if you 've been obliged to eat cats and dogs and boiled parrots, and to see more than a hundred of your men put ashore for fear of famine, you are not inclined to love the people who have caused your misery.

"Sir Francis has accomplished what no other Englishman has done. He has sailed around the globe. In 1573



THE ARMADA: IN THE CHANNEL

he marched across the Isthmus of Darien, and, standing upon a mountain peak, he looked down at the broad ocean discovered sixty years before by Balboa. As he gazed upon that boundless sea he fell upon his knees and implored God to help him sail over it, and to learn something of its mysteries. Four years later he sailed from Plymouth with his five ships. The flagship was the *Golden Hind*, a vessel destined to make a glorious voyage, my lad. Although there was a time when he lost sight of his other ships, Sir Francis kept straight on through unknown seas, and with his one vessel vanquished a number of Spanish ships along the Peruvian coast, carrying away a vast amount of treasure. And he can



proudly say that no acts of cruelty accompanied those deeds of valor. Attempting to find a passage homeward by the north of a country he called New Albion, he finally set sail for the East Indies, and returned safely by the Cape of Good Hope, after an absence of a little less than three years."

The country Drake called New Albion is now Oregon and California. He landed in  $43^{\circ}$  north latitude, near Cape Blanco, thus introducing Oregon to the world; and entered the Golden Gate of San Francisco. His northernmost reach was to  $48^{\circ}$  north latitude; almost to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. He was the first of English-speaking men to sail along the coast of the State of Washington after passing the mouth of the Columbia River, and the first to see the enormous forests of that region.

"After that marvelous feat, Philip," continued the tutor, "the name of Drake was in every mouth. Some of the Queen's advisers were uneasy lest Spain should resent the capture of so great an amount of her wealth. They begged her to disclaim any share in the matter, and to restore the treasure to its original possessors. But our sovereign lady admires a brave man, and she was determined to stand by her gallant sailor. When he went up the Thames to Deptford her Majesty actually dined with him! Yes, Philip, she came aboard the *Golden Hind*, and on his own quarter-deck she conferred upon her host the honor of knighthood for having carried the banner of Saint George clear around the world. And there be some who have wished that the *Golden Hind* might be set on the top of Saint Paul's cathedral, that all might see this vessel that has circumnavigated the globe.

"I often have told you, my lad, of the voyage we made when we found you and your little brother. It was the year after that, 1587, when Sir Francis singed the King of Spain's beard."

"Did he hold a candle to the King's beard?" asked the boy, wonderingly.

"No," was the laughing reply; "but it would have been far better for Philip II if that had been the way in which it was done. A man who has been crippled beforehand is not well fitted for a fight, and the object of Sir Francis for some time had been to weaken the King by destroying his commerce and his ships. Philip's war-ships were guarding Cadiz



TILBURY, ON THE THAMES

when our admiral sailed into the harbor, and defeating them, took all they contained of value. He then set fire to the store-ships, and cut their cables. A hundred transports, loaded with necessities for his great Armada, drifted out to sea, all ablaze, their store of gunpowder exploding with a sound to shake the earth, while the admiral sped gayly along his way. Then, like the dragon that the Spanish term him, he waited at Cintra and sank every craft that passed. Setting sail for the Azores, he crowned his achievements by the capture of a giant carrack on its way from the Indies laden with treasure reaching into the millions. The whole of Europe looked on

with wonder at these daring strokes, which held back the Armada for another year, and gave England more time to prepare for the great conflict.

"To conquer England had been the dream of Spain for a century, and during the reign of Philip II the relations between the two countries had grown bitter. The King felt that he had a claim upon the Crown of England, for he had been the consort of Mary Tudor, and had been called the King of our country; and he was of the blood of the House of Lancaster. He had a favorite daughter, Isabel Clara Eugenia, whom he intended to place on the English throne, and, moreover, one of his great objects was to exterminate heresy. For several years he was engaged in building the biggest ships that sailed the seas. There were one hundred and thirty of them, with nine thousand seamen who had served in all parts of the world, and there were twenty thousand soldiers and three thousand cannon on board, while ready to join them at Dunkirk was the duke of Parma with thirty-five thousand veterans. Added to these forces were hundreds of noblemen and gentlemen, the flower of Spanish chivalry. But waiting for them were the sea-kings, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Howard of Effingham, Raleigh, and Grenville, and on the alert and ready with wise counsel were Burleigh and Walsingham, while thousands of men were drilling in the English towns.

"All the enthusiasm that could be kindled in the hearts of men about to go forth to battle was felt by the opposing forces. In a grand cathedral at Lisbon, mass was sung with the standard of Spain on the altar. A fold of the banner was placed in the hand of the Spanish commander, the duke of Medina Sidonia, while the roar of cannon rent the air. In England Elizabeth, on her white palfrey, rode through the lines of the camp that was formed at Tilbury. She smiled upon her soldiers to show them that she was not





QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING FRANCIS DRAKE ON THE DECK OF THE GOLDEN HIND, HIS FLAGSHIP, AT DEPTFORD, APRIL 4. 1581





afraid. She begged them to remember their duty to their country and to their religion, and she vowed that though a woman she would herself lead them into battle and perish there, rather than survive the ruin and slavery of her people.

"Sir Francis Drake was engaged in a game of bowls when he heard that the Armada was on the way. 'Never mind,' said he, 'we can finish the game, and still have time to whip the Spaniards.'

"Majestically swept the great Armada up the channel in the form of a crescent, measuring seven miles from point to point. Effingham, who barely had time to get out of Plymouth, gave orders to cannonade the enemy at a distance, and trust to chance for the capture of some of their ships. It was not long before a great ship of Biscay bearing a large sum of money caught fire, and a huge galleon of Andalusia sustained an accident which caused both these ships to fall behind the others, when they were at once captured by Sir Francis Drake.

"The ships of the English were inferior to those of the enemy and they had not half the number of men, but their guns were newer and of longer range. With this advantage was a certain dexterity of attack and defense, and as the Armada advanced up the channel our men fought it from the rear. As soon as the approach of the Armada was known in England the vessels of the nobility emerged from every harbor, adding strength to the admiral's fleet. The Armada paused at Calais, hoping that the duke of Parma, who had received notice of their approach, would put to sea and join them. It was then that Sir Francis tried a bit of stratagem. He filled eight of his small vessels with combustible material, making the enemy believe them dangerous fire-ships. The Spanish were thrown into a serious panic, and, hastily cutting their cables, fled in great disorder; while

the English, taking advantage of their disorganized state, fell upon them. Not only were many of the Spanish ships disabled, but twelve were destroyed. In addition to this misfortune the duke of Parma positively refused to leave the harbor, and realizing that with all the disasters he had sustained



WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH

he had captured only one English vessel, Medina Sidonia prepared to return home, only to find himself 'bottled up,' for the English admiral held the Strait of Dover! Then came the long struggle through northern seas, and the final return home of a remnant of the 'Invincible Armada' and a mere handful of its men.

"The Spanish people sent up a wail of disappointment, but their King was apparently unmoved, though he must have known in his heart that this was the greatest mistake and the crowning catastrophe of his life. The crushing blow thus dealt was followed up by our brave sea-kings, who during the three following years destroyed eight hundred Spanish ships."

To Master Seymour's account be it added that the defeat of the Spanish Armada, a triumph due to the ability and valor of Drake, played such an important part in the history of America, that even after three centuries it is with bated breath that one watches

black hulks coming up those 130  
channel, with 3,000 t h e  
cannon and 30,000  
men aboard. Had  
not Philip of Spain  
been defeated, it  
is probable that  
Smith's colony  
never would have  
sailed for James-  
town, nor the  
Pilgrims landed  
at Plymouth.  
This country  
might have been  
settled by Spain,  
an event which  
would have  
changed com-  
pletely its char-  
acter and history  
from what these



THE DUKE OF PARMA

are to-day. It is fortunate, perhaps, that the point is past speculation; but the differences between North America and South America now could not have existed under uniform Spanish rule. Let it be chance that rule the destinies of man, it may here properly be called providential.



## CHAPTER VII

### "MAKE WAY FOR THE QUEEN!"

"SIR WALTER RALEIGH is a great man," remarked Philip one day, after his tutor had been discoursing of England's heroes.

"He is indeed, my lad," was the rejoinder. "He is what may be called a many-sided man. Long ago he won the favor of her Majesty by an act of romantic gallantry, and by his graceful manners. Being a learned man myself, I can appreciate the versatility of his talents. He is an able statesman, a writer as well as a fighter, and after having distinguished himself in the wars in Ireland he went to Kilcolman to visit Sir Edmund Spenser, to whom he gave advice regarding the 'Faerie Queen.' Now think of it, Philip, a man who was educated in the midst of naval and military enterprises, has been able to surpass in literature many who had plenty of time to devote to the Muses."

"Then if he can do so many things why does n't he build towns in that beautiful country of Virginia?"

"Because all his efforts in that direction seem fated to end in failure. 'T was only a few days after our departure with Governor Lane and his colony, that a ship sent by Sir Walter arrived, and, finding no one, returned home. Two weeks after that Sir Richard Grenville landed, meeting, of course, with a similar experience. But he left fifteen men on the Island of Roanoke, and built houses for them before he returned home.

"Sir Walter did not relinquish his part of the scheme; early in the year 1587 he sent over three ships, containing a hundred and fifty householders, and stores of everything that

could make them comfortable. They had a charter of incorporation, and a municipal government was to be established for the city of Raleigh,” continued the tutor, forgetting for the moment that he was talking above his pupil’s head.

“Captain John White, who had charge of the expedition, was appointed governor. In July they arrived in Virginia,”



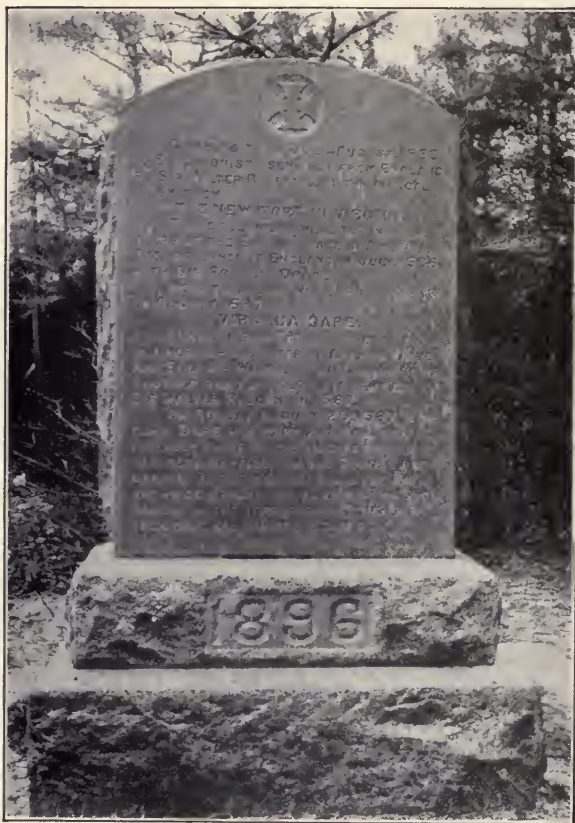
RALEIGH'S BOYHOOD (*From the painting by Millais*)

but on the coast that is now North Carolina, “and a party was at once sent out in search of the settlers at Roanoke. They found the place completely deserted, while human bones scattered about told the sad story of their fate.

“Raleigh wanted to form a colony on the Chesapeake Bay, but Fernando, the naval commander, wishing to traffic with the West Indies; and so, most likely with piratical intentions, he determined to settle at Roanoke.

“Thereby on the northern extremity of the island, was

laid that same year the foundations of a city to be called by Raleigh's name. It was at this time that Manteo, the Indian who had been so faithful to the white men, was crowned 'Lord of Roanoke.' In my opinion it was a ridiculous thing



IN MEMORY OF VIRGINIA DARE

to do, for I have no idea that he appreciated the honor done him.

"That summer a white child was born in the new country, a little girl who was named Virginia Dare, and who was the granddaughter of the governor. Before she was ten days old the governor re-

turned to England for help, leaving behind him eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and two children.

"At that time we were preparing to meet the Spaniard on the sea; still, even at such an exciting time, Sir Walter did not forget his colony, and twice fitted out relief expeditions to send to it. But our government, needing all the ships it could obtain, seized the first one, and the second was driven

back by Spanish cruisers. It was more than a year before White could procure ships and go back; and when he arrived there it was too late, for not a soul was left of the little settlement, and to this day nobody knows what became of the people who formed it.

"Sir Walter Raleigh had spent a great deal of money by this time, — more than forty thousand pounds — and he did not feel able to go on with his plan of colonization. He used his patent to endow a company of merchants and adventurers with large concessions, among them Richard Hakluyt. This gentleman is one of the foremost geographers of the age, and he knows more about matters relating to the New World than any other man excepting, — well, Philip, modesty forbids my mentioning any names. Hakluyt has written a book setting forth the advantages England would gain from her new possessions, and many people have agreed with him. Even preachers have proclaimed from the pulpit that 'Virginia is a door which God has opened for England.' Hakluyt was one of the first to obtain a proprietary right in Virginia."

To Master Seymour's lesson in history, it may be added that in this manner were connected the first efforts of England in North Carolina with the final colonization of Virginia.

It was an age when men were distinguishing themselves in the field of battle, on the sea, and in literature, and it annoyed Master Seymour to realize that he was merely on the fringe of it all. He was fond of making it appear that he had done praiseworthy acts, especially on his own voyage to the New World. He often said to Philip that could an account of his services reach the ear of the Queen, many persons now high in her Majesty's good graces would behold with eyes of envy the favors heaped upon Martin Seymour.

"Will the Queen give anybody whatever he asks for?" the boy inquired one day.



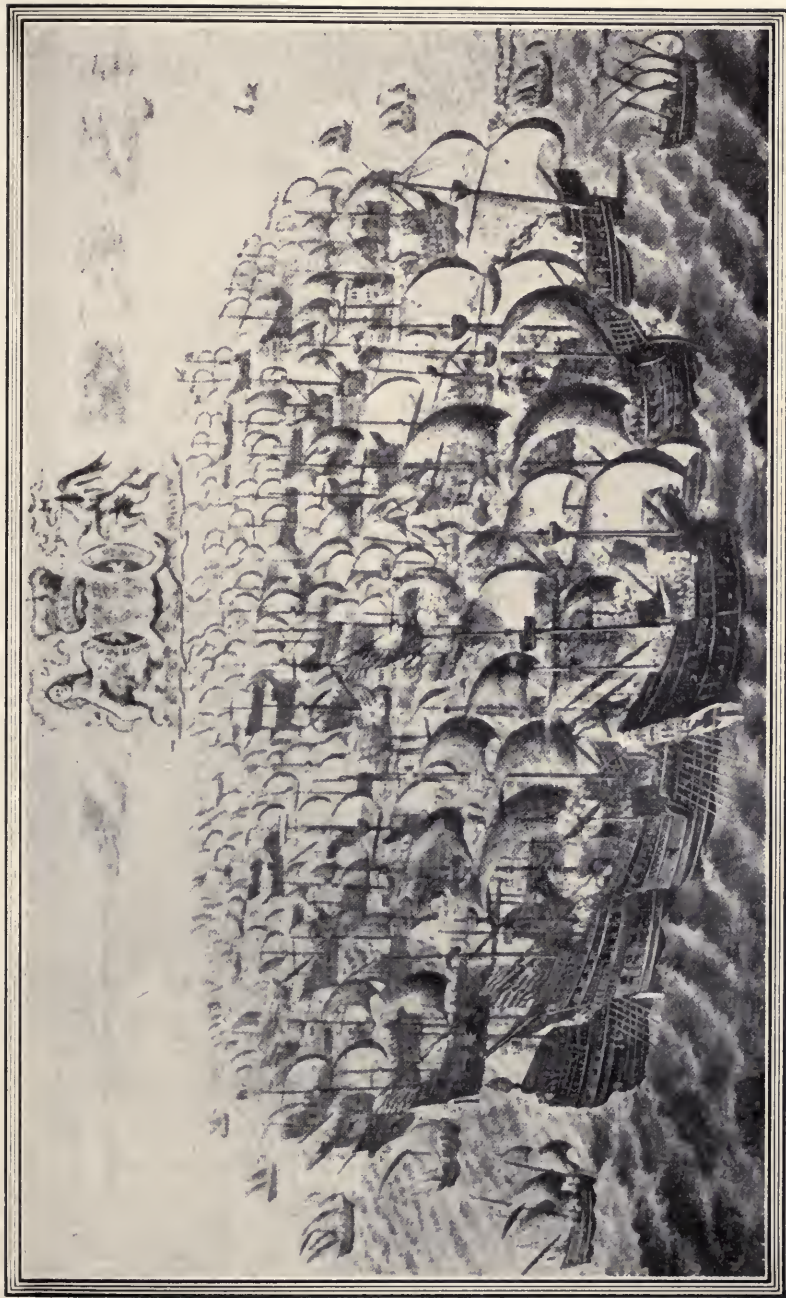
"If he deserves it, my lad. Our sovereign lady is most gracious."

"Then why don't you go to London and see her Majesty? Tell her what you have done, and let her make you a great general, a captain of a ship, or whatever you would like to be."

"It is not my wish to do anything in the line of fighting, Philip; but I should like to have a place among the learned men of the court. The Queen has shown sound judgment in her selection of advisers, and she readily recognizes a man of unusual ability. But I cannot get her ear, Philip. You see a sovereign is surrounded by envious people who try to keep every one else away, lest their places be usurped by those more capable of occupying such positions. My advice would be worth much to the Queen. You need not mention the matter to him, but the success of Sir Francis on the voyage when Saint Augustine was sacked was largely owing to the advice which I, as his secretary, gave him."

Turning over and over in his mind all that Master Seymour had said about the New World, already endeared to him by the fact of its having been his own birthplace, Philip resolved to go thither. He was only twelve years old, it was true, but boys as young as he had gone out into the world in search of adventure. Did not that noble Frenchman, Bayard, the "chevalier without fear and without reproach," bid adieu to his parents and fare forth at the age of twelve to seek his fortune with but ten crown pieces in his pocket? Master Seymour had told the boy about this splendid hero, who died so gloriously in battle during the reign of Francis I.

Philip had also heard his tutor say that the distinguished men who had sailed for Virginia had first obtained permission from the Queen, and, like Master Seymour, he too was anxious "to get the ear of the Queen."



THE GREAT ARMADA (From an old print)



A sad event occurred about this time, which temporarily swept from the boy's mind all thought of realizing his most cherished hope. Sir Francis Drake, who never had quailed before mortal foe, was obliged to surrender to the great enemy of mankind. Shortly after her husband's death, Lady Drake went with her household to live in Coome Sydenham, in Devonshire. Although he grieved for the loss of the distinguished man who had ever been kind to him, the death of the admiral made little change in Philip's life. Will Ballard, who was now married and had boys of his own, often made his young friend happy by his genial presence, and Master Seymour continued to guide Philip along the paths of learning. Still, this would-be adventurer of a dozen years did not forget his scheme, and one day he tentatively mentioned it to Lady Drake.

Smiling indulgently she said: "I am not surprised that you long to be putting your life in danger in some way, Philip, for 't is in the very air. But wait until you are grown into manhood, and have stored your mind with useful knowledge, then you may do as best pleases you."

"Nay, but Frobisher started around the world when he was twenty-two," he said.

"Mother," he added,—for so the boy had been taught to call her, though he had not been adopted,—“when the men of England wish to make voyages of adventure they ask permission of the Queen. Would you let me go if her Majesty should consent?”

"Marry will I, if the Queen agrees," laughed my lady. "But 't will be rather difficult to get an audience with her Majesty, I am thinking," she added, and forthwith dismissed the matter from her mind.

Philip did not forget this conversation. Lady Drake had given her consent, conditionally, and she never broke her word. His tutor had said that the Queen was most



gracious, and he must see her even if he should be obliged to persuade his friend Will Ballard to take him to London. The desired opportunity presented itself unexpectedly.

Queen Elizabeth was fond of visiting. A list of more than 150 houses which boast of possessing a room once occupied by her Majesty bears witness to this fact. One fair May morning, when the sky was blue and the hawthorn



DARTMOOR IN DEVONSHIRE

hedges were abloom, the Queen determined to visit one of her faithful subjects, whose stately castle stood in the county of Devon.

Master Seymour heard of the proposed visit of royalty, and came home breathless with the news. "She will pass directly through the village no later than to-morrow, Philip, and we shall see her," he panted. "We will go early in the morning and wait, you and I, so as not to miss the royal cavalcade."

"Have you ever seen her Majesty, Master Seymour?"

"Indeed have I, bless her! But that is no sign that I

care not to see her again. Moreover 't is meet that you should behold your sovereign."

"Belike, Master Seymour, you will have a chance to acquaint the Queen with what you have done for England," suggested the boy.

Right well did the tutor know that facts would not bear him out should he attempt such a thing, but he shook his head solemnly. "No, my lad; the attempt would be useless. Some enemy would contradict me, and I should only make myself an object of ridicule. Still we can behold her Majesty, and at close range, which will be worth a great deal!"

Early the next morning the boy and his tutor set out for the village. "We will go straight to the Blue Stag," explained the latter, "for 't is in the court yard of the inn that a speech will be made to her Majesty in behalf of the citizens of the town, who will present her with a gold cup filled to the brim with gold angels. Tony Burton, the innkeeper, knows me well, and although an ignorant man himself has great respect for a man of learning. He will give us a seat in the gallery above the courtyard, where we shall be able to hear and see everything."

When they reached the town they found it gay with draperies of brilliant colors festooned across the front of the houses, while archways made of green boughs had been raised over the principal street. By the roadside, on the corners, gathered beneath trees, and leaning over gates and fences were the people. Stout yeomen and their wives, artisans with their families, peasants all in their Sunday best, and even beggars with faces clean for that day at least, awaited with eager expectancy the coming of their Queen, whom they had grown to regard as a being of more than mortal mold.

The fat, good-natured innkeeper, who was at his wit's

end with anxiety lest something should go wrong with the refreshments intended for the Queen and her train, readily granted Master Seymour and his pupil permission to sit wherever they liked. So with great dignity, and with the air of one who is conferring, rather than accepting, a favor, Master Seymour led the way to the desired spot, and watched for the coming pageant.

Philip, after waiting a while, became restless and went below, anxious to see what was going on in the town. Moreover, he was determined to carry out the scheme that for so long a time had been brewing in his mind. He would do what his tutor had so often wished to accomplish for himself; he would "get the ear of the Queen."

He had waited so long that it had come to be high noon when all at once there rose a shout, taken up by voice after voice, until the air throbbed with one heartfelt cry of welcome. There came the sound of flutes, of drums, and of guns, and the boy did not need to be told that Queen Elizabeth was coming.

"Make way for her gracious Majesty! The Queen's grace comes this way!" some one shouted. Then came a great lord carrying the sword of state, behind him a magnificent coach drawn by six white horses gayly caparisoned, followed by other coaches, lords and ladies on horseback, and lastly by the Queen's yeomen of the guard, their tall hats decorated with three long plumes standing upright and fastened by the Tudor rose, the same flower being embroidered between their shoulders, with a crown just above it.

The most vivid imagination could not exaggerate the magnificence of the dress of Elizabeth's court. Chroniclers tell us that it was not an uncommon occurrence for a courtier to put a thousand oak trees and a hundred oxen into a single suit of clothes, and to wear a whole manor on his back.

It was a splendid pageant upon which the people feasted their eyes on that sunny day in May.

Into the street leading to the inn wound the glittering procession, Philip running after it. As much of it as could be accommodated in that space entered the courtyard, where the speech was made and the cup presented. Though he heard a voice replying to the address, Philip could catch no more than a glimpse of Queen Elizabeth, surrounded as



VILLAGE OF EAST BURLEIGH WITH CHURCH IN DISTANCE WHERE RALEIGH  
WORSHIPED AS A BOY

she was by her courtiers. An order of some kind was given, for the people on horseback leapt to the ground, the horses were taken away, and soon only the Queen's coach remained.

It seemed to require a number of ladies and gentlemen to assist her Majesty to alight, but finally, like a fairy god-mother from out the chalice of a flower, Elizabeth emerged from the chariot, a wondrous creature in spreading farthingale, semicircles of gauze rising wing-like above her shoulders, her whole costume dazzling and a-glitter with jewels.



Under a giant oak in the courtyard the sovereign lady had elected to rest a while, and to sip a cup of cool canary wine before resuming her journey, refusing, greatly to his disappointment, to partake of the feast prepared by the landlord. At the entrance lingered Philip, hesitating and wondering how his object could be attained. Behind the vines that climbed over the railings of the gallery he could catch a glimpse of Seymour, who, afraid to remain in plain view, had left his comfortable seat and concealed himself unobserved to feast his eyes on majesty.



THE APPROACHING STORM: ENTRANCE TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER

## CHAPTER VIII

### PHILIP'S AUDIENCE

NEAR Philip a number of persons were alighting from one of the coaches. A tall, grey-haired gentleman, richly dressed, stepped out, and a servant extended his arms to assist a small girl, who waved the man aside with a chuckle and leapt to the ground unaided. At this undignified performance came a feeble remonstrance from a lady inside the vehicle.

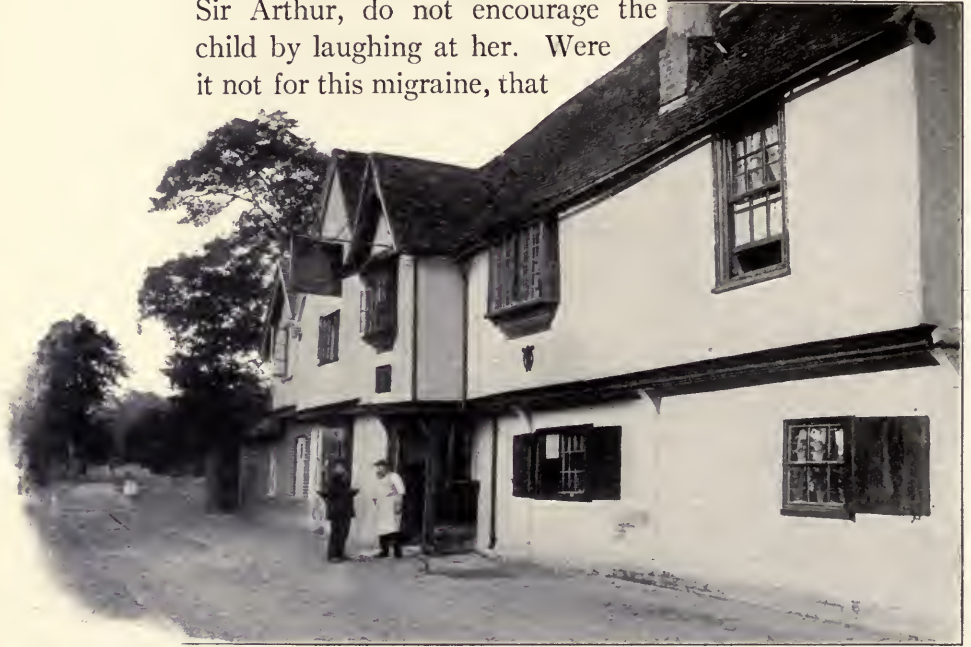
The little girl had alighted beside Philip, and her long-lashed hazel eyes danced as they met his darker orbs. Her gown of blue velvet came down to her feet, after the fashion of the period, and her hair, bronze flecked with



ELIZABETH, BY GOD'S GRACE QUEEN OF ENGLAND,  
FRANCE, IRELAND, AND VIRGINIA

gold in the sunshine, fell in a half-curling mass below her waist, though her head was covered by a demure little cap.

"My little maid is growing into a veritable hoyden," laughed the gentleman, but the lady in the coach, who had covered her face with her handkerchief, murmured, "Prithee, Sir Arthur, do not encourage the child by laughing at her. Were it not for this migraine, that



AN ENGLISH INN

makes the very light hateful to me, I should reprimand her for it."

"It is only Mistress Hutten, my governess," explained the child confidentially to Philip, adding, apropos of nothing at all, "This is my birthday, and I am seven years old. In three years more I shall be ten, and then I can write my age with two figures. Do you see this ring? It is an emerald, and belonged to my mother who is dead. My father gave it me this morning. The goldsmith had to take out a piece to make it smaller, otherwise it would fall off and be lost.

Come, let us sit down here on this bench. Hutten can't get out because she is complaining of her head, but she will want to keep her eye on me. The bench is high, and you may give me a lift if you will. There now, that is better. My feet do not touch the ground and I can swing them bravely. Sit beside me. I've told you all about myself, and you have n't told me one word about yourself." And the little lady threw a bright, sidewise glance at him.

"You did n't give me a chance to say anything," replied the boy with great frankness. "You say you have told me all about yourself, and, although you have talked a good deal, you have not even told me your name."

"That is true. My father is Sir Arthur Herbert, and my name is Elizabeth Etheldreda Herbert. I was named for the Queen first, and my mother next."

"They don't call you all of your name, do they?" asked her companion.

"No; people never get all their names, I think. They are just to be used when you are batpized and married, you know. So I am called Betty. And still you don't tell me who you are."

"I have been two different people," answered the boy gravely. When I was in the New World I was called Felipe Estévan. In England I am Philip Stevens. I am half Spanish and half French, but Master Seymour, my tutor, says I am altogether English."

"The New World?" asked Betty, wide eyed. "Do you mean that you used to live in Heaven?"

"Oh, no; the New World across the seas, which Master Seymour says is to be the greatest country of all. I am very glad indeed that I was born there," he continued, contentedly.

"And I was born just at home," commented Betty, with a sigh of envy.



"That reminds me," cried Philip, "that I must get the ear of the Queen."

"What do you want with the Queen's ear?" wondered the little maid.

"I mean that I must have an audience with her Majesty; I must speak to her."

"What about?"

"I want to go to sea, and mother says that she will consent if the Queen is willing. Do you suppose that she would listen if I should ask her now?"

"A good many persons are afraid of the Queen," boasted Betty, "but I am not. I am her godchild, you see, and some one told her that my hair is exactly the color of hers. Bend your ear down and I will whisper something, for I've heard Hutten say that the least thing at court is called treason, and might be punished with death."

Philip bent his head while his new acquaintance put a small hand on either side of his face. "There are a great, a very great, many grey hairs in the Queen's head," she breathed; "but nobody mentions it, and you must not."

"No. Why should I care about her hair? But I must speak to her now, else I may never have another chance."

"Come then, and I will go with you," said Betty, sliding to the ground. "Father has gone into the inn, and Hutten is asleep; I can tell from the way the handkerchief over her face puffs out when she breathes. Let me take your hand to keep you from being afraid."

"I am not afraid," insisted the boy, taking her hand nevertheless. A pretty picture the two children made as they crossed the courtyard. Philip, having had in mind the possibility of an interview with his sovereign, had donned one of his gayest suits, a doublet of peach-colored satin slashed with white, with trunk and hose to match, while under his arm he had tucked his cap of the same color, its white plume held



CADIZ, SPAIN



in place by a jeweled buckle. His cheeks were glowing with excitement, and his dark comeliness was in fine contrast to that of the bronze-haired little maid who held him by the hand. Thus, with the serene confidence of childhood, they approached the great Elizabeth.

Even outside the circle formed by her court, in any walk of life, Elizabeth of England would have been termed a woman of talent. She spoke eight different languages, and was able to address the students of Cambridge in Greek, and the Oxford students in Latin. She was a thinker and a writer. Vain and coquettish though she was, and at times unreasonably capricious, posterity is growing more and more to appreciate that fine quality of her mind, that superior character of her judgment, which to-day place her name on the list of able English statesmen. In some respects it would seem that the Queen has been maligned. For instance, it has been claimed that she was coarse, that she would laugh at a low jest with all the enjoyment of a sailor; but the assertion of an old chronicler that she permitted joking in her presence, "provided the jester kept within the bounds of chastity and modesty," seems to contradict this statement, admitting that our ideas to-day are stricter than hers.

The Queen was also a musician; she played the lute and the virginal, and she could sing. That not to applaud when she sang was unsafe, we may infer from the fact that the earl of Oxford was once sent to the Tower for daring to criticise Elizabeth's voice.

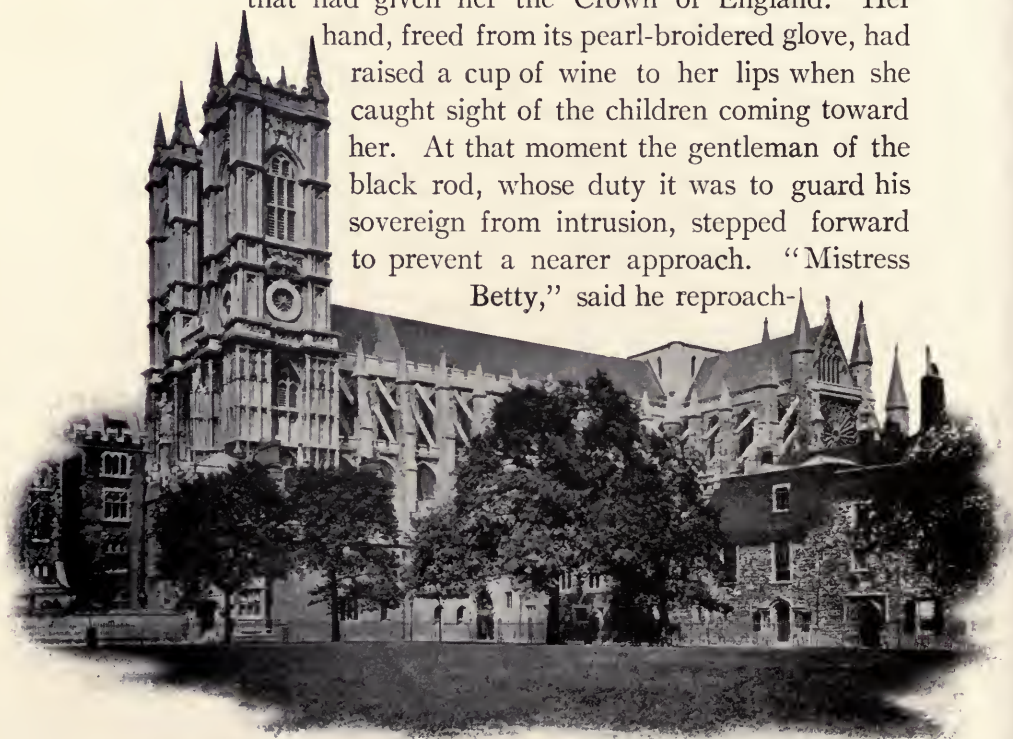
In her prime, Elizabeth was a handsome woman. She said herself that she was "just the right height, being neither too high nor too low." A pair of white satin shoes, now in the possession of an English nobleman, show that she had a well-shaped foot, and a writer of the time says, "Her hands, which she takes care not to conceal, are of superior beauty." Though she is described as being somewhat "high-nosed"



it was a feature that gave strength to her face, and added to the majesty of her personality. Scott does not forget the historical fact that it was also a hypercritical and supersensitive nose.

The Queen was fond of gayety and all sorts of diversion. Melville says that she danced "high and disposedly." It was well that she indulged in amusements. Her people were tired of bloodshed, and welcomed the intervals when "grim-visaged war" was permitted to "caper nimbly in a lady's chamber." Many times when the political horizon was dark, and war threatened, Elizabeth danced or went hunting, in order to quiet the minds of her subjects, who said to each other, "Our Queen is gay, her Majesty is not apprehensive. so there is no occasion for worry."

At this time Queen Elizabeth was nearly sixty-five years of age, but her figure was as erect and slim, and her eyes were as keen and bright as when at Hatfield she heard of the death that had given her the Crown of England. Her hand, freed from its pearl-broidered glove, had raised a cup of wine to her lips when she caught sight of the children coming toward her. At that moment the gentleman of the black rod, whose duty it was to guard his sovereign from intrusion, stepped forward to prevent a nearer approach. "Mistress Betty," said he reproach-



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

fully, "you should know that this is not the time to disturb her Majesty."

But the Queen called out imperatively, "Nay, let them come. We are anxious to hear what they would say."

"You must get on your knees," whispered Betty, and together the small petitioners knelt at the feet of Majesty.

"And now, my little maid, tell us to what great event we owe this visit," commanded the Queen, gravely, though her eyes twinkled.

"If it please your Grace," answered Betty, "this is Philip Stevens, who was born in the New World, and he wants your Majesty's permission to sail the seas."

"An adventurer who is something young," commented Elizabeth, "but speak out for thyself, lad."

"That which Mistress Betty has said is true, your Majesty," answered the boy. "I want to sail the seas, to go to that beautiful country that was named for your Grace, Virginia."

"'T is not a wish to be ashamed of," replied the Queen, "but who is thy father, lad?"

"My father was a Spaniard, your Majesty. He died when I was very young in a city in New Spain called Saint Augustine."

"A Spaniard!" The royal brows were for a moment knit into a frown.

"And thy mother?"

"Was a French lady of rank, and a Huguenot."

"The moiety of thy blood is good, at least, for the Huguenots are a valourous people, and have received the benefit of our friendship. But thy name, Stevens! 'T is as English as the ale brewed by yon innkeeper."

"May it please your grace, my name was Estévan, but 't was changed to Stevens and became English, as I am

myself English in my heart. I have a sword that once belonged to my father, and of the truest steel. That do I intend to use in your Majesty's service."

"Good. We believe thee to be of the stuff that makes valiant soldiers. But how happens it that an orphan lad is able to trig himself out in feathers so fine?"

"'T is owing to the kindness of Sir Francis Drake, your Majesty. I have lived in his house since he brought me to England."

"And ne'er could  
sheltered in the  
of a braver man.  
years are yet  
too few, my  
lad, to cross  
the seas  
alone, but  
when  
that

youth be  
house  
Thy



RALEIGH IN COURT ATTIRE



baby cheek gives fair promise of a beard, thy face may be turned toward our new possessions over seas, and thy father's sword be used, if necessary, for thy Queen."

She waved her hand to signify that the interview was ended. When they had withdrawn from the royal presence Betty whispered, "Her Majesty was far more gracious to you than she is to some."

"I would like to give you this ring to remember me by," said the boy tugging at a gold circlet set with a red stone, that snugly fitted the forefinger of his left hand. "'T is a jewel Will Ballard brought from Virginia, and gave me one Christmas-tide."

"Belike he will be angry if you part with it?" suggested Betty, while looking longingly at the trinket.

"Not he. 'T was but a short time ago that he said, 'Phil, that ring is too small, and 't would be better on the hand of some pretty little maiden.'"

"Would you call me a pretty little maiden?"

"You will do very well," was the judicious reply, "and I want to give it you because you led me to the Queen."

The ring came off at last, and Betty accepted it gleefully. "It goes bravely by the side of the green one," she said. "I will always keep it."

Half an hour later the Queen commanded that the journey be resumed. The royal chariot was brought into the courtyard, and the bustle of departure began. "Good bye, Philip Stevens," said Betty, putting a hand on each of the boy's shoulders, and lifting her brilliant little face for a kiss.

The boy shyly drew back. "I don't think I like kissing people," he murmured shamefacedly.

"Very well," she retorted, with a toss of her head that set the little curl on her forehead abob, "'t is the last chance you'll ever have for a kiss from me, I promise you." And



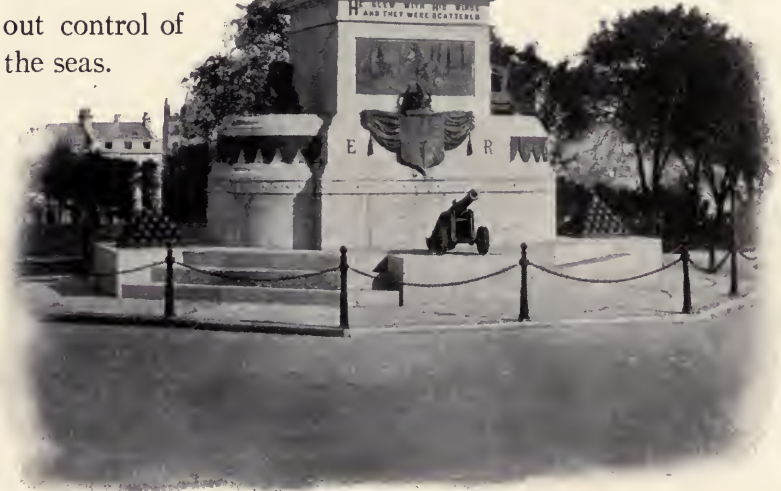
the small lady was lifted into her coach without so much as another glance in his direction.

Philip had not succeeded in his attempt to obtain the Queen's consent to travel, but he had made the acquaintance of a dot of femininity destined to wield considerable influence over his future life.

A month later, in June, 1596, Master Seymour had still more to tell Philip about Sir Walter Raleigh, who with Essex and Howard sailed with a fine fleet into Cadiz, taking the city by surprise. With its crumbling fortress, and its incapable commander, Medina Sidonia, the place made but a feeble resistance against the valor and superior equipment of the invaders. The Spanish soldiers burned thirteen men-of-war, and forty Indianmen freighted with 11,000,000 ducats worth of merchandise, to fall into the hands of the English.

Of this battle Raleigh wrote, "If any man had a desire to see hell itself, it was there most lively figured."

The sagacious Raleigh knew that every blow struck at Spain was one in favor of America, since English colonies in the land could not plant out control of New World with-



TERCENTENARY MEMORIAL, PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND

## CHAPTER IX

### AFTER A DECADE

TEN years passed. Of the two rulers who had so cordially hated each other, one slept under the stately dome of Westminster Abbey, and the other in the black and gold pantheon of the grim Escorial.

Henry IV of France survived them, a ruler both tolerant and wise. Under him the French renewed their designs for colonizing the New World, in 1598, the very year they were relieved of the dread of Philip's presence. Even then the colony at Sable Island placed almost a continent between their site and that of the earlier colony in Florida. The miserable exiles, recruited by the Marquis de la Roche from the scouring of the French prisons, nearly all perished in the northern storm and cold, the few survivors returning to France, where their sufferings entitled them to the pardon they received.

When the lion Queen lay dying, she was asked to name her successor. "I will have no rascal's son to succeed me, but a King," was the reply, meaning the King of Scotland. A few hours later the lords and ladies surrounding her bed asked whether she was still of the same mind. Though that voice, so long accustomed to command, was now silenced forever, the Queen with all her remaining strength lifted her arms and clasped her hands over her brow in the form of a crown. The question now was who would be the fortunate individual first to inform the Scottish King that he had succeeded to the throne of England. On the dead hand of Elizabeth there gleamed the blue light of a sapphire. Lady Scrope, hastily slipping off the ring, carried it to the window

under which her brother, Robert Cary, stood awaiting the news of the Queen's death. Having caught the ring as it was thrown him by his sister, Cary mounted his horse and hastened with the jewel to the new sovereign as a token that the bearer had been commissioned to bring the welcome tidings. Now for three years Elizabeth's crown, which fitted



HENRY IV OF FRANCE

him all too loosely, had been worn by James, the Sixth of Scotland, and the First of England, — a very thick-tongued, shambling man, ill-formed in body, and with a mind given to pedantry — and Scotch whiskey.

The great forests of Virginia slumbered as in past

centuries, undisturbed by the rifle or the ax of the white man. Sir Walter Raleigh's changeful fortunes had led him to prison, but even the gloomy walls of the Tower could not obliterate the fair vision his mind had conceived of a Virginia inhabited by people of his own race, and yielding to the mother country the rich treasures of her soil. He had been a pupil of Coligny. He had aided the Huguenots, and his enthusi-

asm had been strengthened no doubt through his association with the Protestant leader of France.

Four years previously, in 1602, he had planned, while shut within his prison, an expedition to set sail for the new country. Commanding it was one of his old captains, Bartholomew Gosnold, who reached a region then called Norumbega, a name changed later to North Virginia, and afterward, and permanently, to New England. Gosnold was the first to use the names Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard, and to name the Elizabeth Islands in Buzzard's Bay, then called Gosnold's Hope.

In the following year a number of Bristol-merchants sent Martin Pring to North Virginia, at the same time that Bartholomew Gilbert, son of Sir Humphrey, touched the shore of Chesapeake Bay, and with some of his men was killed by the Indians.

Two years later Shakespeare's friend, the earl of Southampton, with Lord Arundel and Sir Ferdinando Gorges equipped a vessel and sent it out in command of Captain George Weymouth. Remaining only a month in North Virginia, Captain Weymouth returned, bringing with him five of the natives; and interest in the country again revived.

The greater part of Sir Francis Drake's wealth had descended with the name to his nephew, but at her death Lady Drake had bequeathed from her own estate a comfortable income to their protégé, who had ever been to her a respectful and devoted son. Philip Stevens was now a young man of twenty-two. Handsome and well educated, he was smiled upon by many a fair maiden, none of whom had, so far, made a permanent impression upon his heart.

Philip had recently returned from France, where he had gone to seek the family estates mentioned by Louise Dumont. Eight years before Henry of Navarre had granted the celebrated Edict of Nantes, which allowed the Protestants all



the rights and privileges enjoyed by the Catholics; and the young man had hopes of recovering his property. He found that the stately chateau, wherein his mother had spent the



THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH  
(From the painting of Paul Delaroche in the Louvre)

years of her childhood, had been destroyed during the period when Henry was fighting his way to the throne, and that the lands, claimed by the next of kin, could only be recovered, if at all, by a long and tedious process of law. He returned

to England, and immediately became interested in the organization of the Plymouth company, which was then forming an expedition to plant a colony in the New World.

Among the names on the charter of the company were Raleigh Gilbert, son of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and nephew of Sir Walter Raleigh, William Parker, George Popham, and his cousin, Thomas Hanham, the last-named a young man, and Philip's most intimate friend.

One night at the Mermaid Tavern in London, a hostelry rendered forever famous from being the favorite haunt of Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Raleigh, and Shakespeare, Philip sat at supper with his friend Tom Hanham. Young Stevens had talked interestedly of the plans of the company, but his friend had answered briefly, and now had relapsed into silence. "Come, Tom," remonstrated Philip, "you are paying but a poor compliment to this fine capon, which is roasted to a turn. Man, what is it that is weighing on your mind? At times you seem about to speak and then you close your mouth like one afraid of his voice. Are you dissatisfied with some feature of the Plymouth company?"

"Not in the least. All is going well."

"Then can it be that Thomas Hanham, grandson of the chief justice of the King's bench, is needing money? This expensive town of London would make lean the fattest purse. I can lend it you, up to a certain sum."

The man addressed shook his head. "'T is not gold that I need; of that my family has always had a plenty, or at least since my grandsire's youth. 'T is said of him that once being pressed for funds he did betake him to Hounslow Heath and relieved a horseman of his purse. 'T is an incident that the chief justice is not fond of remembering now," he added, laughing, "though it puts him in the company of two of England's kings."

"Oh, that is a base slander against Edward I; and I am

convinced that if Prince Hal did such a thing 't was for a bit of mischief and not from roguery. I doubt not that if the tale be well sifted 't will prove the same in your grand-sire's case."

But Hanham's mind seemed to be occupied with another matter and he apparently cared little whether or not his



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*From the etching by Droeshout*)

respected grandfather had in his youth once played the rôle of moon-man. "Phil," he said abruptly, and with some embarrassment, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Now I have it!" cried the other; "strange I did not guess it before. You are wanting some more love verses to the fair Irish widow, Kate O'Keefe. Faith, I've already used up all the rhymes for Keefe, and those for Kate, of which there is a goodly number, have become threadbare from use."

"No; 't is not for Kate O'Keefe I need your services. In fact, Phil," he continued, lowering his voice, "you are already so much in my confidence, and have done so much for me, that I want no other to take your place. And this is really a serious matter."

"Mention it, Tom, and you will find me your man. I am ripe for any kind of honest adventure until it be time to sail for Virginia. Even if such were not my humor no true man will refuse a favor to his friend."

"Well, this is a delicate matter. I am sorry, Phil, that I so often asked your help with Kate O'Keefe — and my name signed to every one of those tender ditties!" he added with some disgust.

"You are now ashamed to father them?" laughed Philip. "I do not wonder at it."

"Ashamed of them? Oh no! They are worthy of Sir Philip Sidney himself. They are so good that I want more of them, and for another lady."

"Oh, fickle youth!" mocked Philip. "As Master Shakespeare has it:

"'Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!'"

A gentleman who had been sitting at a table near by with his back toward them had now risen to leave, and as Philip spoke he turned his face toward him with a slight smile. He was a man past forty, clad in a suit of somber color, though rich of material. His face, with its pointed beard, was wonderfully striking, for his countenance was that of one who has dreamed dreams such as never before floated through the mind of mortal man.

"'T is Master Shakespeare himself," murmured Hanham.

"True," answered Philip, following with his eyes the poet's receding figure. "A man I cannot look on except with awe. 'T is said his muse has grown more sad since Essex was beheaded and the good Queen passed away. But come, Tom," he went on with a change of tone, "tell me of this new ladylove."

"Since my childhood, Phil, I have been in a manner



betrothed to a maiden down in Somersetshire. 'T was a union fondly desired by her father and mine, who were faithful friends from their youth. I remembered nothing about the lady, for, having spent most of my time in London or in cruising about in foreign waters, we had not met since we were small children. Perhaps because it had been a prearranged affair, I not only made no effort to meet her, but ever was off and away when there was a chance of beholding her." He paused, gazing dreamily into vacancy, then rousing himself announced briskly, "Phil, you can greatly assist me in this matter."

"You would have me go to the maiden and tell her flatly that you will none of her? 'T is a delicate mission!"

"O, no; Heaven forbid!" Leaning forward he touched his friend's arm, and continued impressively, "Last week I was in Somersetshire, and there I saw the lady. I loved her at first sight, though knowing her name. She is as beautiful as a goddess —"

"So you said of the pretty widow. Do not you recall how you insisted upon that very word 'goddess' in my verses, which, coming at the end of a line, I racked my poor brain for a rhyme?"

"I pray you cease to harp on Mistress O'Keefe," cried Hanham, impatiently. "She is not to be mentioned on the same day with Betty Herbert."

"Betty Herbert!" echoed Philip.

"Do you know her?" asked his friend in surprise.

"You may guess how well," said the other, lowering his lids to conceal the mischief in his eyes, "when I tell you that she wanted to kiss me and I would not have it."

"She wanted to kiss you!"

"Indeed, yes. She raised her face and looked into my eyes with the brightest orbs I ever beheld, and offered me a kiss, which I, being shamefaced, refused."



QUEEN ELIZABETH HOUSE, SANDWICH, ENGLAND, ONE OF MANY VISITED BY HER MAJESTY



"I am not in the humor for jesting," grumbled Hanham.

" 'T is not a jest, but the solemn truth."

Whish! As quick as a flash came Hanham's untouched wine in Philip's face. In another second both were on their feet, hands on sword-hilts, while men at the other tables rose and stood about them. After a few vigorous passes Philip gave his friend a cut on the arm, and the sight of blood soaking through the sleeve brought the young man to his senses.

"Stop!" he cried.

"We have but just begun," retorted Hanham grimly, preparing to continue the game of parry and thrust.

"Let us cease this folly, I say! It was my fault. I apologize, and I will explain as soon as we have looked at that arm, which is bleeding far more than I like to see."

They withdrew to another room. The wound was less serious than Philip had feared.

He bandaged the arm, and assisted Hanham with his doublet. Washing the wine from his face, he returned with Hanham to their interrupted supper. "I had no right to fight you, Tom. 'T was but a bit of folly, but feeling the wine in my face so roused the hot blood of me, that I forgot the cause of it in my eagerness for revenge. When Mistress Betty Herbert offered to kiss me she was seven years old, and I was twelve."

He related the circumstances connected with Betty's rejected caress. "And now, Tom," he concluded, "since my foolery has been the cause of your wound, which, believe me, I wish had been in my own arm, I am willing to help you in whatever manner you may desire."

The two young men shook hands, and Hanham said, "Phil, I want you to indite the best poem of your life, from me to Mistress Betty."

"Egad!" cried Philip, "'t is as good as done already!



And when you journey to Somersetshire to take it to her, belike you shall have my company; for I have an errand thither for one whom I met in France, who would get word to his kin in Somerset. You shall recite it to me by the way, lad, and I will drill you in the fine points till Mistress



PHILIP II

Betty shall fling herself into your arms, only to hear it. How like you that?"

"Nay, but I cannot go to Somerset; for this business of the company keeps me sticking close at home," returned the other.

"What! Will you be so distant a wooer?"

"So must it be, Phil," replied Hanham. "But 't will pave the way for the time when I shall see her; which, God grant, may be soon. Look you," he added, catching a thought. "You go that way! Cannot you carry it to her?"

"Marry, that I will," answered Philip, "and read it to her, as well, if you like," he added, in jocose tone.

Tom took the fancy soberly.

"The very thing!" he cried. "Thou hast ever a lilt about that mellow voice of thine which softens the heart of a maiden like music. Egad, I have felt the salt tears in mine own eyes when you did but read your verses which you writ for me to Mistress O'Keefe."

"Nay, Tom, you surely would not have me read your verses to her!" exclaimed Philip, sober in turn. "'T were but a scurvy way to woo."

"But you can put it in such a wise, with your much wit, that 't will seem the naturalest thing in the world," said Tom, eagerly. "Come! You will do this?"

There are a many that seek her hand. I must strike mighty blows against her heart."

"But are you not already betrothed?"

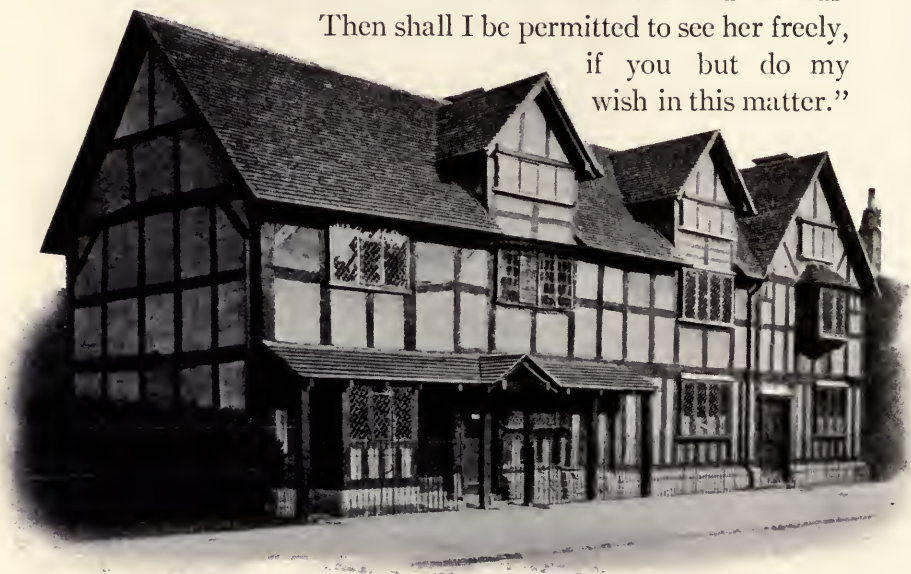
"'Tis only the wish of her father and my own, binding neither of us. 'T is much better that you go first," he went on, earnestly, "for until I saw her I had so turned up



TOMB OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, WHERE QUEEN MARY ALSO RESTS

my nose at a made match that I have not the shame to go before her flatly. Look you, Phil, make that the theme of your verse — that having seen her, I loved her, and I go now to her with such a thought. She is coming to London soon to visit her kinsfolk and friends.

Then shall I be permitted to see her freely,  
if you but do my wish in this matter."



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

With these and many more persuasions he wrought upon his friend, so that when they parted the thing was agreed upon, and Philip Stevens posted off to write the love verses.



## CHAPTER X

### LOVE'S PURVEYOR

WITH a light heart Philip Stevens mounted his horse and began his journey to Somersetshire. A poem expressing Hanham's love for Mistress Betty Herbert had been written in London, and heartily approved by the enamored swain, but when he stopped for the night at an inn Philip called for pen and ink-horn, and changed it here and there until at last he felt reasonably well satisfied with his work. It was an age when love of composition had spread like a contagion over England, when the people had become more familiar with the classics of antiquity, and poets and dramatists were able to paint the rich splendor of their imagination in language forceful and convincing. Philip Stevens was one of the great army of scribblers whose names have not come down to posterity.

Philip rode along, thinking how much of its charm England had lost since the death of Queen Elizabeth and the advent of her cousin of Scotland. It was like the theater after the curtain has gone down on the death of the titular hero, and the most interesting part of the play is ended. The people were far from feeling the thrill of admiration and loyalty for the new sovereign that they had held for that great Queen who had ruled them well for forty-five years. Elizabeth had been fairly worshiped by her people of every degree. Raleigh had not hesitated, in a single outburst, to call her both nymph and angel and liken her to Alexander, Orpheus, Venus, and Diana; Shakespeare left more than one memorable phrase extolling her; Sir Philip Sidney was her devoted courtier and admirer; and



Edmund Spenser added to her permanent fame by his celebration of her as Gloriana.

Admirer of Elizabeth as Philip Stevens had always been, he had only been able to reconcile himself with her signing of the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots by the reluctance she showed to the deed, and the ironical remark she made to those who finally persuaded her: "Go! tell all this to Walsingham, who is now sick; though I fear he will die of sorrow when he hears it." Queen Elizabeth and James V of Scotland, Mary's father, were own cousins; grandchildren of Henry VII, Elizabeth the greatest of them all. But her successor, James I of England and VI of Scotland, son of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley, was described by his contemporary, the great duc de Sully, as "the wisest fool in Christendom," lacking in equal degree Elizabeth's strength and Mary's charm. The young man recalled an incident related to him a little before showing the estimation in which the new King was held by the citizens of London. James, losing his temper because he could not obtain the loan of a sum of money upon which he had set his heart, declared that he would remove his own court with all the records of the Tower, and the courts of Westminster Hall, to some other place. The lord mayor after listening to this tirade replied with great calmness, "Your Majesty hath power to do what you please, and your city of London will obey accordingly; but she humbly desires that when your Majesty shall remove your courts you would please to leave the Thames behind you."

Philip felt that the impertinence of this reply was partly owing to the fact that during the past twoscore years the people were becoming more thoroughly educated than they had been in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, and were consequently more independent in their bearing. Still, he was quite sure that in no circumstances would Elizabeth

of England have received such an answer from one of her subjects.

The young man had seen the King on more than one occasion. The first time was when the new sovereign was about to make his initial visit to London, and had stopped at the Charterhouse from fear of the plague. With his crafty leer, and his figure thickly padded to protect him from an ever-expected, treacherous thrust of a knife, James was not one to inspire admiration. A nation that has known such heroes as Cœur-de-Lion, Edward I, and Henry V, men who not only were fearless, but went out of their way to court danger, was not inclined to sympathize with a coward.



JAMES I

James had granted the charter under which England's first permanent colony in Virginia was established. This document defined the territorial limits of Virginia as extending from the 34th to the 45th parallel of latitude. According to modern maps the 34th parallel passes through the mouth of Cape Fear River, just south of Columbia, South Carolina, while the 45th parallel is that which divides Vermont from Canada. From the seashore it extended one hundred miles inland. Thus the grant to the English colonists did

not encroach upon the territory of the Spaniards, in Florida, or of the French, in the Saint Lawrence region. The right of colonization was given to two joint stock companies, called, respectively, the London, and the Plymouth. The London company, composed of noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants about London, had a right to occupy the region



QUEEN ELIZABETH SIGNING MARIE STUART'S DEATH WARRANT (From the painting by A. Liezen-Mayer)

from Cape Fear to the southern limit of Maryland. The Plymouth company, consisting of merchants, knights, and gentlemen of the West of England, had a right to plant between  $41^{\circ}$  and  $45^{\circ}$  north latitude. It was understood that the nearest colonies of these two companies were to be a hundred miles apart, that they might indulge in no quarreling. As has been stated, it was with the Plymouth company that Philip had decided to cast his fortunes, and he thought of the proposed voyage with pleasant anticipations. He looked forward eagerly to the new and free life of the great western world, and it must be borne in mind that those early settlers did not make so great a sacrifice in leaving their homes as would an Englishman of to-day, should he make up his mind to renounce civilization for the wilds of an unknown country.

The rules written by Henry VIII for the regulation of his household show that at that time people were only beginning to be fairly decent and comfortable in their habits. Henry ordered that his master-cooks should not employ such scullions as go about the kitchen naked, or sleep at night before the kitchen fire. The Queen's maids-of-honor were to be allowed a gallon of ale, a small loaf, and a chine of beef for their breakfast, a rule reminding one of what Prince Hal says in looking over Falstaff's hotel bill, "O, monstrous! but one halfpenny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

In winters bedroom fires in the palace were considered necessary to warm royal blood alone, for coals must be burned only in the apartments of the King, the Queen, and the Lady Mary. So ordered Henry, the martinet as well as the Bluebeard.

Half a century was divesting England of much of its crudeness, and had given it some luxuries. Yet little of the soil was cultivated, and that in a manner greatly inferior to



the customs of the Indian natives in Peru. Vast forests covered much of the land. Undrained lands everywhere afforded breeding-places for the mosquitoes that carry the infection of malaria, and this enervating disease, the cause of the downfall of ancient Athens, was common. The population had so high a death rate that it increased slowly, and in the time of Henry VIII was no larger than 5,000,000 souls. The food of the Englishman was not as varied or nourishing as that of the North American Indian, nor was his clothing as warm, as comfortable, or as clean. The wigwam of the aborigine made a better abiding-place than the miserable hut of the English laborer or farm servant. Pestilences swept Europe and Great Britain from time to time, and famines were still looked upon as the will of God. Though the seeds of a fine liberty had been sown, the commonalty were little better than serfs, and laws were enforced, more or less vigorously, holding the artisan and laborer to the soil on which he was born. The better classes rioted in coarse luxuries, and the morals of such cities as existed were lax in the extreme.

When the seventeenth century came in, a condition so appalling had been altered greatly. The methods of farming had improved, agricultural tools were better, and far more land was under cultivation as well as more productive. In consequence, wealth had greatly increased, and famine was no longer a crying danger and menace. When Philip was wandering about the countryside, farmers and yeomen generally were comfortably housed and abundantly fed. For wooden trenchers pewter dishes had been substituted; feather-beds were used instead of those of straw and coarse wool. Social life was wider as a result of freer intercourse, due to better horses and vehicles of all sorts. The introduction of clover from Holland had improved the condition of all farm animals. Gardens flourished, whether for vegetables or flowers, and more attention was given to orchards. The

Low Countries sent England the hop-vine, the cabbage and lettuce, as well as apricots, apples, muskmelons, and gooseberries. Black and red currants, first called "beyond-the-sea" gooseberries, came from northern Europe; better cherries had been brought from France, better plums from Italy, and the Flemings had brought lovely roses and



QUEEN ELIZABETH CONFIRMING THE DEATH WARRANT OF MARIE STUART  
*(From the painting by J. Schroeder)*

other flowers of beauty and glorious perfume from the Orient.

Rapidly increasing wealth based on agriculture and commerce fostered luxuries among the rich and powerful, everything in life feeling its influence. Houses were built with a touch of elegance, and furniture within them, always substantial, grew beautiful with carving and inlay. Glass mirrors came from France. Turkish carpets, imitated by English weavers, took the place of the filthy rushes which had covered the floors of palaces theretofore. Clocks were used. Underclothing began to be worn by the rich. Stockings came into use. But it was after Elizabeth's time that forks took the place of fingers at table. The poorest were not so poor, the countryfolk less dependent upon poaching and wild game, and more settled by reason of greater flocks and herds and more certain harvests. Such parts of Devonshire as Philip loved best were largely in the hands of wool-raisers, being noted then as now for its pasturage.

If Dartmore Abbey were standing to-day it would be visited by the eager and ubiquitous tourist, for its extensive grounds were beautiful, and the fine old building, filled with stately monks during the reign of Mary, and made a dwelling in the early years of Elizabeth, was well worth seeing.

Hanham had intimated that the lady of his heart was guarded by an ogre in the form of a governess, and that if his messenger should meet Mistress Betty in the grounds, the message could be delivered in a manner far more satisfactory than could be managed indoors. With this caution well in mind, Philip, after leaving his horse at the inn, strolled through the chase in the hope of meeting the fair chatelaine of this noble estate, who might possibly be sitting under one of the trees. But not a living creature did he see but browsing deer, and an occasional rabbit. Approaching nearer the house, he saw no signs of life on that warm and drowsy

afternoon, even the servants seeming to be asleep. Crossing to the south end of the picturesque old Abbey, he heard a clear voice singing. The sound came from a vine-wreathed tower, and moving forward while keeping in the shadow of the trees, Philip could see the singer through the window, the lattice of which swung open.

It was Betty Herbert! There could be no doubt of it, for she had not greatly changed since she led him to the feet of Queen Elizabeth. She had simply grown taller, and her figure had rounded into the beautiful curves of young womanhood. Her golden bronze hair lay over her shoulders as he remembered it, and fitting closely to her head was a little cap of gold network and pearls. She was singing the words of Sir Walter Raleigh's "The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Pilgrim," penned in the days when that versatile personage was in high favor with his Queen:

"Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,  
Can me with no enticements move  
To live with thee and be thy love."

The singer was seated at her embroidery-frame, for her right hand and arm were moving back and forth, and she repeated the last line over several times as she surveyed her work contemplatively with her little head on one side.

"It was a cruel nymph," said Philip, stepping forward and doffing his hat.

Quickly the girl rose and stood, a picture framed in the vines. "Who may you be who stop to listen to what was not intended for your ears?" she asked saucily.

"I have done no harm, since Sir Walter's verses were meant for the whole world."

"But you had no right to watch me as I sat alone at my broidery."



"You are as hard-hearted as the nymph of the song, and would refuse a man the joy of looking upon a beautiful picture."

"I see no picture."

"I do. 'T is a fair lady, and most fair, in the frame of her lattice."

She frowned, and replied in tones she strove to make angry. "You are impertinent, sir. 'T is your London manners."

"My speech was not meant to be impudent. I have a message for you, Mistress Betty Herbert."

"How could you guess my name?"

"I did not guess it. 'T was my heart whispered it," averred Philip, who was somewhat 'overdoing the part assigned him by his friend.

"You 've a most convenient heart, that is able to tell you persons' names."

"Not 'person's' names. Never until this moment, and one name only."

"I 'll not listen to such brazen-faced flattery," she retorted, reaching out a white arm from which the flowing sleeve fell to close the lattice, "and I 've no faith in you nor your message."

"Do not shut me out so coldly, I pray you; 't will break the sender's heart when I tell him how you have flouted his emissary."

"Repeat then the message; I am listening."

"I cannot repeat it from here."

"Wherefore?"

"Because 't is on paper."

"Then tie your missive to this silver cord, and I will draw it up."

"Not I! I promised to read it to Mistress Betty Herbert."

"Did the sender think that Mistress Betty Herbert was not able to read her own letters?"



MARIE STUART RECEIVING THE NOTIFICATION OF THE SENTENCE OF DEATH (*From the painting by Carl Piloty*)



"Indeed, no. But he thought that I who — who — had read it previously, you see, would be able to convey it to your mind in a manner more rhythmic. For you must know 't is a poem."

"Very well, I will come down. But in all my life ne'er have I known so great a piece of folly."

In a few moments she stood beside him, the living, breathing incarnation of spring, of flowers, of youth, of all things radiant and lovely; he gazed at her, speechless.

"You would seem to have nought to tell me after all, Master Malapert," she remarked maliciously.

"I have too much to tell!" he burst forth. "I scarce dare make a beginning."

"But now you said 't was all writ on paper."

Philip flushed as he remembered that his errand was in the interest of a friend. Still, that part of it could wait. "This is not the first time we have met," he ventured.

"I recall no other time."

"'T was long ago when we were children. 'T was when the good Queen passed through Devon. I would not be happy until I had spoken to her, and you led me to her presence, like the angel that you were."

The girl laughed. "Many things was I called during my childhood, but an angel, never!"

"You do not remember Philip Stevens?"

"Indeed do I! The lad who had two names, and who gave me the ring with the red stone; I could recollect him if for no other reason than because my governess, Mistress Hutten, cuffed me smartly for taking a gift from a stranger. Then my father said that one who dwelt as an equal in the household of Sir Francis Drake could not but be gentle."

"Nevertheless was the lad a rude lout, for he refused a kiss when you offered one. Believe me he would not to-day be such a churl."



"He should not have the chance," she retorted, tilting her chin disdainfully.

For an hour they wandered beneath the trees, talking of the late Queen, of her successor, of poetry, and of a hundred other matters. They spoke of ballads, and Philip expressed a wish to hear another from his companion, whose voice, he vowed, was sweet as that of the robin when he sings his good



A TYPICAL ENGLISH GARDEN

night to his mate. Betty, remarking that it was time for Mistress Hutten to take a nap from which no sound could awaken her, led Philip to a large, dim, tapestried room, where stood her virginal, the instrument that was the feeble and squeaky ancestor of the piano. The virginal was known only to slender, jeweled fingers; Marie Stuart played it in those happy days when Darnley came to woo, and in that way the lady of the Sonnets charmed the prince of poets when he said:

"I envy me those jacks that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand."

Euterpe was more chary of her gifts at that time, and people were less difficult to please. The ballads of Elizabeth's time possessed a pleasing lilt, the girl who now sang them was charming, and Philip listened, enchanted.

"Master Stevens, not yet have you read me the poem," she said, presently, turning from her music.

"I had forgotten it. Let me come to-morrow morning and read it to you."

She shook her head. "In the mornings I am busy with affairs of the household."

"And the afternoon?"

"Sometimes I take my sewing and sit under the cluster of oaks in the chace."

"Then to-morrow at this time I will be there."

The poem was not read on the next day, nor the day after that. There was so much to be said between the two. It was as if twin souls, separated through æons of time, suddenly had come together, revealing one to the other the dreams and hopes of the past. On the fourth day Philip realized that he must finish his errand and away, for delay was dangerous. As the two sat together on a stone seat beneath an old oak, the youth began, "Mistress Herbert, I must read my friend's verses and be gone."

"You've been in no haste with your reading," she answered, flashing him a mischievous glance from beneath the glint of her bronze lashes. "I shall not trust you with a return message, believe me, Master Stevens. But you have not told me who it is that sends his poem to me."

"That I was not to tell until you had heard it. He beheld you once, that is, once after you had grown up, and these verses are the result. I — you — must not be too

severe in your criticism. I know that they are very poor, and express all too feebly what they would reveal."

"You are not very loyal thus to ridicule your friend's work," she replied looking much amused.

He colored. "Perhaps not, but no verses could be worthy of the lady to whom these were written." He had drawn the paper from the pocket of his doublet while he was speaking, and now began to read. The poem in intensity and color resembled some of the lines of Spenser, of whose works Philip was fond, and they were read with even finer dramatic effect than poor Hanham had expected. Having reached the climax, which thrilled his own heart and that of the girl who listened, the paper fell from the reader's hand and fluttered to the ground. Their eyes met, his own shining with the fire of all the love that burned in his soul, hers dark with emotion. "They are your own lines," she breathed, "I knew it all along."

He bent his head to meet the ripeness of her lips, and then, remembering his friend, drew back. "Forgive me, oh, forgive me. I am a traitor to both of you. These verses are from my friend, Tom Hanham, who lately having seen you, loves you with all his heart."

She rose, and stood looking at him without a word. Philip continued, "Master Hanham takes this method of telling you that he wishes to carry out the intentions of his father and your own."

The rich color leaped to Betty's cheeks, and her eyes flashed as she replied, "So this is what you have been leading up to, is it Master Stevens? To win my confidence, and then to read me those lines as if they had been your own! To look into my eyes with love, and with words such as no maiden could hear unmoved, to draw me on until at last I was almost ready to lend my lips — oh!" And she struck her mouth with the back of her hand. "I,

who have jeered at other women for letting men kiss them! I could kill myself for bringing this insult upon my head. And you," she cried with scorn, "belike you have made a bet in a tavern, or some such place where men congregate, that you would kiss Betty Herbert!"

"I swear it is as I have said," stammered Philip.

This reply only increased her indignation. "Then go back to Master Hanham and tell him that I will none of



THE TOWER, FROM THE THAMES

him, say that he deserves all my scorn for having selected such a messenger. And go at once!"

She turned to leave him, but he caught a fold of her dress, and kneeling, pressed it to his lips. "Dear one of my heart, whatever you may think of me, my love for you is real. Believe me, sweeting, the kiss I did not take was the greatest temptation of my life."

She wrested the gown from his grasp with a fury that rent the delicate texture, and without another word sped swiftly toward the house.

A red rose that she had worn lay on the ground at his feet. Philip took it up, smoothed its leaves, placed it in the breast of his doublet and sorrowfully turned away.



## CHAPTER XI

### CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

WHEN Philip arrived at his rooms in London he found Hanham awaiting him. "Beshrew me, Phil," he cried, grasping the other's hand, "never was there so slow a messenger! You are a veritable creeping snail. I counted the number of days 't would take to go and come, even on the slowest steed that ever walked, giving you one whole day to read the lines, which require but a few minutes; and much have you overlapped the time. Every day for three days have I come hither expecting to find you, but each time did your man say 'Not yet.' And so but a moment ago I sat me down to write a line to leave for you, saying to myself, 'Belike 't will fetch him'; and it did. What was the trouble? Did moonmen attack you by the way, or were you ill? Now that I look at you I see that you are something pale."

"I was not robbed, Tom, nor am I ill. Two strangers rode beside me all the way to London. The name of one was Regret and the other Remorse."

"Come, come; that head of yours is too full of poetic imagery. Leave all that, and tell me, how sped you with my love suit? She could not resist the declaration of devotion read in your honeyed voice, eh?"

"Tom, I have been a false friend. I went with the earnest hope that I could help you win the love of Mistress Herbert. I had no expectation of —"

"Of what?" asked Hanham impatiently, as his friend paused. "Speak out, and be not like a lad at school trying to repeat an ill-learnt lesson."

"Of loving her on my own account," finished the other boldly, looking Hanham squarely in the face.

"What, you dared — "

"Yes, I dared love her at first sight, as did you. Can you blame me for that?"

"But I had the right," retorted the other frowning; "we are almost betrothed, while you — "

"Love goes where he lists without asking 'Is it right, or is it wrong?'"

Hanham struggled with his wrath for a moment, beating his foot impatiently on the floor.

"You would have loved her even had she not been, in a manner, your promised bride," remarked Philip.

"Yes, I would. A man is no more than flesh and blood. I don't blame you for losing your heart to her. Who could help it?" Hanham agreed frankly after turning the matter over in his mind, and speaking as one who wishes to be



THE BRASS CANNON AT DOVER

fair. "No later than last Sunday I heard the preacher say that a man is accountable for his thoughts. And I said to myself, there and then, that I did not believe it. We cannot help the things that pass through our minds. The thought is there, and although we may drive it away it has made its impression. You loved Mistress Betty Herbert. I will forgive you that; I will let it pass. I will not insult you, Phil, by even asking if you told her so, for I ever have found you to be a man of honor."

Philip lowered his eyes for a moment while the color mounted to his brow. Meeting Hanham's gaze he said bravely: "This time you are mistaken. I have not acted the part of a man of honor. I was tempted of the devil, and I yielded. I did not even struggle against it. By Heaven, no! Never did bird skim toward its nest with more willing wing than did my heart leap toward that fairest of created beings! And I forgot you entirely, forgot you until 't was too late. Then read I the poem, read it as yours, but in such a way that she would know the love expressed was my own. And Satan, having begun with me, stood by me investing my voice with such a note of impassioned appeal —." He stopped suddenly, asking calmly, "Well, my friend, is it of any use to say more?"

"Never call me friend again!" thundered the other. "But since you have told me so much, belike you will take the trouble to mention the lady's reply. Since you have made my errand yours, and my declaration your own, 't is but just that you should tell me the result. Did Mistress Betty accept the heart that was false to its friend?"

"No; she did not. When I had finished, and the remnant of my conscience forced me to say that they were your sentiments which I had expressed, she said, 'Return to your friend and say to him that he deserves all my scorn for having sent such a messenger!' I would have kissed

the hem of her robe but she snatched it from me, as if my touch had defiled it."

"That is all that was said between you? There were no other words that came before that?"

"There were, but those will I not reveal. I have said enough."

"Then defend yourself!" and Hanham began to divest himself of his doublet.

Philip turned to the wall, and took from its place the sword of Toledo make that had belonged to his father, and had been saved for him by Will Ballard. "I have not carried this blade of late, because some of the jewels in the hilt have become loosened in their setting, and it awaited the services of the goldsmith. 'T is one of the best blades ever wielded by man. Here, take it, Hanham, and use it instead of your own."

"But you are the challenged one. 'T is for you to choose."

"I acknowledge the justice of your cause. I prefer that you should have the better sword. Let the contest take place with this understanding. Should I be the victor, then shall I have a free hand to win Mistress Betty Herbert, if I can."

"You have hopes in that direction, then?" blazed Hanham.

"Frankly, there is small reason for hope. But I wish the liberty to try."

"Then if I do not kill you," cried Hanham, "you are at liberty to do as you like. If we both live, I warn you I shall be a dangerous rival. And, however it may go, we are never again friends."

"So be it. Come." And the sword of Philip's father was turned against him. For some minutes nothing was heard in the room but the sharp clash of the weapons and the



hurried breathing of the two young men as they fought. Inflamed with anger as he was, Hanham's sword-arm had lost much of its cunning, and at length he was at the mercy of his antagonist.

"Enough," said Philip sheathing his sword, "it is as I wished, Tom; I have not hurt a hair of your head. Now, will you not grant me your pardon, and agree that we be



DINING-HALL IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE (*The table from the Timbers of the Great Armada*)

friends once more, each to sue for the hand of Mistress Betty, openly and honorably?"

"I have told you that you are no longer friend of mine. 'Tis much that you have my permission to try to win the lady whom I expect one day to wed," retorted Hanham turning after he had unlatched the door.

"She is the lady whom I expect to wed," cried Philip joyously. "Yes; by all that is wonderful, hope has suddenly dawned upon me! If I could win in this conflict against you with the better sword, against you who have ever been the more skillful, faith, I think it was because Heaven intended

that I should live to marry Mistress Betty Herbert! And Heaven meant us for each other, of that I am convinced."

Hanham stood for a moment with eyes gleaming, steel-like, fixed on Philip. Turning he struck the door as if it had been the breast of an enemy, and stalked out of the room without another word.

Philip had heard Betty say that it was her intention to visit her uncle, Lord Delaware, at his London residence, but greatly to his disappointment she failed to come at the time expected, and though he made frequent inquiries he could learn nothing regarding that capricious young woman.

In the mean time, down in Somersetshire Betty was causing Mistress Hutten much vexation. The former declared that she had changed her mind about going to London. What did she care, she asked, for that great, noisy town where people were false, and wont to say what they did not mean? Mistress Hutten remarked a dozen times a day that so far as she was concerned she was ready to start at any moment. She had not been keen on going in the first place, she said, but, having agreed to go, she was n't going to act like a changeable weathercock. Then one day, after her kinsfolk had ceased to expect her, and Hutten had begun to allude to the delayed trip only with a contemptuous sniff, my young lady suddenly announced her intention of starting to London, and of departing at once. Whereby the whole household was thrown into confusion through the unexpectedness of it all.

In the mean time Philip Stevens, having ceased to hope for a meeting in London with the girl he loved, had seriously contemplated the propriety of returning to Dartmore Abbey and there storming the castle of her heart. But supposing that he should go, and that she would refuse to see him? Having been extremely hopeful after his duel with Hanham, the young man had now gone to the other extreme, and was

not only convinced that he was unworthy of her, but that there was no hope of winning her.

In this unhappy frame of mind he went to dine at the Mermaid Tavern in the company of Master Seymour. That learned gentleman and philosopher, although he had long ago ceased to be Philip's tutor, was often his companion, and was ever ready with advice for the young man, which, however amiably received, was not always followed.

Dinner, at this period taken before noon, had been ordered, and Philip was leaning back listlessly in his chair with his arms folded and his eyes fixed moodily on a row of ale mugs above the door, which he gazed at without seeing, when Master Seymour broke the silence.

"Philip, I am much afraid that you are sickening with some insidious malady, belike a fever. 'T is not the sweating sickness, which comes more suddenly, and I think we are clear of that for the present, though 't is ill luck to speak boastfully of such matters, and I would advise you not to do so. Ammonius, the Latin secretary of Cardinal Wolsey, declared that his precautions against the sweating sickness were such that he and his family were perfectly safe. He died of it the same evening! The sweating sickness, you may remember, was the cause of Anne Boleyn's leaving court and remaining for a time with her father, while Henry VIII satisfied himself as best he could by writing love-letters to her."

"I was not in London at the time," returned Philip, absently.

"During the reign of Henry VIII? Of course not," snapped Master Seymour. "What are you thinking of, Philip? You don't listen to me at all, no matter what I say. I asked you whether you wanted a roast fowl, a ragout, or a pasty, and you replied that we might have all or none, 't was much the same to you. If that is the way you feel and





SIR FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM, QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SECRETARY





as you are to pay the reckoning, I have ordered them all, and a number of things beside. I am blessed with a good appetite, thank Heaven, though I seem never to grow fat. Still, a man should have merry company whilst he is partaking of his food; such a feature is absolutely necessary to his well-being. If you will forgive me for saying it, you are about as cheerful as my grandmother's tombstone, and I am sure my dinner will not be well digested if taken in your society alone."

"I crave your pardon," said Philip, rousing himself; "I fear that I am a little dull."

"You are indeed, and very much so. As a rule I meet with congenial spirits at this tavern, with whom I can amuse myself, but to-day there is not a familiar face to be seen.

"Nay, forsooth," he added abruptly, "there is one even now whom I met here yesterday. See, Philip, the young man who just entered."

Philip, glancing indifferently at the man, was struck with his appearance and fixed his gaze more keenly upon him. The stranger was several years his senior, though the full beard that half hid his face gave him the appearance of middle age. He had frank blue eyes, a well-knit figure, and the air of a man at his ease in any surroundings.

"What say you, Philip; shall I bid him to dine with us?" asked Seymour. "He is alone."

"In truth, he is a likely man," replied Philip, "and I should be pleased full well to know him better."

The tall, thin figure of the tutor strode across the room where the new arrival was about to take table. There were a few words of greeting, and the two came toward Philip.

"Master Stevens," said Seymour, "give hail to the worthy captain, John Smith of Willoughby, in Lincolnshire!"

## CHAPTER XII

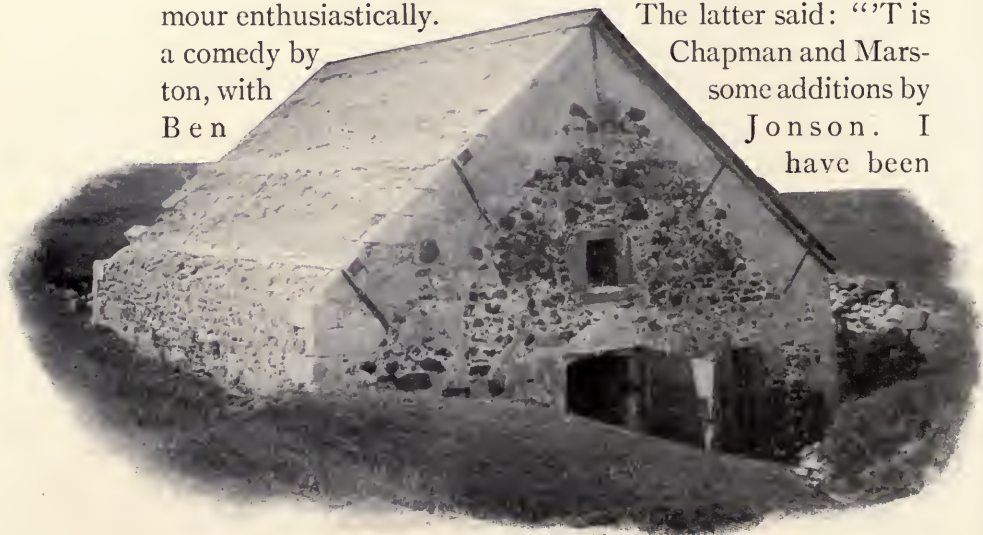
### CAPTAIN SMITH'S ADVENTURES

“NO man who is not a churl enjoys dining alone, and I consider myself most lucky in thus meeting two gentlemen who have enjoyed the friendship of one of England’s greatest heroes, the late Admiral Drake,” Captain Smith said, as he took his seat at the table.

“And we are fortunate in making the acquaintance of one whose name is so well known as a hero of adventure,” returned Philip politely.

“I accepted Master Seymour’s invitation upon one condition,” continued Captain Smith, “and that is that you shall be my guests at the play when we have finished. As I was passing the Globe Theater on the Bankside, I noticed a flag flying, which means that a play is acting. I inquired what it was, and found that it is ‘Eastward Ho,’ a piece that brings in something of Virginia, a land in which I am particularly interested.”

Philip accepted the invitation courteously, Master Seymour enthusiastically. The latter said: “’T is a comedy by Chapman and Marston, with some additions by Ben Jonson. I have been



OLD FRENCH POWDER MAGAZINE AT PORT ROYAL

wanting to see it for two reasons: for its literary value, and because its authors ran the risk of having their nostrils slit because they dared in the play to criticise the King's partiality for the Scotch."

"You mentioned your interest in Virginia, Captain Smith; is it your intention to go thither?" Philip asked.

"It is. I have cast my fortunes in with the London company, and we hope to sail before the end of the year. Sir Thomas Smith, Richard Hakluyt, Sir Thomas Gates, and Edward Maria Wingfield head the enterprise. One ship is to be commanded by John Ratcliffe, another by Bartholomew Gosnold, while the expedition is to be under the command of Captain Christopher Newport."

"'T was Captain Newport who captured the great Spanish carrack for Sir Walter Raleigh in 1592," remarked Master Seymour. "Her name was *Madre de Dios*, and being laden with silks, rich carpeting, ebony, porcelain, ivory, rubies, and pearls, she was worth some five hundred thousand pounds. There were so many pots of musk, planks of cinnamon, cloves, and other rich spices that to enter her hold was like setting foot in the blooming gardens of the Orient. The carrack was brought to England on the Queen's birthday, and 't was the greatest prize that ever had been captured. Sir Walter turned a generous portion of his share over to her Majesty, and it served to ransom him from his prison, and for a time, at least, it made him a free man. But I am sorry, Captain Smith," Seymour went on, "that you do not go with the Plymouth company, for in that case Master Stevens and myself would have the pleasure of your society."

"You think of sailing for Virginia?" asked Captain Smith, "I am glad to hear it," and he offered his hand to each in turn as a token of his approval. Philip's hand to tell the truth, lay but limply in that of his new acquaintance. He was not at present touched with the Virginia fever. For



him there was a greater attraction at home than in all the treasures of the New World. Moreover he would not sail in one of the ships of the Plymouth company since his falling out with Thomas Hanham.

"Yes," continued his quondam tutor, blithely, "we are both going. My young friend here has been daft about Virginia ever since he was old enough to know of the existence of such a land, and he forced himself into the gracious presence of Queen Elizabeth when he numbered no more than a dozen years, to ask her permission to sail. As for me, I have made two voyages to the New World, and intend to return there to gather materials for a book. It will be an able work, and 't will serve to enlighten posterity."

"How about the fountain of eternal youth?" asked Philip, slyly, for Master Ballard had often spoken of his friend's quest for that elusive spring.

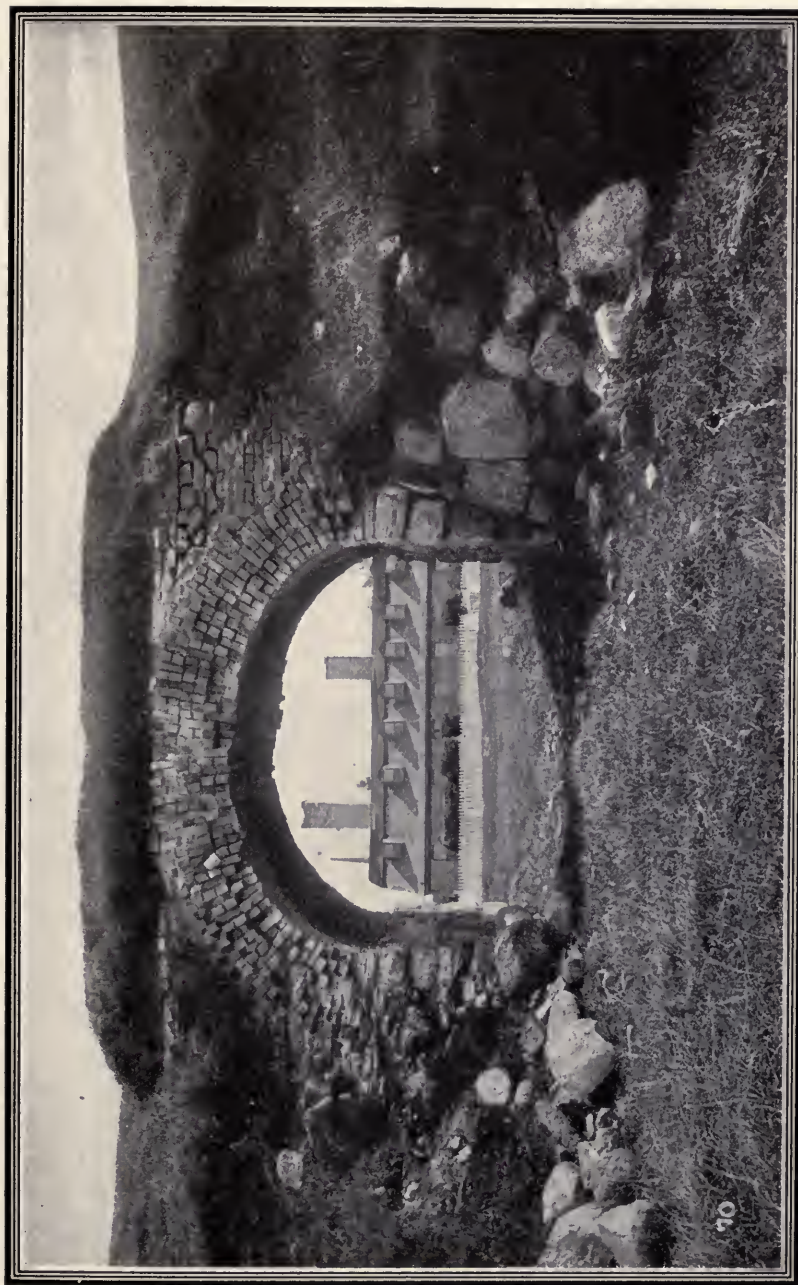
"That I may find on this trip," returned Master Seymour with dignity.

"'T is a journey I long to begin," Captain Smith said; "I have from my boyhood led a restless, roving life, and it irks me to remain quiet."

"You must have passed through thrilling scenes," suggested Philip with an admiring glance at his guest; "will you not recount some of them for our benefit?"

It was a period of adventure, and as events were not heralded far and wide by the press as they are to-day, a man who had been abroad, and who could talk intelligently of what he had seen, was accorded pleased attention whenever he chose to speak of his travels.

Captain John Smith told his new acquaintances how, at the age of thirteen, he sold his schoolbooks and planned to run away to sea, a scheme which he was obliged to relinquish, owing to the death of his parents. Later he was apprenticed to a merchant of Lynn, and afterward engaged to attend the



SALLY-PORT, FORT ANNE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL



son of Lord Willoughby, who with his tutor was on his way to France.

At Orleans young Smith was dismissed, but instead of returning home he went to Paris, where a Scotch Protestant minister gave him a sufficient sum to take him to Scotland, with letters of recommendation to people who were in a position to grant him important favors. Smith, who did not care to go to Scotland, went instead to Havre-de-Grace and became a soldier, afterward serving for three or four years in the Low Countries. He then went to Scotland, but, tiring of the life he led there, made up his mind, although he was only nineteen years of age at the time, to become a hermit. During his period of seclusion he studied Machiavelli's "Art of War," and the works of Marcus Aurelius, at the same time practicing feats of horsemanship. Once more he longed for the life of a soldier, but not caring to kill Christians, resolved to fight the Turks. On his way through France he fell into the company of villains, who, after robbing him of all that he possessed, left him in the forest almost dead of hunger and cold.

Contriving to get to Marseilles, Smith embarked thence with a company of pilgrims going to the Levant. During this voyage a terrible storm swept over the sea. Believing that they owed this misfortune to the presence of a heretic, the good people aboard threw the young Englishman into the angry deep. But it was not intended that the youth should perish at this time, for there was yet much work for him to do in the world. He was a fine swimmer, and succeeded in reaching an uninhabited island, where he was picked up by a Breton vessel voyaging to Egypt and Cyprus.

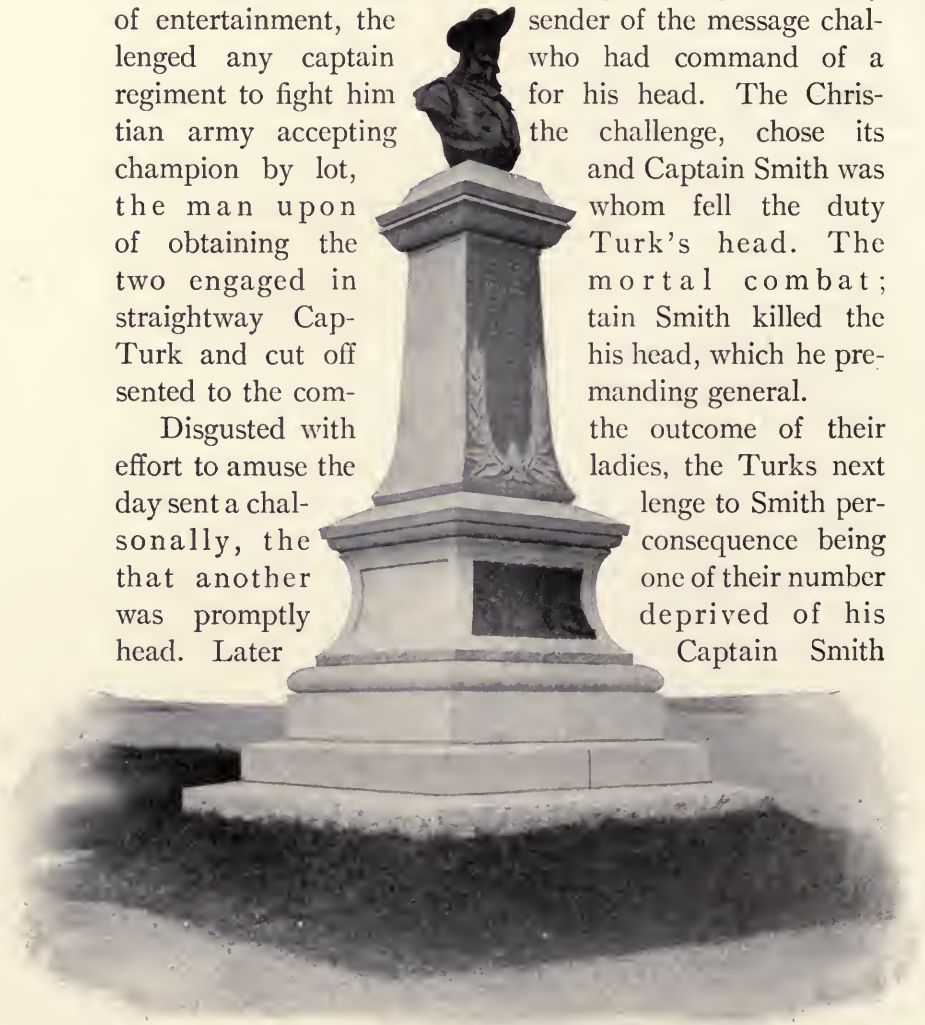
In the Adriatic Sea the Breton ship encountered a Venetian vessel, and after a desperate fight appropriated its cargo, consisting of silks, velvets, cloth of gold, coin, and jewels. Smith received his share of these spoils.



Being now a man of means, this adventurer went to Rome, where he saw Pope Clement VIII and his cardinals praying their way to the top of the Holy Stairs. After remaining some time in Italy he went to Styria, where entering the services of Rudolph II, Emperor of Germany, he was given the rank of captain. Next his troop fought under the banner of the Prince of Transylvania. It was during this period that Captain Smith met with one of his most remarkable adventures. A Turkish officer, having sent word that the ladies were anxious for something thrilling in the way of entertainment, the sender of the message challenged any captain who had command of a regiment to fight him for his head. The Christian army accepting the challenge, chose its champion by lot, and Captain Smith was whom fell the duty of obtaining the Turk's head. The two engaged in mortal combat; Captain Smith killed the Turk and cut off his head, which he presented to the commanding general.

Disgusted with the outcome of their effort to amuse the ladies, the Turks next day sent a challenge to Smith personally, the consequence being that another one of their number was promptly deprived of his head. Later

the outcome of their ladies, the Turks next lunge to Smith per- consequence being one of their number deprived of his Captain Smith



DE MONTS'S MONUMENT AT ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA

defied the Turks one and all on his own account, boldly sending word that any Turk was welcome to his head, who could get it. Again was this challenge accepted, and a third Turk's head added to the list. Hearing of these instances of Smith's prowess, Prince Sigismund granted him a coat of arms with three Turks' heads on the shield.

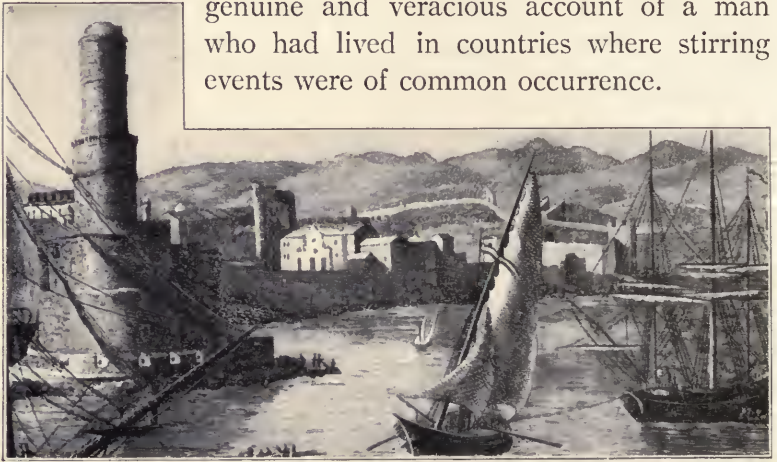
Many people have laughed, both openly and in their sleeves, at this tale of Smith and the Turks, but the register of the Heralds' College in London shows that Sigismund, Prince of Transylvania, granted a coat of arms to John Smith, captain of 250 soldiers, "in memory of three Turks' heads which with his sword before the town of Regal, he did overcome, kill, and cut off, in the province of Transylvania."

The narrator next told his hosts how at the battle of Rothenthurm he was taken prisoner and sold into slavery, of how he killed the pasha, and, dressed in the dead man's garments, made his escape. And now after having traveled in other countries he had returned to England, ripe and eager for more adventures.

His recent adventures had brought him in 1000 ducats, and he had learned much of the New World while in France. There had been considerable trafficking in furs with the Indians of the North, which led in 1603 to an expedition under Champlain, a born traveler, long acquainted with the Spanish-West Indies and central America, and perhaps the first Frenchman to advocate the construction of the canal at Panama, which his country was to fail in centuries later. The governor of Dieppe and the merchants of Rouen sped him on his first expedition; the second was under the royal patent issued to De Monts, the great Huguenot leader, and led to the permanent settlement of Port Royal, later known as Annapolis, in Nova Scotia, under Poutrincourt. All these things, and the fact that they had led him to invest

some of his money in the London company, Sir John told the interested Philip, leaving him with the feeling that there was nothing the doughty Smith did not know, and few places where he had not been.

Like those who since have read of Captain Smith's wonderful experience, Philip and Master Seymour were at first assailed by doubt, but like many historians of the present time they made up their minds to accept it as a genuine and veracious account of a man who had lived in countries where stirring events were of common occurrence.



THE HARBOR OF PORT ROYAL

## CHAPTER XIII

### AT SHAKESPEARE'S THEATER

THE Globe, Shakespeare's theater, was a round structure built of timber, with a foundation of brick and masonry, crowned by a figure of Hercules bearing the world. Pieces were acted here during the day only.

Before this time, plays, when not presented in the mansions and castles of the nobility, — and some of the nobles had their own companies of players, — were given in the courtyards of inns. The stage was constructed



EDMUND SPENSER

on a platform in the center of the courtyard, and the plays were attended by the guests of the inn sitting in the galleries, which were the prototypes of the different circles and galleries of the modern theater. The common



people stood on the ground, and were called groundlings. Hamlet alludes to this class in his directions to the players.

The Globe, like other theaters of the day, followed the fashion set by the inn, for the thatched roof covered only the stage, the "rooms" or boxes, and the galleries; while the spot upon which the groundlings stood was still open to the weather. In some of the play-houses pages furnished



WESTMINSTER SCHOOL (*Here Elizabeth dined on a table made from timbers of Drake's flagship; here Shakespeare played before the Court*)

the aristocracy with pipes and tobacco, but this indulgence was not permitted at the Globe.

"I have heard," observed Philip, as the three gentlemen took their seats, "that at a performance given before the King at Oxford not long since, they had movable scenes of painted cloths, and that the stage varied three times during one tragedy. The scenery was arranged by Inigo Jones."

"'T is wonderful, the new things that are being contrived in these days," remarked Captain Smith admiringly.

"Indeed you speak truly," agreed Master Seymour, "and one wonders what they will do next. 'T is pity that

Sir Philip Sidney did not live to see a sight so gratifying. He was wont to say that 't was tiresome to see ladies walk out to gather flowers, to witness shipwrecks, to see hideous monsters in their native rocks, and other strange sights, all on the same spot, and not a whit's change of surroundings. But who could foresee that sometime there would actually be a way of assisting the imagination by changing the stage? I have no doubt that this improvement will sooner or later be brought to our London theaters."

The orchestra of eight musicians seated over the rush-strewn stage now began to play, but, as at the present time, few of the audience stopped talking to listen.

"Master Stevens," said Captain Smith, who had been looking thoughtfully at the young man, "pray pardon me for remarking it, but you have the appearance and the easy grace of the Latin races, and had I not heard your English name I should call you a Spaniard."

"And you would not be wrong, Captain Smith, since my father was born in that land of sunshine, though his name was englished after it came to me. Yes; I am of the race so hated during the reign of Elizabeth, though viewed with greater toleration under the sway of his present Majesty."

"You are Spanish in nought save your personal appearance, Philip," Master Seymour said in the tone of one who feels that palliation is needed for a disagreeable fact. "In all else you are English, you know."

"Make no apologies for me," retorted the young man hotly. "I am not ashamed of my Spanish blood. Because there have been a Philip II, a duke of Alva, a Cortez, and others of their kind, the word 'cruel' brands us all. The moiety of Spanish blood in the veins of Mary Tudor is blamed by some for the dark deeds permitted under her sway. Still methinks that Henry VIII, her sire, was not

the gentlest of men, and belike 't was his nature that found expression in the sanction by the great Elizabeth of certain acts that mar her otherwise splendid reign. I speak with too much fire, mayhap," he added, with a faint smile, as he swept his hand across his brow, "but I know that I am not bloodthirsty, and I refuse to believe that the little of good there is in me came from my Huguenot mother alone."

"You speak truly," declared Captain Smith. "There be people of your father's country whose lives are most commendable. In my travels I met a Franciscan friar who had been with Don Juan de Oñate in the New World. He was the gentlest soul it has ever been my fortune to know, and he was of a noble family of Spain, having renounced the world for the sake of his religion."

The Don Juan de Oñate, referred to by Captain Smith, entered New Mexico in 1598 with 400 armed men, 130 families as colonists, and a corps of Franciscan friars to convert the Indians. He founded the city of Santa Fe, naming it La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco, or the True City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis. The settlers sowed their grain, and were happy and contented until, seized with the desire to search for gold and silver, they neglected the cultivation of their land for the opening of mines. As Hernando Cortez said soon after landing in Mexico, "The Spanish are troubled with a disease of the heart for which gold is a specific remedy." In view of the avidity with which their treasure-laden carracks and galleons were captured by foreign foes, it is safe to say that the inhabitants of the sunny peninsula were not the only people suffering from the disease.

Don Juan's settlers also made the mistake of antagonizing the Indians. They forced the red men to work in the mines, and sternly forbade them their favorite dance, the *cachina*,



which was one of their religious rites. By touching the savage nature in two of its tenderest spots, they, like the English in Virginia, made bitter enemies of those who at first were inclined to be friendly.

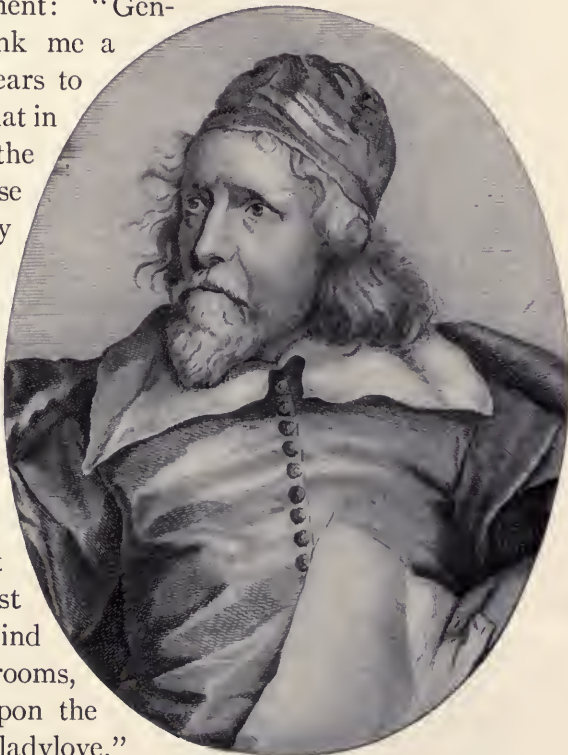
The musicians above the stage continued to saw and blow, and Master Seymour said, after a pause and with an air of embarrassment: "Gen-

tlemen, you may think me a shade too ripe in years to have an experience that in any way touches the romantic, but a glimpse I have caught of a lady in one of the opposite chambers is like romance, very like it, indeed."

"Is it, really?" laughed Philip. "'T is to be regretted that ladies do not show their faces openly at the play, but must screen themselves behind the curtains of their rooms, else we might gaze upon the countenance of your ladylove."

"Oh, do not call her so,

such words are not to be associated with me; though," he added reflectively, "Philip II was well along in years before he knew the real love of his life, which was Elizabeth of Valois, his third wife; and there be other men whose true affection has not bloomed till after the flitting of their youth. There is no question of anything



INIGO JONES



of the kind in my case, but yesterday, as I was searching through the shops for a pair of hose that suited my fancy, I observed two ladies walking ahead of me.

"One of them was young and beautiful; the other of a trim figure though no longer in the bloom of maidenhood. The elder lady dropped her purse, and I restored it. She thanked me with a smile that was gracious, accompanied by a glance that was — well, — that was complimentary to me, to say the least of it. And now she is over there in that room."

At this moment a page appeared on the stage and hung up a placard announcing where the scene of action was supposed to take place. This was followed by three flourishes of the trumpet, and the representation began.

The comedy of "Eastward Ho," first acted in 1605, was an excellent discourse on morals, contrasting a sober with a dissolute life, and took its title from the period when America was believed to be a part of the Orient. Reference was made to White's lost colony, showing that it was believed, as many are inclined to think to-day, that the unfortunate settlers intermarried with the Indians.

"Come, boys," says Seagull in the play, "Virginia longs till we share the rest of her."

"Why, is she inhabited already with any English?" asks Spendall.

The reply is that a whole colony is there which was left in '79 — it should have been '87 — and that its members have married with the Indians, who are so in love with them that all the treasure they have they lay at their feet.

Scapethrift asks, "But is there such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?"

To this Seagull replies: "I tell thee gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring I'll have thrice the weight in gold."



PANORAMA OF SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, FOUNDED IN 1508 (*The Oldest Seat of Government in the Present United States*)



He goes on with his account of the treasures of Virginia, saying that all the dripping-pans, chains, and fetters for prisoners are of gold, and that rubies and diamonds are so plentiful they are gathered on the seashore, to ornament children's coats and caps, "as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt brooches and groats with holes in 'em."

He enlarges on the climate and the food to be found there, and his friend says, "Gods me! and how far is it thither?"

The reply is: "Some six weeks' sail, no more, with any indifferent good wind. And if I get to any part of the coast of Africa, I'll sail thither with any wind; or when I come to Cape Finisterre, there's a fore-right wind continually wafts us till we come to Virginia."

The play evinced the spirit of the times, both in its frequent mention of England's new possessions, and in reference to the King's bestowal of titles upon the Scots. The newly dubbed knight was ridiculed, and a wish was expressed that "a hundred thousand of them were in Virginia, where we should find ten times more comfort of them then we do here."

When the piece was ended, having taken leave of Captain Smith, Master Seymour and Philip went away together. "As we came out I caught another glimpse of the ladies of whom I told you, Philip," Master Seymour said. "They were in the press of the crowd, and at some little distance from me, but I could see them quite plainly. You were behind me or I should have pointed them out to you."

"What ladies, Master Seymour?" murmured Philip absently, for his mind, as was its custom of late, had gone down to Somersetshire.

"'What ladies,' forsooth!" exclaimed the older man with some asperity. "You seem to have no length of



memory, Philip! Whom should I mean save the ladies I saw in the shops, and to one of whom I restored her purse? The play began before I had finished telling you that I inquired their names of the servant who attended them in the shops, and that I heard that one is the daughter of Sir Arthur Herbert, whose wife was a sister of Lady Delaware, and the other her com — ”

“What!” cried Philip grasping his friend’s arm and



OLD HOUSE IN NEW MEXICO

speaking in a tone so loud that several passers-by turned to look.

“Body o’ me!” complained the older man. “After paying no attention whatever to my words, you now catch me up in a manner like to take away my breath, and well nigh crack the bone of my arm. I know not what to make of you!”

“I crave your pardon, Master Seymour, but why did you not tell me this sooner?”

“I told you as soon as I could,” growled the other.

"As I said, I had no opportunity to call your attention to them as we came out, otherwise you would have seen your friend Master Thomas Hanham gazing down into the eyes of Mistress Herbert, as if he read his fortune there."

"Tom Hanham!"

"'T is nothing strange that he should know them, since the Hanhams also come from Somersetshire. Has he never mentioned this young lady to you?"

"Ay — he — he has mentioned her."

"And naturally you are curious to see her. Well, had your thoughts not been wool-gathering your eyes might have been attracted to her of their own accord, without any prompting from me."



SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

## CHAPTER XIV

### A CHANGE OF MIND

AT the earliest possible moment Philip presented himself at the door of Lord Delaware's London mansion, and inquired for Mistress Betty Herbert. The servant, after a much longer absence than the impatient caller deemed necessary, returned with the information that Mistress Herbert, having come to town for the purpose of viewing its various points of interest, would not have time to see visitors, and prayed that Master Stevens would excuse her.

As the door closed on the crestfallen caller, a smart lady's-maid, who had been peering at him through the railings of the staircase, exclaimed: "La, I could not find it in my heart to send so sour a message to a young gentleman so well favored and with such a pair of eyes! Like velvet they are, and so mournful it would break a body's heart! — a gentleman of wealth and distinction too, as could be seen with half an eye, and with a small fortune a-glitter in the very buckles of his shoes. I wonder what more she can want in a sweetheart, that I do!"

Thus foiled, Philip resolved to see Mistress Betty whether she would or not, so he began to haunt the shops and other places she was likely to visit. The grounds of Lord Delaware's mansion led down to the Thames; barges were a favorite mode of transportation at the time, and Philip spent hours in gliding up and down the river in that vicinity. Still, not a glimpse did he catch of the maiden from Somersetshire.

He next turned his attention to an open green space in

a vicinity he was sure she would some time pass in her walks. Even at present there are in London spots which, if not primeval, seem to have been left behind in the onward march of progress; and this square was a bit of country



SIR THOMAS SMITH

as nature had made it, and so far it had not been tampered with. For three mornings the young man lingered under its shady beeches; as fortune favors the persistent as well as the brave, he was rewarded on the fourth.



Mistress Betty came slowly along the path alone, eyes bent on the ground, and absorbed in meditation. The truth was that Master Hanham had so eagerly and continuously urged his suit, the young lady had at last given him a promise that she would think the matter over, and let him know at an early date whether or not she would



TWILIGHT ON THE THAMES

ratify the bargain made by their respective fathers. Philip awaited her approach almost afraid to breathe, as if beholding a fair vision that a word might waft from his sight. He waited until she was quite near; then he spoke her name. From the startled glance and the deep blush that colored her cheek it might almost be surmised that at the moment, Master Stevens

had taken the place of Master Hanham in her thoughts. With a stately nod, as if to one she remembered to have seen somewhere in some half-forgotten time, she was passing on, when the audacious youth seized her hand.

"You shall not go like this," he vowed. "There is something I must say to you, and I will say it here and now!"

The hand struggled violently to free itself, but it remained passive while its owner was saying coldly, "It seems that I have no choice in the matter, since I am alone, and you, sir, are the stronger."

Instantly he released the captive member and murmured with bowed head, "Forgive me, I had not intended to keep you by force. But if you only knew how I have suffered since those sweet days at Dartmore Abbey!"

"They were hateful days to me — do not remind me of them," she interrupted with evident vexation.

"I crave your pardon, but they were as sweet to you as to me," he insisted boldly.

"Do you dare — "

"Yes, I dare! I say it by the right of one who loves you, who is your equal in blood if not in fortune, who would make you his wife, and whom you have no right to treat with scorn."

"Right well do you know why I treat you with scorn, Master Stevens."

"Why?"

"Because — I — you — you deceived me."

"Had you not loved me small difference would it have made to you whether those lines had been written by Hanham or myself."

"If your object be to gain my forgiveness, you are taking a strange course, Master Stevens, for you are making me hate you more and more every minute!"

"I am but trying to make you understand your own heart, dear," he said, taking both her hands. "You know, you must know what I read in your sweet eyes on that day."

"Do not speak to me of that day!" she cried snatching away her hands and covering her face. "I loathe myself when I think of it!"

"And I adore, I worship you when I think of it. Heart of my heart, I am now free to win you."

"Are you sir, forsooth?" she retorted, with an upward tilt of her chin. "And who has accorded you that privilege?"

"On that day I was in honor bound to make love to you for another man. Later we settled the matter with our swords, and it was agreed that I should have an equal chance with Hanham."

"What right had either of you to make such a bargain? I protest, I will have neither of you!" she averred with flashing eyes.

"Has no man the right even to try to win you, Mistress Betty Herbert? Even the virgin Queen of England treated her suitors with some consideration. To none but Philip of Spain did she give an immediate, curt, and direct no."

"And such do I give to this Spanish Philip," retorted Betty maliciously. "Spain is the bitter foe of England, and the good Queen did but her duty to spurn its ruler."

"Do you not know that 't is two years since England signed a treaty of peace with my father's country? But a truce to these questions of state. Did you but realize how it rejoices me to look upon your face once more, how even the well remembered fragrance given forth by the pouncet-box that swings from your girdle is like a breath from the gardens of paradise, because it belongs to you! Come, you do love me."

"I do not!"

"Your eyes are truthful; look into mine and say that you hate me, and I will go away to Virginia and you need see me no more."

"You have no right to put the question like that," she objected. "You will go out to live among the savages, and swear 't was a woman's fault."

"If you love me not 't will make no difference what I

say or think. Look you now straight into my eyes and say 'Philip Stevens, I hate you,' and I will go."

She raised her eyes and began courageously, "Philip Stevens I — oh, what folly it is! Hutten will be looking for me, I must away."

"Finish the sentence first. There are but five words, and you have said three of them."



SHERBORNE HALL, RALEIGH'S HOME IN DORSETSHIRE

"You will truly abide by what I say, whatever it may be?"

"I will."

"You will go out to Virginia if I tell you that I hate you?"

"Surely."

"But supposing it be neither hate nor love? Belike I was wrong to say I hate you. And — and — you have explained, so I need not regard you with either extreme."

"Indifference is worse than hatred, and I 'll none of it." Folding her in his arms he murmured, "It is love as true as my own. You, sweeting, as well as I know that Heaven made us for each other."

Like an imprisoned bird she struggled for a moment in



his embrace, and concealed her face against his shoulder.

"And now," he said "I must have that kiss that has waited for me since that faraway day in Devonshire." Quickly she slipped from his arms and replied, "Come and see me the day after to-morrow at this hour and I will think about it."

"The day after to-morrow! Why must I wait so long?"

"To-morrow Master Hanham has planned a feast on the river for me, and I cannot see you. I must go back now to Hutten, who will be coming to look for me else."

"But the day after to-morrow! 'T is a thousand years. Will you promise to meet me here at this same hour?"

"Indeed will I not! You will see me in the house of my uncle. I will not come to you beneath the trees like a milk-maid meeting her sweetheart." Throwing him a laughing glance she started to leave him.

"Nay, you shall not go like that!" Philip objected, standing in her path. "Life is uncertain, and who can tell what may happen betwixt now and the day after to-morrow? We must part as beseems a pair of true lovers."

She placed her hands on his shoulders and raised her face to his, as she had done long ago on the day she led him to Queen Elizabeth. The eyes that looked into his own were as innocent as those of the child who then had offered the kiss. And Philip bending to meet her lips murmured, "My first, as you shall be my last, sweetheart."

When Philip returned to his rooms, he found Master Seymour awaiting him. "Philip," began his caller after a word of greeting, "It is only natural that you should wish to go out to Virginia with the Plymouth company since your friend, Master Hanham, is one of the promoters of it, besides that you are acquainted with Sir Walter Raleigh's nephew, Raleigh Gilbert. But as they do not sail until sometime next



SHAKESPEARE AT THE COURT OF ELIZABETH



year, do you not think it would be well to go with our new acquaintance, Captain John Smith of the London company? I am anxious to begin my book, and I want to be there in the springtime, when I can more effectively study the flora of Virginia. Besides that, Captain Smith is such a very able man — I have been conversing with him again to-day — that I feel that we should profit by being in the society of one who has traveled so much. What do you think of the plan, my lad?"

"I — truly, I know not what to say. Of a surety I will not go with the Plymouth company, for Hanham and I are no longer friends. But I may not sail at all, at least not at present."

"Not sail, when you have talked of it all your life!" cried Master Seymour in a high key of indignation. "I know not what to make of you, Philip!"

"Dear old friend, I shall explain to you, the day after to-morrow, and you will not be surprised."

"Well, I shall be surprised and nothing but surprised," grumbled the other; "still I am not one to force another man's secrets ere he is ready to divulge them."

The two remained silent for some moments, Philip absorbed in thoughts of rosy hue, while his visitor gazed somewhat sourly into space, finally breaking out with, "Never did Will Shakespeare ask a more pertinent question than when he said, 'O most delicate fiend! Who is it can read a woman?'"

Thinking joyously that there was one woman whom he could read as easily as a book of love poems, Philip asked, "Why speak you so bitterly, Master Seymour? One would think that some fair dame had cruelly flouted you."

"'T is not so bad as that, but I may as well tell you the tale," returned the tutor, crossing his legs as one who intends to talk for some time. "I have admired fine women in my



time, Philip, and I am by no means too old to appreciate a handsome and sprightly lady. I told you of my meeting with the governess, or the companion, of Mistress Betty Herbert. She is what I should call a fine woman, neither too thin nor too stout, she —”

“Is exquisitely beautiful!” interrupted the young man ecstatically. “There never was anything more beautiful!”



THE THAMES BELOW LONDON BRIDGE

“I know not that I should put it so strongly as that, but she certainly has a keen black eye —”

“No, Master Seymour, they are not black, though they sometimes appear so under the influence of strong emotion, — sometimes they seem a dark blue, but really they are hazel, the most beautiful color that eyes could be!”

“Philip, you had that habit when a lad of taking my words out of my mouth, and seeming to know more of a subject than I. We will not argue about the color of Mistress Hutten’s eyes —”

“Mistress Hutten’s eyes!”

“Of whom else was I talking?” snapped Master Seymour.

"Oh, I dare say you are right, Master Seymour; pray continue. I will not interrupt you again."

Somewhat mollified, the older man continued: "When I first met Mistress Hutten, as I told you, I had the pleasure of restoring her purse to her, and she thanked me most graciously. She is a lady of fine family, I have discovered, and lives almost as an equal in the household of Sir Arthur Herbert. Wishing to see her again, and not caring to thrust myself upon her notice merely because I had done her a trifling service, I resorted to strategy. Philip, I fear you are not listening."

"Of a truth I am, Master Seymour."

"I remembered the color of her purse, which was of an orange-tawny, the color affected by Sir Walter Raleigh." He paused, noting that the young man's mind was again wandering.

Rousing himself, Philip said briskly: "Yes; 't was the color worn by Sir Walter. Once when he was to be in a tournament, or something of the kind given for the Queen, he found that his enemy Essex had clothed all his own men in the same color, so that Sir Walter and his attendants seemed but the tail of the earl's troop."

"That is all true, but it has no more to do with what I was saying than you have to do with the padded coat of the King."

"You said orange-taw —"

"I said that it was the color of the purse I picked up for the lady. I purchased one like it, and not wishing her to feel humiliated by thinking that her purse could be deemed anything but well filled, I dropped into it two rose nobles. I went to the residence of Lord Delaware and asked for an interview with the lady.

"A saucy minx of a maid-servant led me to the drawing room — and a massive, wonderful room it is, I must say.

As I entered, Mistress Betty, the young woman to whom Mistress Hutten is companion, flounced from the room with a pale and angry face. Verily, and I make no mistake, she wept for sheer rage as she swept past me, not so much as seeing that I lived.

“He shall find nothing more to boast of, I warrant him!” she said to herself, in her grievous passion.”

“Said she that?” cried Philip, with sudden interest. “Whom did she speak of?”

“That I know not; but when I came into the room, there strutted young Falkland, evidently well pleased with what took place, so that it could not well be he whom she meant. Know you young Falkland?”

“Falkland? Ay, so-so,” returned Philip, lost in wondering thought. “He is a suitor for the hand of Mistress Betty. I have slight acquaintance with him.” He remembered him as a young blade who chanced to be present at the Mermaid on the night when he had quarreled with Tom Hanham.

“A popinjay, of whom I have little opinion,” commented Seymour, his eyes kindled with indignation as he thought of him. “A true gentleman would have left, seeing I had come there to impart a matter of importance to Mistress Hutten, who presently appeared. But he is none. He stayed, strutting up and down in the room like a parrot, striking his hands together in contentment.”

Philip, agitating his brain in an effort to make out the meaning of Mistress Betty’s reported wrath, gave it over presently as trifling in consequence to him, holding it to be some impertinence of Falkland’s, who was known as one given to tricks. Dismissing it from his mind as of no concern to him, he attended to what his old friend was saying.

“She remembered me at once,” quoth Seymour; “and but for this puppy Falkland I make no doubt would have

been right glad to see me. I informed her that I had found the purse, which I extended to her, lying near a booth, and, concluding that she again let it fall, I hastened to restore it to her once more. She thanked me most graciously, and declared that she had not lost it, but Falkland, a murrain on him for a meddler! declared 't was his, that he had lost one like to it at the spot, and even told the amount it contained, which was easily seen through the meshes. So I must needs give it to him, or confess the truth, which latter I of course could not do. I see nothing to laugh about in this, Philip," added Master Seymour in an injured tone.

"Youth laughs too easily, I fear; continue, Master Seymour."

"So I was obliged to lose my two rose nobles, to say nothing of the purse. He had the grace to take his leave soon after, and Mistress Hutten informed me that he is one of the numerous suitors who are hovering about Mistress Betty Herbert."

His listener lifted his eyebrows. He had no fear of a rival.

"We chatted most agreeably for a time," the older man went on, "and our acquaintance was progressing most favorably until I mentioned my voyage in 1586, and my quest for the fountain of youth. I told her that I had taken a cask to bring some of the waters back to her Majesty, but, and this was intended for a neat compliment, 'should I be so fortunate as to find it during my coming trip, Mistress Hutten, I shall be far more pleased to fetch a portion of it to you, than if it had been the Queen herself.' At that she froze, and wondering that a man of my years, forsooth! would like to take so long a journey, begged me to excuse her! Right glad am I that no women go out in our ship to Virginia, for there is ever a coil and trouble where they are to be found. And speaking of women in conjunction with Virginia reminds



me again of Sir Walter Raleigh. 'T was a woman who was the first cause of sending him to prison. Had he not been so foolish as to fall in love with one of the Queen's maids of honor he would not have incurred the displeasure of her Majesty, at that time. And he it was who said Elizabeth's maids of honor were like witches, capable of doing a great deal of harm, but no good!"

At the time appointed, Philip, his heart beating high with joyous expectation, lifted the knocker of Lord Delaware's stately mansion.

The butler, who opened the door, informed him that Mistress Herbert had gone away.

"Gone away!" echoed the amazed young man.

The smart lady's-maid, who was again peeping through



. ON THE HISTORIC THAMES

the railings, now tripped down the stairs, and taking the words out of the butler's mouth said, "Mistress Herbert left early this morning for her home in Somerset."

"But I saw her on Tuesday; she expected me this hour."

"Yes, sir; I think she made up her mind all of a sudden, for yesternight there was a great coil and hurry-scurry to make ready for the journey. Belike 't was something having to do with her wedding that made Mistress Herbert go."

"Her wedding!" repeated the caller, the hot blood rushing to his face. Then, half laughing, he added, "Mayhap you can tell me the bridegroom's name?"

"Indeed, la, how can I tell?" giggled the girl. "Master Falkland had been coming and others, but 't is Master Hanham's name I have heard coupled with that of Mistress Herbert."

The butler interposed. "She left a letter for Master Stevens, if you are he."

Of course the letter would explain everything. Almost snatching it from the man's hand, Philip ran down the steps, breaking the seal as he went.

A chill of disappointment clutched his heart as he noted the brevity of the missive, and he was like a man dazed when he had read it, for Mistress Betty Herbert desired Master Stevens to forget everything that connected her with his past, as she should not see him again!

"Master Seymour," Philip said that evening, "I have changed my mind once more regarding Virginia. I am going with the London company, which I would to Heaven might send out its ships to-morrow!"

"You say so at this moment, but you are like to change your mind again ere we sail," grumbled the older man.

"I shall not change. I am going to Virginia, and it is my intention never to come back to England so long as I live!"

## CHAPTER XV

### THE BIRTH OF A NATION

“FOR my part, I am a man of peace, and scruple to mix in the quarrels of others; but my heart turns over in wrath at the thought of our friend, John Smith, made a prisoner by these jackanapes, with things going from bad to worse in all matters pertaining to the expedition.”

Master Seymour, lying in the prow of the pinnacle which was making its leisurely way up the James River on a morning in May, delivered himself after this fashion in the ears of his friend and confidant, Philip Stevens. He spoke in a low tone, for Captain Gosnold and Captain Newport were aboard, and like at any time to come behind the two. The vessel was on one of many explorations that had been conducted by the voyagers since their arrival in Virginia.

They sailed from London on December 19, 1606, King James not thinking it worth his while to wish the adventurers godspeed, in spite of the royal interest in Virginia during Elizabeth's great reign. Instead of aiding the enterprise, indeed, James adopted the clumsy expedient of setting the names of the councilors of the new province under seal, not to be broken until the coast of the New World was reached.

To avoid storms Captain Christopher Newport on the *Susan Constant* chose the route by way of the Canaries, hoping to take advantage of the trade-winds. They were becalmed until provisions ran short, land not being made until April 27, 1607. Captain John Smith had been put in irons for mutinous conduct, as those jealous of him averred, and when his name was found among those of the

councilors, he had been denied his office. The other members were Bartholomew Gosnold, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, George Kendall, and Edward Maria Wingfield, the last-named being chosen first president of Virginia — and the first to bear on this continent the title which has since been made so illustrious.

"Here we do nothing but run up and down rivers in small boats," Seymour went on, "like a pack of silly schoolgirls, having no one mind to make a beginning anywhere, wasting our time and strength and patience, when if Captain Smith were in charge, as he should be, things would speedily come to pass; for as a philosopher, I say that for courage and energy and shift and thrift there is no man amongst us, or likely to be, who has so much. For seventeen days, Philip, have we been here, and are no nearer a decision than we were in the first day."

"Nay, there you are wrong," returned his companion, who listened to the other's scolding with some amuse-



JAMES I IN ROYAL ROBES (*From the portrait in the National Gallery, London*)



ment. "The place has been chosen. Marked you the peninsula on the north bank of the river, where we anchored in our ships last night? It will be there that we shall raise up our commonwealth."

"What?" cried Seymour, rising to a sitting posture on the deck where he had been lying. "The neck of land that is half under water when the tide is in, as I saw for myself this morning? Why, we shall all die of the fever in a month!"

"Nevertheless it has been chosen; the more I think that the neck of land leading from the peninsula may be readily defended against the naturals," returned Philip. "Hello!" he added, "what is the meaning here?"

The boat had been headed inshore, and even now her forefoot grated on the beach of the river, on its southern side. Philip, lying idly on his back, had not observed the change in course, and Master Seymour had been too preoccupied with his scoldings.

"Yonder is a cluster of bark-covered houses which we would investigate," made answer Captain Gosnold, coming forward and leaping to the shore. Philip, observing them now on the ridge above the river, followed the captain, eager to see.

"Nay, what care we for those houses!" expostulated Master Seymour, querulously. "It were fitter that we were about our own houses ere this."

"Come, come!" cried Phil. "Did you not desire to write of the naturals? Here they are ready for your pen."

"Belike they are ready for your sword, too," rejoined the philosopher, reluctantly coming ashore and joining Philip.

"So much the more shall we need you then. It is you preserve such history as we make."

"Halloo, there!" cried Captain Newport, who was ahead with Captain Gosnold. "Here they come running to meet us!"

Whereupon there arose a deal of hallooing among the Englishmen, who thought to make much noise take the place of a knowledge of the Indian tongue in making communication with naturals.

"Whatever do the red ones mean by coming thus to meet us?" wondered Master Seymour, as the Indians threw themselves on the ground on their faces, scratching the earth and giving vent to ear-splitting and mournful cries not unlike the howling of a dog. "I do not think they mean any harm by it," Philip said. Still the white men held their arms in readiness.

It soon became evident that the natives meant to do no mischief for the present, whatever they might plan for the



AN OJIBWAY SCRIBE

future. The men wore garments made of skins and ornamented with the teeth of wild beasts. Feathers were tied into their thick, black hair, and their bodies were painted red and blue, while in their ears they wore ornaments made of the bones of fowls' legs. Soon the most wonderful savage of them all made his appearance. He was the werowance, or war-chief. On his head rested a crown of deer's hair painted red and surmounted by two long feathers; his body was painted a bright scarlet, and his face was covered with blue paint and sprinkled with silver dust. From his ears swung earrings as large as bracelets, set with pearls, and also a bird's claw tipped with a glittering metal like copper, or red gold, for the ears of the savages were pierced by three holes admitting of as many pairs of ear ornaments. This bizarre costume was completed by strings of blue and red beads across his broad chest.

This fantastic individual was playing a flute made of reeds, and when he had finished the tune, or had blown himself out of breath, for it was difficult to tell where the piece began or ended, Captain Newport, with many smiles and gestures to convey good-will and amity, placed in his hands a present. Rarely has a gift been received with greater joy, for it was a new hatchet of glittering steel. The werowance held it in his hands, laughing and gesticulating, with sundry remarks in his own language in which he probably called the attention of his comrades to the superiority of the white man's weapon to the stone-bladed tomahawks used by themselves.

The guests and the chief now sat and waited, while some of the Indians began the preparation of a meal. They kindled a fire by rubbing a dry, pointed stick into a hole in the middle of a piece of wood. Next they took maize, or Indian corn, and pounded it in vessels made of hollowed stones. With hot water they made the meal into a paste, molding



ON THE HISTORIC JAMES RIVER





it into round balls and dropping it into hot water. When it had been cooked in this manner they placed it on a smooth hot stone to harden, after which it was ready to be eaten. With this repast was also served another kind of bread, made of sunflower seed, fish, potatoes, and tuckahoe root. They were then offered a drink made of dried hickory-nuts soaked in water, which was called pawcohicora. Afterward tobacco was given to the guests in clay pipes ornamented with copper. All the white men puffed away, save Master Seymour, who never had overcome his prejudice against what, with King James, he designated as "the weed."

Their hosts next entertained them with dances, one of their number standing in the middle while the others circled about him dancing wildly to the clapping of hands, the playing of reeds, and the rattling of gourds containing pebbles.

Like the lady who always bowed her head when the name of Satan was mentioned, because she "considered it safer," the Indians worshiped everything that had any power to injure them, as fire, water, thunder and lightning, and the cannon of the English, but their chief object of worship was an evil spirit called Okee, who must be appeased by many powwows. He was a wooden image covered with skins, painted and adorned with chains of copper and beads. He dwelt in grim solitude, in a wigwam surrounded by posts upon which hideous faces were painted or carved. Our friends observed this temple on the way to their boat, and they noted the expression of awe with which some of the savages regarded it as they passed.

Later Philip said to his friend: "Captain Gosnold has ascertained that this vicinity is occupied by three great Indian confederacies. The most important is the Powhatan, composed of thirty tribes bordering on the southern shores of the Chesapeake Bay, and they have two thousand four hundred warriors."

“ ’T is an interesting but unpleasant piece of news should they make up their minds to turn hostile,” commented Master Seymour.

“ I think we can manage them,” Philip replied, with the easy confidence of youth.

The next day, May 13, was set for the commencement of work on the settlement. Early in the morning there was great bustle aboard the vessels, and all came ashore; the artisans bearing their tools. The Reverend Robert Hunt read a prayer. Captain Gosnold took an axe from a laborer, and stuck it into the roots of a tree. It was the first blow of a new civilization in the continent of North America.

From the trees hewn down that morning by the adventurous Englishmen has been reared the fabric of a nation.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE SPRITE

“**I** TELL ’ee, Phil, ’t is not so much for myself that I chafe at being kept from my rightful place in the council, though I am a man of spirit; but it grieves me sore to see matters carry as they do. I do not mind speaking freely to thee, for thou art a good lad, and mine own friend. These silken-haired gallants with their fine gloved manners are not fitted to building up an empire in the land of savages, and the time will come when they will learn it, to their rue. Look you at these dandy dawdlers quaffing their liquor and idling while the few artisans we have about us are rearing up houses for them. ’T is not the way. There is work to be done, and that presently, and idleness ever breeds mischief.”

Captain John Smith, freed from his durance, but not yet admitted to the council-board to which he had been appointed by the proclamation of King James, paced the shore of the James River before the settlement that the venturers had set there, and delivered himself in this wise to Philip Stevens, as one in whom it was safe to repose confidence. His rugged sense and broad experience of men showed him the fallacy of the methods which the council had introduced, permitting the gentlemen of the party to ply their idleness in the new land as they had done in the home whence they had come. They were knavish and irresponsible gentry for the most part, who had left England for their own convenience and that of their friends, with lofty notions of plunder and luxurious living in new lands. Smith could foresee the disaster that impended if affairs



were permitted to continue as they were, and grew impatient to take a hand in the management of the colony.

Philip, already come to know the parts of the man and to admire him, replied briefly, with straightforward sympathy in what Smith had said.

"Look you what is to be done," Smith went on. "Trees must be felled and hewn into boards, dwellings must be set up,

the fort must be finished and made strong, fields must be planted, and that straight-way,—lest we starve,—

a palisade must be built across the neck

of the peninsula, to say nothing of the

innumerable mat-

ters that must be attended to in the

day's work. And how is it being done? Why, these

motley artisans, a handful at best, are left to do

it as their own whim directs, and these fine-skinned

gentlemen, in silks and satins, stand idly by scoffing and scorning

labor of hand, fearful lest they muss the lace that dangles at their wrists, drinking the liquors they brought with them, and eating the food, which is scant enough, God wot, giving nothing in return but jealousies and quarrelings. I would have it that all must work who would eat. Then would you see our colony thrifty, and in better mood, withal. I do not chide thee, my young friend, for thou



POCAHONTAS

hast already worked holes in thy hands with the ax and adze, which are strange in thy fingers, and have made sore the muscles of thy back; but these others —”

Captain Smith forebore, either through lack of words, or through respect to language. It was true that Philip had not been one of the dawdlers. Appreciating the necessity, he had gone to work with a will, joining the artisans in their heavy tasks as well as his inexperience would permit, the more readily that it led his mind from his sorrows, and made him forget, when he worked, the bitter treatment he had had at the hands of Mistress Betty Herbert. To-day was the day of rest, and he walked with Captain Smith until such time as the Reverend Robert Hunt, lusty and loyal priest of the Church of England, should summon the colonists to the chapel, which was only a board nailed between two trees, with pines for pillars and the blue sky for a vault.

On a day Captain Newport, intent upon exploration to see whether the river might not lead them to the Pacific Ocean, took with him Captain Smith and a score of others, and set out upon an expedition having for its aim the discovery of the head of the river. Philip and Master Seymour joined him. After passing several clusters of houses which could hardly be called towns, they arrived in six days at a town called Powhatan, situated near the falls, just below the present site of the city of Richmond. Here, surrounded by his waving cornfields, dwelt royalty, for it was one of the places wherein resided, when his fancy dictated, the ruler of the thirty tribes, the greatest of werowances, Powhatan. His two other residences were in Werowocomoco on the York, and Orapakes on the Chickahominy River. His official residences in those towns, old chroniclers tell us, were built like arbors, and were “some thirty, some forty yards long.”

The English were received in friendly manner with song

and dance, and the chief, or as the white people termed him, the Emperor, was especially gracious. Powhatan was at that time approaching sixty years of age, but he was as strong and muscular as any of his young braves. He is described as having a "sower look," a severe expression of countenance in keeping with his exalted position. He was constantly attended by half a hundred of the tallest men of the united tribes, and surrounded himself with a certain degree of majesty and state. When this forest king retired at night sentinels were placed at the four corners of his habitation, and every half-hour one of them would utter a shrill quivering cry, made by "shaking his lips with his fingers between them." This call was taken up by each sentinel in turn, and unlucky was he who failed to respond, for he was severely beaten for his negligence.

To this ruler the people paid homage, not only as to a King, but as to a demigod. Regarding him with a sentiment of mingled terror and adoration, the bravest warriors trembled with fear before him, as well they might, for offences were punished with horrible tortures.

Gourds, with pebbles inside that, shaken, rattled in different keys described as "base, tenor, counter-tenor, meane, and treble," furnished the music with which the visitors were greeted. To this accompaniment sang twenty or thirty Indians at the top of their voices, and with a racket that to a sensitive ear was almost unbearable. When all had taken their seats on mats, the savages united in a yell of welcome, in a manner not unlike the college yell of to-day.

The custom obtaining in this fair land of afflicting distinguished guests with long orations, was begun, it appears, hundreds of years ago by the red man. A tall chief arose, whose head and shoulders were glistening with red oil paint. On his head he wore a stuffed hawk, its wings spread wide, and about his lithe limbs was fastened the skin of a deer



THE FALLS OF THE JAMES RIVER BELOW RICHMOND: IN THE HEART OF POWHATAN'S COUNTRY





ornamented with beads. Stretching forth his arm he began to speak, not slowly at first and gradually warming up to his subject, but leaping into the very heart of it at one bound, passionate, vehement, talking, or rather shouting, in this manner until he dropped at last from sheer exhaustion.

The savages, impressed and pleased, offered meat and fish and fruits to their guests, who, in exchange for the hospitality, gave them bells, beads, mirrors, pins, and needles, trifles that filled the simple souls of the naturals with delight.

In the midst of the rejoicing, Captain Smith, having ever a curious and venturesome spirit, stole away by himself to see what might be seen in the village. A woman with two shells he saw, scraping the hair from the face of a savage. She was the village barber. Smith's own face stung beneath his beard as he watched the operation. He saw their primitive devices for grinding corn and preparing it for food; he saw how they made their arrowheads and arrows; he saw bows seasoning, meat curing, hides being dressed with heavy stones by the women, and many strange and curious sights.

He passed through the village into a forest that came close to its limits. He entered it, drawn by its quiet beauty. He passed among the massive oaks, festooned with moss, treading upon a carpet of moss, soft beneath his feet. He came to a brook that laughed and babbled in the depth of the woods. He stooped to drink, and arose to revel in the beauty and serenity of the scene. For his soul, as is always the soul of the great, was at the last lonely, finding communion and comfort in nature. Rough and man of action as he was, there was in him the longing for the original, for the naked heart of the world; for his own spirit had come fresh and naked from the primitive heart of nature to be great among men.

A sound, more sweetly musical than the purling laughter of the brook as it danced among its roots and over its stones in the cool dark of the forest, came to his ears. He listened. It came again. It was the laughter of a voice, the voice of a maiden in the beginning of maidenhood; mischievous, playful, innocent, buoyant. He looked swiftly about him.

Standing behind him, mounted on a fallen log, half



ON THE YORK RIVER AT YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA

hidden by the bole of an oak, was an Indian girl, beautiful, light, slender, graceful, happy as a sprite. He looked at her keenly, with pleasure in the sight. Her dancing eyes fell before his gaze, and lifted again to meet his own, timidly, and yet with a frank, innocent boldness delightful to behold. She laughed again, with a flash of pearl behind her ruddy lips, leapt from the log like a twittering bird, and came toward him.

She was twelve or thirteen years of age. Her figure was slight, exquisitely graceful, in the first gentle contour of

her budding years. Her skin was translucent, with a dusky depth to its beauty, seeming as soft as velvet and as smooth, with a glow beneath like the blush of a rose. Her hair, black as the starless night, fell to her waist. Her eyes were soft and tender and gentle. She wore a skirt of doe-skin, crusted with shell beads and quills. On her naked arms were copper bracelets, strangely wrought, setting off the slender suppleness of her wrists and the hue of her skin. Half child, half woman, she was truly beautiful.

Coming to him laughing and glancing into his eyes with her coy boldness, she laid her hand like a rose-leaf upon his rough sleeve, and spoke. Her voice tinkled, as though harebells had a tongue.

"*Mauchic chami*," she said.

Smith, with a wisdom almost clairvoyant, had already learned some words of the savage tongue. These were of them. They meant "the best of friends."

"*Mauchic chami*," he made answer, smiling upon her and laying his callous palm upon the hand that rested on his sleeve.

She laughed again.

"I know not who you are, fair maiden," said Captain Smith, letting his thoughts find voice, though he knew she would not understand. "If I were a man of poesy I should call thee sprite, thou hast such a wild and perfect beauty."

Laughing, she spoke some words in her own tongue. He understood none of them, but he understood the tones in which they found utterance. She took her hand from his arm. Laughing, and with a merry glance, she placed it in his beard and passed the fingers of it through the soft, curling hair, admiring and wondering at it, for the beards of her own people, when they suffered them to grow, were coarse and straight and stiff. He did not stir, lest she take her hand away; for now was she a very child.



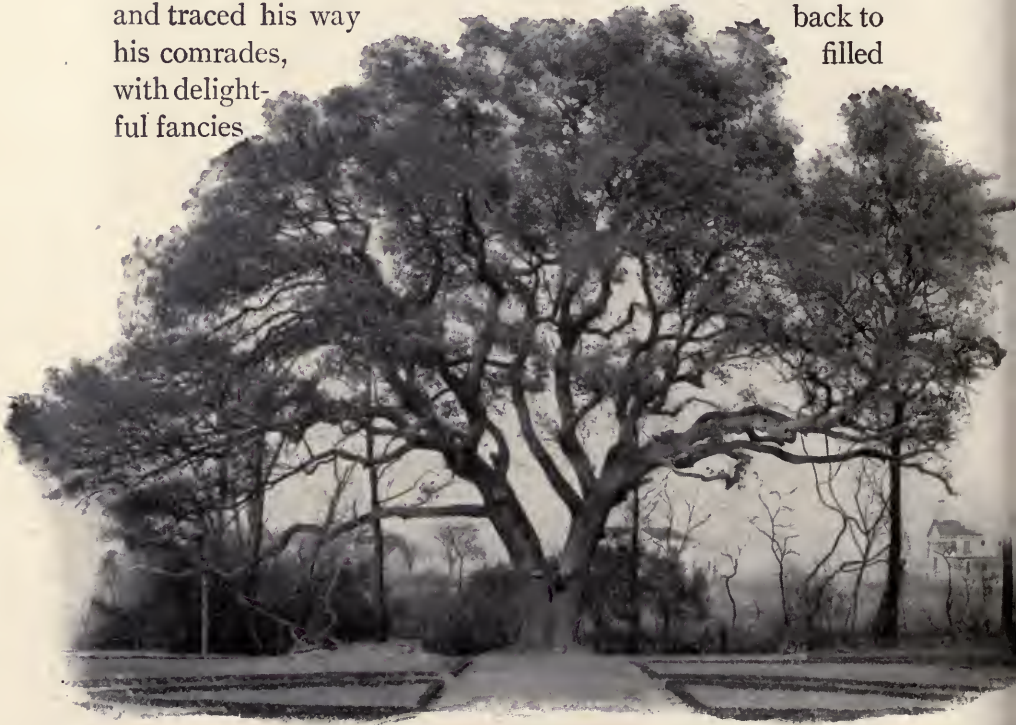
"Look!" he cried, taking her hand in his when she removed it, and holding it palm upward within his own huge palm. "See what I bring thee!"

He reached his other hand into his pocket, and brought it forth again to pour from it a profusion of brilliant beads, not ceasing until they began to overflow her tiny grasp. She danced with glee at the sight, and spoke again.

"Werowance," he heard her say, and "Powhatan" and "Pocahontas." These words he knew, except the last, which he divined.

"Pocahontas, daughter of the werowance Powhatan," he repeated, looking into her eyes with a question.

She laughed with delight at his understanding. With a last glance, into which there crept a glimpse of the coming woman, she turned and was gone, like a thistledown, like a breath that sings a song, like a beam of light. Captain Smith, watching until she vanished among the trees, turned and traced his way back to his comrades, with delightful fancies filled



THE POWHATAN TREE

## CHAPTER XVII

### SMITH COMES INTO HIS OWN

“**I** LIKE it not. I like it not!”

Captain John Smith, seated in the pinnace as it floated down the stream toward Jamestown, considering deeply those things that had passed in the town of the savages, shook his head dubiously.

“What do you not like, Captain Smith?” asked Philip,



OLD RICHMOND (*From an early print*)

who sat beside him watching the banks of the stream as they passed slowly by them.

“These savages are treacherous,” replied the captain, thoughtfully. “Their show of friendship is deceitfulness. They do not like to see the white men come to their shores. They are afraid lest they shall lose their lands, and they plot to prevent it.”

“How know you that?” asked Philip, listening atten-

tively, with profound faith in his sagacity, though he could not see the reason for the other's fears. He had learned that Smith had a power to divine the motives of others that approached miracle. To him the whole range of human nature, whether in king or savage, was open and obvious. He understood men with an insight that pierced to the core, and did not hesitate to act upon the understanding he had. Even the language of these savages he had mastered so swiftly that he was able to communicate with them already in a crude fashion. He had been able to understand that Powhatan had offered the whites his waste land, and had so told the men of the expedition. It was this that Philip had uppermost in his mind when he pressed to know why Smith doubted them.

"Their promise of their land is a blind," returned the captain, reading his thoughts. "The braves of the tribe grumbled and complained, and he told this to us to make us forget their anger. I was fain to answer him, as best I might, that we had no mind to stay, but that our ship had been driven among them by stress of weather. I made them understand with signs, pointing to the sky, and the pinnacle, and showing them we had been powerless. This Powhatan is a wise man. He knows we are a race to be feared; that he must succumb if we stay. We do not hold him in fear, which gives him an anxious heart. He only bides his time to destroy us, considering how it may best be done."

"Ay," observed Master Seymour, who had been listening, "these naturals are beginning to think; and whenever a people, I care not of what land, begins to think, trouble brews for some one. A philosopher, as I have remarked more than once, is able to view a matter on all sides, and with an unprejudiced eye, and I do not know that I blame the Indians for looking upon us jealously. This is their country, at the last, and we are mere intruders."



"True, but the great Artificer of the universe never meant that this beautiful country should be the dwelling-place of none but wild beasts and savages," made answer Philip.

Yet Powhatan never gave proof of more statesmanlike knowledge than by this prediction. Not many years more were to roll by before Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, was to build his new tobacco warehouse on new ground,



AN INDIAN VILLAGE

and in that way found the settlement that grew into the city of Richmond. This lay in the very heart of Powhatan's territory, which thus yielded the site for the beautiful capital of a great State.

Captain Smith, having no mind for argument, fell silent. Of all the savages he held faith in but one; a slender maiden on the dawn of womanhood, a sprite of the forest. But in her he could have no hope, for who was she to stay the wrath of the naturals from the invaders?

As soon as they came in sight of the settlement they saw something was wrong; work had stopped, and everything was in confusion. When they approached, the people



hastened toward them, and, all talking at once, said that during their absence the place had been attacked by 200 savages, who had slain a boy and wounded seventeen men. The red men had been allowed to come and go as they liked, they had seemed friendly, had smiled and shown their teeth like the very wolves in sheep's clothing that they were, and then, having quieted all fears, suddenly had swooped down to annihilate the colony. The men were at work in the gardens, or felling trees in the forest, thinking of anything rather than an attack from the savages, when came those treacherous creatures, shrieking like mad, and firing their deadly arrows, a state of affairs that for a time looked most serious for the settlement.

President Wingfield had the presence of mind to order a shot from the great guns of the vessel, and just at the moment when the enemy felt confident of victory, crash! came a huge ball from the ship and shattered the limb of a large oak just above their heads. They knew nothing about the modes of warfare among civilized people, and without a doubt they were convinced that some demon had taken sides with the English. Almost overcome with fear they fled incontinently. A person with a sense of humor would have been amused to see them thus taking to their heels, had not the incident been preceded by tragedy. President Wingfield himself had an arrow pass directly through his beard.

The savages continued to watch with a degree of hostility which may be termed fiendish. Master Seymour ceased to go to the woods in search of plants, as he had done so often since his arrival in this country, and as for exploring the surrounding hills and dales in search of the fountain of youth, such a quest under existing circumstances, he held, would be madness.

The red men seemed to have dropped all other pursuits



THE BYRD MANSION HOUSE AT WESTOVER



simply to watch and annoy the settlers, and there was never a time when they did not stand guard over every path they would be likely to follow, to greet them with a flight of arrows. The men who worked must be guarded, and it was necessary to watch day and night, making life a burden.

Captain Newport sailed for England June 15, taking with him a cargo of sassafras roots and various fine woods to finish the interior of dwellings. When he was ready to go there came a surprise for Captain John Smith. The council advised that worthy young man to go back to England and submit to a trial at home! It was pretended that this advice was given out of kindness to Captain Smith, otherwise, they asserted, he would be made so odious to the world that his reputation would be ruined. The object of their spite told them he would have none of their charity, defied them to prove his guilt, and demanded trial.

The trial took place in regular form with a jury, and not only was Captain Smith completely vindicated, but it was furthermore decreed that President Wingfield should pay him the sum of £200. This money the recipient did not keep for himself, as of course he had a perfect right to do, but put it into the general fund for the good of all. Our preacher, Mr. Hunt, cordially approved of Captain Smith's attitude and caused him to be admitted to the council.

Not only was tranquillity established immediately among the colonists, but the savages of their own accord sued for peace. Captain Newport, arriving in England, would have a far more cheerful story to tell than if he had sailed at an earlier date. Still, they were by no means as comfortable as they might have been, for they had not sufficient food to last through the twenty weeks it would require Captain Newport to go home, make ready, and return.

By June 30 nearly every member of the colony was



ill, Philip and Master Seymour being among the few well ones. Now the ships were gone there was little left for them to eat, and, as Captain Smith remarked, had they been as free from all sins as from gluttony and drunkenness they might have been canonized as saints. The president had his own oatmeal of which he partook, instead of the vile wheat and barley that had boiled for six-and-twenty



OVERLOOKING THE JAMES RIVER

weeks in the ship's hold. He also had sack, brandy, beef, and eggs, and lived upon the fat of the land.

The summer was anything but cheerful. Fifty of their number — among them Captain Gosnold — died from the great heat of the weather coupled with lack of nourishment. They lived upon sturgeon and sea crabs to great extent. Atop of their other misery, the president, who had been neither ill nor hungry, owing to his forethought in keeping himself well provided with food and drink, seeing Virginia not to be the place in which to enrich himself, tried to escape

in a pinnace. Right promptly was he brought back, swiftly was he deposed, and Captain Ratcliffe put in his place. Kendall, also, whose acts met with the disapproval of all, was thrown out of the council.

Just as they were beginning to despair, and to feel that Heaven itself was against them, the savages suddenly changed front, for some reason known only to themselves, and brought a plentiful supply of food and fruits.

One kind they called putchaminse—later known as persimmons.

Said Master Seymour, tasting one: "It draws up my mouth as if to make me whistle whether I would or no, a sensation most disagreeable. But I am told that when this fruit is ripe it is as delicious as apricots."

Ratcliffe and Martin, realizing their own inefficiency, left practical affairs to Captain Smith. This amiable man, holding no grudge for past slights, cheerfully went to work to straighten out the snarls in the thread of daily existence; by his words of encouragement, and by his example, he put new life into the disheartened community. Once more they went to work, binding thatch and building houses, he the busiest of all, neglecting to provide lodgings for himself, so anxious was he that others should be sheltered. In short, he showed himself to be not only unselfish, but most Christian.

When the supplies brought by the Indians had about disappeared, Captain Smith resolved to take the shallop and trade for more. Philip eagerly volunteered.

Putting into the boat a number of hatchets, beads, bells, and looking-glasses, the Englishmen cheerfully began their journey. Stopping at Kecoughtan, a village on the site of the present city of Hampton, they saw three or four of the natives coming toward them, and Philip said: "See, those red men are smiling. Is it because they intend to be friendly or because they hope to cook and eat us?"

Truly there are smiles and smiles, and those playing over the faces of the savages were malicious. Thoroughly informed regarding the sore straits to which these interlopers had been reduced, they easily guessed the motive of this visit. When Captain Smith, with many signs and gestures, made known the object of his call, the Indians grinned, and indicated that they would give a piece of bread or a handful of corn in return for the white men's muskets.

"If they want our guns, they shall have them, but not in the way that they expect," Captain Smith said grimly, adding, "give them a volley to scare them, but aim so as to do them no harm."

This order was obeyed so suddenly as to startle the savages, and as the captain boldly commanded the boat to run ashore, the Indians were so frightened they ran for dear life, disappearing in the woods. The white men coolly walked toward the houses, which they found stored with corn; some among the number were so hungry that they wanted to seize the grain at once, but their commander would not permit it, as he was convinced that the natives were preparing for an attack. His opinion proved to be correct, for almost at once a hideous company of sixty or seventy, painted black, red, white, or particolored, came singing and dancing out of the woods, armed with clubs, bows and arrows, with their idol Okee borne before them.

The English fired another volley which brought down some of the savages, notably those in charge of Okee, who evidently not having sufficient power to protect himself and to prevent his own downfall, went sprawling into the dust. Okee's friends made an effort to recover him, but Philip sprang forward and seized the god as the Indians again fled toward the wood. Okee was a hideous image made of skins stuffed with moss, painted in imitation of an Indian, and profusely decorated with chains and ornaments



of copper. Tauntingly Philip held him up and shook him defiantly at his friends, sheltered, though peering out from behind the trees. Okee was not accustomed to treatment so disrespectful, and his worshippers were horrified. Here was their dread god in the hands of the enemy, and the young paleface who had taken possession of Okee was



A VIRGINIA TURNPIKE

actually holding him upside down by one leg! He must be ransomed forthwith at whatever cost.

One of the Indians glided out of the woods for the purpose. The white werowance had no intention of allowing Okee to get away without a comfortable ransom. Holding up six fingers Captain Smith made a motion as of loading the boat, afterward pointing to the image. Then he held up the hatchets and trinkets he had brought, and made the messenger understand that if his people would send six unarmed men to load the boat, he would restore their god and give in return something they would value. A trade



followed which was satisfactory to all parties; the Indians loaded the boat with venison, turkeys, wild fowl, corn, and whatever else of food they had, and made their exit, dancing and singing.

On his return, Smith set men to work to make the pinnace ready for similar trips, and in the mean time he made several excursions, discovering different towns and tribes, always returning with a store of supplies. Philip, who had become more and more attached to the redoubtable captain, always accompanied him, and became the principal assistant of this indefatigable trader.



THE POTOMAC, NEAR WAKEFIELD, VIRGINIA

## CHAPTER XVIII

### A FOOL'S ERRAND

THE weight of the entire undertaking fell more and more upon the shoulders of the one man who had voluntarily taken the task of management. The responsibility of the entire colony was not only relinquished to John Smith, but new tasks and duties were thrust on top of those which he had assumed. He not only, by dint of great skill and labor, accumulated stores against the winter, but he was soon called upon to carry out a project that had been uppermost in the minds of some of the leaders,—to find a passage through the continent to the Pacific Ocean.

“Why do you not find the head of the Chickahominy River?” complained the president, querulously and petulantly. “It is a task that should have been undertaken long ago, and is of great importance. Haply the river leads to the other side of the land, and we may find a gateway to Cathay.”

Smith, complaisant and indulgent, consented to lead an expedition of discovery, though he believed in his heart that it was folly, the more so because only a short time remained before the coming of winter in which to finish gathering provisions for the colonists. Taking with him a party of ten white men, of whom Philip Stevens was one, and two Indian guides, he set out for the headwaters to satisfy the ignorant curiosity of his fellow-councilors.

The journey was difficult and arduous. The river, as they progressed, was obstructed by fallen trees, through which they had often to saw and hew their path. The Indians, whose friendliness stood on precarious footing at best,

in spite of the tact and fairness of Smith, resented this intrusion into their country, not being able to reconcile it with the leader's asseveration that the English were on their shores through stress of weather, and purposed leaving when they could.

As their boat wound its way up the stream, continually growing narrower and more difficult of navigation, the men aboard saw dusky figures gliding silently along the banks watching them, and caught sight of feathered heads peering from among the thickets. If Captain Smith felt alarm he gave no sign of it, assuring his men that it was only the Indians' natural curiosity that made them follow.

They had proceeded up stream a distance of fifty miles, when the watercourse became too narrow and obstructed to permit of further progress in the boat. Not desiring to abandon the exploration after coming thus far until he should have demonstrated to the grumblers at home the folly of their theory concerning a passage to the western seas, Captain Smith decided to leave the barge in the first place that promised safety from attack, and proceed in a canoe which he had brought with him.

Coming presently to a broad bay in an elbow of the river, where it spread out over low land, and where the barge would be out of range from shore, he left it, with Philip in charge, and entered the canoe accompanied by two Englishmen and the two Indian guides. The men left behind were given strict orders to remain on the barge, and not to go ashore under any circumstances. Philip watched the canoe pass out of sight around a bend in the river with a heavy heart and many forebodings.

Scarcely had it disappeared when the men left aboard the barge grew restless and impatient to go ashore to make discoveries for themselves.

"Truly, we have been told that gold and silver lies about

in plenty on the ground, and we have only to pick it up to become rich men," grumbled one George Cassen, gathering a knot of malcontents about him. "We have never been given the chance to find if this be so. Let us go ashore now and make ourselves rich. Why should those placed over us without our consent be left to enjoy all the riches of the land?"

His speech was received with acclaim.

"Mayhap we shall discover the river that leads to the South Sea, an we do but look!" cried another. "'T would be a rare honor, making us much talked of at home, and bring fame and glory to us. Our names would be coupled with history."

"An if we do none of these things," added a third, "we may at least stretch our legs. As for me, mine are cramped and aweary from much sitting in this vile craft."

Philip, seeing how they talked apart and made ready for some act, approached them. "What is it that you plot and plan?" he demanded, indignant over their air of mystery, and their insolence in looking askance at him.

"We are going ashore," said Cassen, sullenly, knowing it to be a defiance of their leader and the one he had left behind in charge.

"Know you not that Captain Smith has commanded that no one leave the barge until he return?" returned Philip, hotly; "and that he left me to enforce his orders?"

"Ay, that we know," retorted Cassen, "but who is this swaggering boaster who seeks to manage our affairs that we should obey him now that he has taken his bullying self away? And who are you, Spaniard, that we should listen to you?"

"By Heaven, I'll teach thee who I am!" cried Philip, drawing his hanger. "Let any man but try to go ashore, and he shall reckon with me!"



"Are we free-born Englishmen, to be braved down by a spider of Spain?" snarled Cassen, drawing back, nevertheless, as he spoke. "Have at him, men!"

Philip did not wait for an attack, of which, indeed, there was little prospect, but leapt among them, striking with the flat side of his sword and beating them before him. It



THE OLDEST COMMUNION VESSELS (1619) IN VIRGINIA, IN SAINT JOHN'S CHURCH, HAMPTON

was not him alone they feared, but the great soul of the captain, whose lieutenant he was, and they gave way.

One there was, however, who had taken no part, lying in the stern of the boat, but who now crept up behind Philip unobserved and grasped his sword arm. The others, watching him, leapt upon the young man before he could disengage himself, wrested his blade from his hand, struck him in the face with their fists, and held him fast until the barge was brought to shore, when they scurried over its sides and upon the land with derisive shouts.

"Men," shouted Philip, seeing his helplessness, "at

least listen to reason. 'There is grave danger in going ashore. Remain aboard!'

"Stay in the craft then, if you are too craven to land," sneered Cassen, already far up the bank.

The others followed. Philip, uncertain for a moment what to do, decided at last that although they had wantonly and disobediently entered into danger, it was his duty to go with them to lend what strength he might. Snatching up his musket, and recovering his sword, which the men had thrown into the scuppers, he leapt among them.

"Since you will come ashore in spite of all, at least be ready with your weapons," he said.

"Spaniards are ever of a lily liver, and afeared," sneered Cassen, as he hastened ahead of the party. "As for me, the risk but adds to the zest of the search for gold."

Philip, holding his peace, was following with watchful eye, when there was a whishing sound in the air and something struck against his cap, knocking it off. He stooped to pick it up. It was pierced by an arrow. As he reached for it, the air was cut by hideous yells, keen and hard as knives, which arose from all sides, and the woods teemed with dancing, yelping savages, discharging swarms of arrows upon the bewildered Englishmen.

Philip's one thought was for the safety of the boat. He turned toward it. An Indian was already crawling over its side. He raised his firearm and discharged it. The Indian, with a grunt, fell into the water, whence he was dragged by another who had followed him.

"To the boat!" shouted Philip, moving toward it, slowly, waiting for the others to close up with him. The Englishmen, firing once into the swarming Indians, turned and fled precipitately. The way to the barge was cleared by the effects of Philip's shot, for the savages, seeing the death dealt by the strange weapon in the hands of the white

man, gave way there through superstitious dread. The Englishmen, not stopping to fire again, hurried past Philip. Slowly retreating, he let them go by until he believed he was the last, loading as he loitered.

Thinking them all between himself and the boat, and being close pressed by the foremost savages, he turned and ran down the bank, pursued by a flight of arrows. The men who had gained the boat were already pushing it off, regardless of him, so that he was forced to leap aboard as it passed out into the stream. He was in mid-air in his leap, when there came to his ears the cry of a man in the last extremity. Gaining the boat and his feet at the same time, he looked behind and saw Cassen, prone on the ground, a brave kneeling over him.

"Merciful God, he has tripped and fallen!" groaned one of the men, pale with terror.

"Back to shore, men! We must save him!" cried Philip. At the same moment he raised his piece and fired. The distance was too great. The ball sped wide.

"For the love of Heaven, will you not go to his succor?" cried Philip again, seeing that the boat still left the shore.

"He got us into the danger; let him get himself out," muttered one of the men — the one who had seconded his suggestion that they all go ashore.

"Cowards! Cravens! Villains!" shouted Philip.

There was only sullen silence among them as they continued to propel the barge out of harm's way. Looking again toward Cassen, Philip beheld him lifted to his feet by half a dozen savages, and dragged into the woods, to a death more horrible and revolting than they could guess.

The boat continued to move slowly across the water. Philip, giving little heed at first in the excitement of his feelings, presently observed that it was leaving the little bay and proceeding down stream.





SAINT JOHN'S CHURCH, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA





"What mean you?" he cried, in alarm, looking from one to the other of the men, who whispered among themselves.

"Where would you go?"

"To Jamestown," mumbled one of the number.

"You will desert your captain?" he exclaimed, scarcely crediting such treachery.

"Think you we will stay here to be slain and tortured because, forsooth, he must needs set out upon a fool's errand?" returned the spokesman.

"By Heaven, you shall stay here!" shouted Philip drawing his sword, and advancing toward the men, taking care that none should be behind him this time.

There was a flash, the deafening crash of a musket, a blinding hot gust, stinging burns against his cheeks, a dull, tearing pain in his arm. The sword dropped from his helpless, stricken hand, and fell clanging to the bottom of the craft. Before he could think he was borne down.



ON THE JAMESTOWN SHORE

## CHAPTER XIX

### POCAHONTAS

FOR twenty miles Captain John Smith and his four companions pursued their way up the Chickahominy River in the canoe, after they had left the barge in the bay under charge of Philip Stevens. Coming at last to such water that it was no longer practicable to go farther in the craft, Smith left it in charge of Robinson and Emry, the two Englishmen he had taken with him, and one of the Indian guides. With the other he pressed forward on foot, through the thickets that bordered the stream. He knew the folly of his quest, but was determined to carry it to the conclusion that there might be no more grumbling among his fellow-councilors, who had sent him on the fool's errand.

The ground was soft with water and grown thick with small trees and bushes, woven into a network by vines and coarse grass. The sun could scarcely reach him as he penetrated the dark and solitary waste. The Indians went before him picking out the easiest path, which was by no means easy, and he followed, wary, watchful, ready for an alarm. He had feared the Indians from the time when he had first seen them running along the banks abreast of the barge, and had left word with Robinson and Emry that they should fire a musket on the approach of danger.

Suddenly, as he crawled through the tangled woods, he heard the fearful scream of the Indian war-cry behind him, and all about, and knew that his two companions had been betrayed and slain. Without hesitation and with perfect calm, he grasped the guide who was with him and bound him to him, making sure that that one could play no tricks.

He had scarcely laid hand on him when the woods all about rang with the cries of the savages, and two of them came toward him, rising from the rank grass.

Smith, nothing daunted, raised his pistol and fired. His ball missed, but the fear in which the naturals held the weapons of the white man held them off. In an instant a score more of Indians appeared before him, screaming and discharging arrows at him. Bringing the bound guide



POWHATAN'S SEAT ON THE JAMES RIVER



closer to him, he shielded his own body from the missiles and backed away, keeping the Indian between himself and his enemy. As he went he fired at them from time to time, killing one and keeping the others at bay.

It was his purpose to gain the canoe and escape down the river to the barge. As he proceeded the woods crashed with the sound of many feet, and Opechancanough, chief of the Pamunkees, appeared with 200 warriors, yelling and sending their arrows toward him. His case was desperate. Alone, with no succor within twenty miles, surrounded in the midst of a jungle by bloodthirsty savages, the courage of many another would have failed. But Smith, loading and firing, continued to hold them off as he retreated toward the canoe, killing two more in the fight.

His hope of escape was rising, for the Indians stood in fear of his weapons and did not press closely, when the peril of his situation was increased by his stepping into the swamp between him and the canoe, which he had not seen as he backed toward it. In mire and water to his waist, with a horde of screeching naturals blocking his only exit, he nevertheless put a bold face upon it and continued to fire at such as came within range, using his guide as a shield.

From a safe distance they demanded that he surrender. He made answer with signs that he would not, but that they must let him go in peace to his canoe and return to his companions. They only scoffed at him, continuing to fire their arrows. Seeing at last that escape was impossible, he threw away his weapon as a sign of surrender and suffered them to capture him. They could only kill him, and death was sure if he stayed in the swamp defying them.

The Indians, with much shouting and dancing, took him to the place where he had left his canoe. Here he saw the dead bodies of the two Englishmen he had left. The savages built a fire and brought him close to revive him, for

he was half perished with the cold and exposure resulting from standing so long in the water of the morass. They chafed his legs until they grew warm, an attention which by no means revived his hopes in their leniency, for he surmised that their purpose was only to make him able to endure longer the torture they intended for him.

With the rare presence of mind that never deserted him, Smith took from his pocket a small compass and showed it to them, diverting them with an explanation of its qualities and offices, which he imparted by means of signs. They crowded around in curious awe, believing the trinket to be some device of sorcery. Their superstitious dread of the thing grew into actual terror when one of them, essaying to touch the trembling needle, struck his finger against the invisible glass. Not the least impressed and alarmed was the chief, Opechancanough.

Encouraged by the effect the compass had upon them, and knowing the original respect in which the Indians held him as a werowance of the whites, Smith began to expound to them the wonders of the earth and the universe, showing them that the earth was round, illustrating the phenomena of sunrise and sunset, the course of the moon and the planets, and telling them of the diversity of nations upon the earth, and such of their customs as he could impart by means of signs and symbols.

He believed that what he told them had so wrought upon their superstition as to make him for the time safe, when they suddenly laid hold of him again and dragged him to a tree. Here they bound him. As many as could find room crowded about with drawn bows, ready to shoot. At the last moment, when he had abandoned all hope and consigned his soul to God, Chief Opechancanough appeared with the compass in his hand and cried lustily to his warriors.

"This is a new medicine of the paleface," he said, hold-

ing forth the compass. "He can make the sun stop and the waters rise. He can rule the people of the moon by it. How can we tell what will overtake us if we kill him?"

The Indians desisted in alarm, unbound him from the tree, and took him, heavily guarded, to the town of Orapakes, a place of thirty or forty houses made of mats, which the inhabitants took down and transported when they desired to change the site of their homes. The women and children ran out to meet him, holding him in awe. The warriors of the tribe, painted red, each decked out with the wings of a bird on his head and the tail of a rattlesnake trailing down his back, fell to dancing about him, screeching and howling abominably. Smith received these attentions with a cool fortitude, knowing that his only chance lay in their fear of him, lost if he displayed any lack of confidence.

These ceremonies concluded, they took Captain Smith to the largest house in the town, where thirty warriors guarded him, and brought him food in quantity sufficient for twenty men. At sight of it the heart of the brave man was disturbed, for he believed it to be a test by which they sought to make sure whether he were in truth a god,—for if he were more than a man he could eat all they brought him. He ate what he could, making show of disgust for certain of the viands; a strategy which had an effect, for it enabled him to devote himself to a few only of the dishes.

Throughout the night his apprehension was keen. The thirty warriors who guarded him sat about, their bows in hand, never removing their eyes from him. At midnight they brought him more food, and still again in the morning. His only comfort during the night was when one of the Indians, to whom he had given many beads on one of his purchasing expeditions, brought him skins to protect him against the cold; for it was autumn, and the air had a tang to it.

Finding no active demonstrations against him in the



ON THE JAMESTOWN SHORE





morning, Captain Smith was emboldened to make known to them that he desired to write a letter to his friends in Jamestown, taking from his blouse paper, pen, and ink-horn. Not knowing what it imported, they suffered him, marveling much as he traced lines and strange symbols on the sheet. Finishing it, he made them understand that he desired them to convey the talking paper to the settlement. Without making answer they took it from him. He had no faith in its being delivered, for he had come to believe that the Indians intended to make an attack on the colony when he was away, having little fear left of the whites.

In this suspicion he was soon confirmed; for in the morning they came to him, offering him his life, liberty, much land, and as many wives as he chose if he consented to lead them against the whites. He laughed at them, making out that he would be willing enough but that the project was hopeless, so terrible was the strength of the palefaces.

Whether the Indians were deterred by fear of the whites of whom this captive was werowance, whether they held him in superstitious dread because of his conduct among them, whether they relented toward him, seeing his bravery, or whether they hoped for some advantage from the whites by holding him, cannot be affirmed. It is only certain that instead of slaying him with horrible torture, as he at first had reason to expect they would, the savages not only suffered him to live but made of him a hero and a show, taking him from town to town with triumph. He had the sagacity to make the most of his situation, and grew in security; without, however, any promise or prospect of ultimate escape.

His strategy and presence of mind under the strain were perfect. One day they brought him one of his pistols, which they had picked up when he threw his arms away in the morass, and asked him to show them how to fire it. He contrived to break the lock and made them believe the wea-

pon had lost its charm through being handled by them. Another time they showed him a bag of gunpowder which they had stolen, telling him they purposed planting it to see what manner of fruit such seed would bring forth. He made them understand that it was best planted beneath the snow, and so ruined for them that which might have become so dangerous had they learned its nature.

At the end of the triumphal march through which they led Captain Smith, the Indians brought him to Werowocomoco, the seat of Powhatan, over-chief of the allied tribes. He was kept waiting until Powhatan should have time to prepare his court for his reception. At last they brought him into the presence, with mighty shouts and much ado.

Powhatan, dressed in a robe of marvelous richness, made of many raccoon skins, and decorated with tails of that animal, sat in pomp at one end of the house on a raised platform. About his neck was a heavy chain of large, lustrous pearls. On either side of him was a damsel of sixteen or eighteen, his favorite wives. Ranged along each side of the house were two rows of men and two of women, their heads and shoulders painted fiery red, and bedecked with feathers and chains of beads. A solemn dignity, befitting a great court, rested over all.

Captain Smith, looking fearlessly about him, saw the proud chief and the men and women of the court, returning their stolid stare without flinching. As he glanced about his eyes fell on the slight form of Pocahontas, grown even more beautiful since the day he had seen her in the woods by the side of the quiet brook, when she had laughed and spoken with him. The maiden threw him a look of tender pity at which his heart stirred; but he made no sign, for fear lest he betray her.

They motioned him to be seated upon the ground. An Indian woman of wild beauty and grace brought water and

washed his hands. She was the Queen of Appamatuk. Another followed with feathers to dry his hands. A feast was brought in and partaken of with impressive solemnity, the Indians not once removing their eyes from him as they ate. Pocahontas, glancing at him furtively from time to time, passed among them all, now going to her father to whisper and lay her hand upon his cheek, and now ming-



POWHATAN'S VILLAGE AT POMEJOCK

ling with the people of the court with a freedom that showed the high favor in which she was held among them.

The hopes of Captain Smith, which had revived during the time when he was being carried in triumph from tribe to tribe, began to fail him as the feast went forward. There was a grim solemnity and dignity to the occasion that foreboded some weighty termination. He felt an oppressive sense of impending fate. No words were spoken by the court; there were no untoward gestures; nothing happened to raise a form in his fears, but a subtle presentiment deprived him of hope, but not of bravery. He ate, and returned the dogged looks of the Indians without a tremor.



The feast was done. The dishes were carried out by women of the tribe. A silence ensued, broken at last by the voice of Powhatan. He spoke loudly and long, without removing his eyes the while from the captive. Others about the court made reply, keeping their eyes upon the face of the white, as their chief had done. Not once, since he had been brought there some hours before, had the gaze of the least of them left him.

One after another the men of the court spoke, without gesture, without change of tone, until the last had finished. Powhatan waved his hand and muttered a command. There was a rustling at the door, and the scuffle of feet, as though some one came bringing a burden. Captain Smith remained with eyes fixed upon the chief, making no sign, uttering no word. Two Indians came before him. Out of the edges of his eyes he saw that they carried heavy stones. These they placed at his feet. Another wave of the hand from the chief and a mumbled command. Strong arms grasped Smith's wrists and forced him to his knees. He did not resist. They thrust him to the ground, placing his head upon the larger of the two stones. He lay passive, looking into the eyes of the chief. His grief was that the soft and tender eyes of the Indian maiden, who stood beside her father, should see this murder — for he felt that he was about to die.

Another wave of the hand; another command. Two strong and sinewy arms reached down before his face and lifted the lesser stone. He gazed into the eyes of the chief, seeing the scene reflected there. He did not blench nor tremble, as he awaited the crushing blow.

A cry of anguish, a motion at the side of the chief, a rustle of soft doe-skin, and Pocahontas, her face filled with horror and dismay, flitted toward him. Her slender arms were about his neck. Her rose-leaf cheek was against his brow. Her voice, musical through the emotion of grief

and terror that gripped her, sounded in his ears. addressing her father with supplication.

The blow did not descend. There was an angry gleam in the eyes of the werowance, an ominous mutter among the men and women in the court. There was a cry from without, raised by those who watched through the door. The maiden, pleading, ran lightly back to her father's side. Her arms embraced his neck. Her tears fell upon his cloak of raccoon skin. Powhatan scowled. His arm, raising to the fatal gesture, was clasped and borne downward by the slight and beautiful maiden. Silence fell.

Powhatan waved his arm and arose in his seat. The maiden, with a cry of joy, flew to the side of Captain Smith and lifted his head from the stone. In the eyes that gazed down into his was a look of a woman.

## CHAPTER XX

### THE RETURN

PHILIP STEVENS, slowly recovering from the gunshot wound he had received at the hands of the mutinous men on board the barge, reclined on his rough couch in the corner of the cabin which he shared with



THE FERTILE VALLEYS OF VIRGINIA

Master Seymour. The room was small, with a ceiling so low that only in the center could Philip walk erect. A long, narrow table made from a board sawed from a thick tree and set upon legs formed by stout sticks let into the corners of it, two three-legged stools made of a cross-section of tree with legs similar to the table, pegs driven into the wall between the logs for wardrobe, and two beds, constituted the furniture. The beds themselves were made of poles driven between the logs in the angles of the wall with their outer ends resting in a crotched stick inserted in the floor.

The floor was of puncheons, split poles laid with their flat sides uppermost. Nothing had been done to dress the rough logs that formed the walls. There was one window not a foot square, closed with a piece of stout oiled paper. In one end of the room was a wide fireplace and chimney constructed of stones and poles and clay, in which a heaping fire was blazing; it was autumn and the day was cold.

Philip had been back from his unfortunate trip for a week. His wound, superficial as it proved to be, was nevertheless dangerous because of lack of attention. For three days he had lain in the bottom of the barge neglected and abused by the men. Arrived at Jamestown at last, he had had all the care that could be given him, and his rugged constitution, the clear air, and the devoted nursing of Master Seymour pulled him through.

Master Seymour now sat on one of the stools at the table, writing in his journal. Philip had been asleep, and his companion was not yet aware that he had awakened. Philip, watching him for a space, thoughtfully, made him aware of the fact by addressing him.

"Has there been word from Captain Smith yet?" he asked, anxiously.

Master Seymour, starting slightly, threw down his pen and turned toward him. A shadow passed over his face as he made answer.

"No," he said, "nor like to be."

Philip could not speak, so great was his distress and grief. It was Master Seymour who broke the silence.

"'T is a sad time that we are upon," he said, dolefully, "and belike these stubborn fools will shortly find their great need of Captain Smith; for matters go but ill with him absent. God send you speedy recovery, for the need of brave men is great. How these scurvy knaves withheld their hands from killing you to silence your mouth when



once they had you wounded and in their power is more than a philosopher's mind can compass," he went on, turning a kind look upon his young friend.

"It was but a rash act that they shot me," returned Philip, finding it in his heart to forgive. "I threatened them with my sword, and they were in grave fear for their lives if I made them stay. Perhaps it was their very cowardice that made them forbear to kill me in the end."

"You did wrong when you gave them your word that you would say nothing of the cause of your wound, letting them tell that it was an accident," returned Master Seymour, shaking his head.

"My life hung on it, and I bore them no malice," explained Philip.

"Nevertheless, I doubt an you do not well to tell of it," Master Seymour went on, "for these villains do not merit your forbearance, and perchance the very life of the community may depend upon the news of what manner of men they are."

"How mean you?" asked Philip, quickly, for he detected a significance deeper than the words in the other's utterance.

"I mean that things go badly in Jamestown, and that these fellows who have injured you do much to foment trouble," replied Master Seymour. "They have little regard for the wisdom of one who is ever seeking roots with a basket on his arm, and so let fall words within my hearing that make me know they contemplate villanies. There are conspiracies rife, and these same rascals lead them."

"What conspiracies?" asked Philip, eagerly, rising on his elbow in his excitement. "What would they do?"

"Ay, there is our safety," returned the other. "They know not what they would do. 'T is well there is no ship in the river, or they would doubtless take it and make away

to England. Only their craven hearts prevent them from making the attempt in the pinnacle, as Kendall would have done, and as Captain Archer would do now. Some are for seizing the government and holding the council in durance



A PEANUT STACK

until a ship arrives. Others are for joining the Indians in confederacy, first making way with those who rule. They scarce know what they would do. They only know that the winter is coming on, that scarce twoscore of the original number remain alive, and that our condition is

desperate, which it is like to continue to be unless Captain Smith, by the grace of God, should return to us."

"That will he do," asserted Philip, stoutly, seeking to revive his own hope. "He has come through many hairbreadth 'scapes, and will come through this."

"Amen, say I," returned Master Seymour, taking up his pen again.

Making many allowances for the angles in Master Seymour's mind, Philip was still convinced that what he said concerning conspiracies had more foundation than he could wish, and resolved at once to do all that lay in his power to thwart any plots that might be brewing. With this in mind, he arose on the next day, in spite of the remonstrances of his friend, and made his way about the settlement to see for himself.

Things indeed went badly, as Master Seymour had said. The men had fallen for the most part into complete idleness. Downcast and disheartened by the prospects of winter and the loss of Captain Smith, who had always inspired them in spite of the dislike in which many held him, they lay about in their poor cabins sullen and silent, making no effort to better their condition, and did no work other than to gather firewood against the rigors of the approaching weather. President Ratcliffe made no attempt to rally them out of their apathy, if indeed he did not partake of it himself, and the other councilors seemed deprived of all initiative through the absence of Smith. Only Mr. Hunt made effort to put a bright face on matters, going about among the colonists with cheery face and a brave word for all.

Philip expostulated with Ratcliffe and the councilors, urging them to further preparation against the winter, but to no purpose. He even asked for permission to go himself with some of the men to get more corn, but was denied it.





THE VIRGINIA STATE CAPITOL AT RICHMOND





"We shall have a ship from England presently," President Ratcliffe told him, putting him off. He could find no open proof of plots, and so held his peace concerning them, contenting himself with watchfulness perforce.

It is curious, now, to look back to a time when Virginia spread her broad and fertile valleys before these early colonists in vain. They waited, hungry to the point of starvation, for food from England; they provoked the savages to fierce retaliation for corn they took without compensation; they did everything, in short, except avail themselves of the natural riches that lay all about them.

Through the days that came his anxiety for the safety for Captain Smith, whom he loved for himself, and in whom he knew was the safety and hope of the colony, grew heavier. He could not believe that his continued absence meant anything other than that he had been done to death, and would no more return, in spite of his faith in the other's ability to extricate himself from all manner of difficulties.

It was therefore with great joy he at last learned that a letter had been brought to the president by three Indians, written by Captain Smith in his captivity. Hearing the report, which quickly spread through the handful of settlers, he hastened to Ratcliffe's house for news of his friend.

"There is word in it for you," said the president, handing it to him as he entered the cabin.

He took it and read. It told of his capture by the Indians and his present safety. It warned that the Indians contemplated an attack on Jamestown, and that the three Indians had undertaken to bring the letter only that they might learn the strength of the English. It urged upon the president that he would show them the great guns of the fort to frighten them, and suggested that the task of impressing them with fear be left to Philip.

Having read it and returned it to Ratcliffe, the president

bade him do as the letter advised. Philip forthwith took the redskins about the settlement, proud of the responsibility that had been placed upon him by his hero. He showed them the weapons of the English and contrived to have the men appear frequently at divers points, that they might



A VIRGINIA PEANUT FIELD

make a greater show, and that the Indians might not learn how few the English were. As a last object-lesson he exhibited to them the demi-culverines that were mounted on the fort, and fired one of them, to the great terror and dismay of the savages. For a day the redskins remained in the settlement, departing at last with slight hopes of prevailing against the white men's guns.

The revival of hope that Philip experienced from Smith's letter did not last long. When at the end of a week there was no further sign of him he began to fear that his fate

had overtaken him upon the return of the savages with the report of the white men's strength. When the week passed into a month with no sign of him he despaired.

From the beginning he had urged upon the president that a relief party be sent out to rescue Smith. At the first



PEANUT PLANTS

the proposal was received coolly, Ratcliffe and the others saying that Smith would undoubtedly be able to save himself, having accomplished so many wonders with the Indians. After the receipt of the letter their complacency grew, until a month had passed, when they too began to doubt whether he would return.

Even then, whether from fear of depleting the strength of the town's defense or through jealousy of the man, they were reluctant to undertake a relief expedition, pointing



out the many dangers and the uncertainty of accomplishing their purpose, even at great risk to themselves. At last, however, Philip's importunities prevailed, and it was settled that he was to start on the morrow with a dozen picked men to attempt to bring back Captain Smith.

The day broke grey and cold. It was January 8, and winter was upon them. The twelve whom he had selected made what delay they could, not desiring to encounter the risk and hardship of the errand, which they felt, at best, would be futile and empty. Philip, vexed and impatient, walked by the outskirts of the settlement awaiting them, having given over his attempts to stir them into activity. If they did not exhibit that degree of willingness, there was little to be expected of them, and the undertaking might as well be abandoned in its inception.

As he walked to and fro in the frosty grass, shivering before the bitter wind that blew down the river, and shielding himself from the fine snow that was driving through the air, he heard a shout afar off that stopped the coursing of his blood. In all the world he knew only one such voice.

He paused to listen. It came again. Not stopping longer, he bounded into the woods and hurried in the direction of the shout with a glad cry. He had not gone far before he saw a body of Indians approaching along the path.

At their head marched Captain John Smith. With tears in his eyes he rushed toward him, and led him back into the settlement, which had turned out in force at his cry. A mighty shout of welcome went up at the sight; for through all the dislike for the man, through all the jealousy that was ready to see him die, there was a consciousness that he, and he alone, could save them and keep England's grasp upon the western continent steady and secure.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE BEGINNINGS OF COMMERCE

CAPTAIN SMITH told his story to the colonists gathered about a feast which they straightway provided for him and his dusky guides out of such stuff as they had to hand; and although the food was not of the best, the welcome of his comrades and the zest of being among them once more left nothing wanting to the enjoyment of the occasion. He related at length the details of his capture, of his being carried about the country with much ceremony, of his adventures in Powhatan's town, and his rescue by Pocahontas. He told them that after his capture he had been adopted into the tribe, and been set to making beads and bells for a day, when



ANNE OF DENMARK

Powhatan, with much pomp and ceremony, informed him that he desired above all things one of the grindstones that the English had brought with them, and two of the heavy guns mounted in the fort.

"And it is these that the Indians have come to fetch away with them," he added, with a laugh, when he was finished.

Turning to the twelve braves who had come on the

errand, he told them the time was come when they should have what their chief desired, and led them forth. The settlers, under his direction, made much of their visitors, following them about the settlement with many attentions.

"Here is the grindstone which Powhatan craves," he said, pointing to one that lay on the ground. He had learned much of their tongue during his captivity, and could now converse freely with them.

The most stalwart of the braves stooped above the grindstone, placed his fingers beneath it, and lifted. Barely could he raise one edge from the ground. With a grunt of disgust he let it fall, looking suspiciously at Smith, whose face showed nothing.

"Come, and you may select the cannon your chief desires," remarked the captain, casually, saying nothing to increase the discomfiture of the one who had essayed to lift the stone.

The Indians silently followed him to the top of the fort where the cannon were mounted. As a mark of consideration, Captain Smith caused one of the demi-culverines to be charged heavily with powder and loaded with stones. Applying the match himself, there was a terrific detonation, and the stones, crashing into the forest, brought down a shower of limbs which made a mighty crash, being heavily laden with icicles. The Indians huddled together in terror at the sound of the discharge and the mighty havoc it wrought in the distant woods, and said no more about taking a gun with them.

Captain Smith, still conducting the Indians about the settlement with every mark of hospitality, presently came to the notion of showing them the pinnace lying in the river. With this purpose he led them toward the point of shore opposite the anchorage, followed by Philip and Master Seymour and some of the council, who accompanied the

Indians for one reason of courtesy and three of precaution.

Coming to the bank of the river, and looking out upon the pinnace, Captain Smith observed that there were men aboard, and that they evidently made hasty preparation for a departure. He turned to President Ratcliffe, who attended.

"What trip is this the pinnace undertakes at such season of the year?" he asked.

"Ecod, that I know not," replied the president, with genuine surprise, staring at the bustle aboard.

Master Seymour, watching the pinnace attentively, whispered in the captain's ear. Smith, hearing him, leapt into a small boat that was drawn up on the shore, making a sign for Philip and another to follow him. With swift strokes he sent the boat toward the pinnace, lying in mid-stream. The men aboard the craft did not discover the presence of the party on shore until Smith and his two companions were on the way toward them, so great was their absorbed hurry in that they were doing.

Seeing him at last, they set up a shout of wrath and defiance, which Smith no more answered than to look over his shoulder to learn who the men might be. As he looked he saw Captain Archer, the one who had pleaded for the return of the entire colony, standing in the bows raging and trembling with apprehension.

"What is this that ye do?" demanded Captain Smith.

"'T is no affair of thine, Captain Smith," retorted Captain Archer.

"That I will make it then!" cried Smith, pulling lustily on the oars.

"Another stroke and I will fire!" bellowed Archer, leveling a blunderbus.

"Down with that piece, or, by Heaven, you are as good as dead already!" It was Philip Stevens shouted it,



half rising in the boat and aiming a pistol at Captain Archer.

Archer, at heart a coward, lowered his weapon. The small boat bumped against the side of the pinnace, and the



HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES

three men it contained leapt aboard. Those on the pinnace, in awe of Smith, made no show of resistance.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Smith, bristling, and thrusting his face into the face of Captain Archer. "Would ye desert, traitor and craven?"

"In faith, that I would," whimpered Archer, his courage abandoning him utterly.

"I have no mind to stay here and be starved and frozen, and I have the right to go."

"Have no fear but that we shall get you to England as swiftly as chance offers," retorted Captain Smith, "for we want none such as you here. This is a place for men, and not whimpering babes. Get ye into yonder barge, to the last man!" he added, with a shout of command, extending

his powerful arm toward a barge lying alongside the pinnacle, concealed from shore, — the very barge in which he had set out on the journey from which he had just returned.

Thus urged, they scrambled over the side of the pinnacle and into the barge without protest and set out for shore, Captain Smith and his companions following in their skiff, Philip taking the oars in the return to shore.

Philip had taken scarcely a dozen strokes when his eyes, searching for some landmark by which he could lay his course straight, fell upon the masts and sails of a ship leisurely beating up the channel behind a point that projected far into the river. He raised a shout at once, pointing out the vessel to Captain Smith and those on shore.

“Row, lad, row,” cried Captain Smith to Philip. “Put about and row thy heartiest. ’T is Captain Newport from England, an I make no mistake.”

Philip did as he was bid with a will. Captain Smith had conjectured aright. It was Captain Newport with a part of the first supply of men, sent out by the company. There was a second ship bearing others which had got as far as the capes when the stress of weather had forced Captain Nelson, in command, to put to sea. So much Captain Smith and his companions learned before they were fairly alongside.

There was mighty rejoicing among the colonists when the vessel came to anchor in the stream, and the newly arrived Englishmen, fresh from their beer and beef, came ashore. Eagerly did the weary and homesick settlers pick up the least crumb of news or gossip that fell from the lips of the arrivals, begging for word of the newest fashion, the latest gallantry at court, the most recent beauty, and the ripest scandal.

Captain Newport brought a budget of news, to which Smith and the colonists listened with eagerness. The first attempt at settlement by the Plymouth company the year

before had met with failure. The mouth of the Kennebec River had proved too cold a site, and the few who survived had returned to England after a single winter. The London company, as usual, was anxious for results from Jamestown, and was still looking for gold while the fertile soil lay untilled all about them, its value vastly greater than any mine of precious metal. Further instructions would have them treat the Indians kindly, and keep at peace with them.

Anxious inquiries for Sir Walter Raleigh, always held in affectionate remembrance by his colonists, brought unsatisfactory answers. Newport told them that the King still pursued his follies and kept his heart hard toward this, the greatest of his subjects. But the Queen and Prince Henry were friendly and often visited him in prison, and the Prince had wittily remarked, "No man but my father would keep such a bird in such a cage." But in the Tower he had languished since 1603, and there he was to remain for many a weary year to come.

The men who came with the first supply were like in character to those who had come in the original expedition; idle, worthless, vain, often vicious, undesirable at home, seeking an easy fortune in the new land. But their arrival put a period to present restlessness among the colonists, and there was no attempt on the part of any to escape, for the time being. They numbered in all, when the ship of Captain Nelson arrived, 120 men, increasing the number in the colony to 158.

Enthusiastic as was the welcome given to Captain Smith upon his return from Powhatan, it was not long before some of the more jealous, led by Archer himself, forgot the necessity which they had felt for him when he was away, and plotted his destruction. They attempted to revive an old levitical law whereby a leader who exposed his followers to danger which brought about their death was responsible

before the law and should be put to death. They sought to apply it in the deaths of Robinson and Emry, but Smith, proving that both of them had meet their destruction through disobedience to him, and that his accusers only plotted his own death, utterly overthrew them and laid them by the heels, so that they were condemned to be returned to England when Captain Newport should sail.



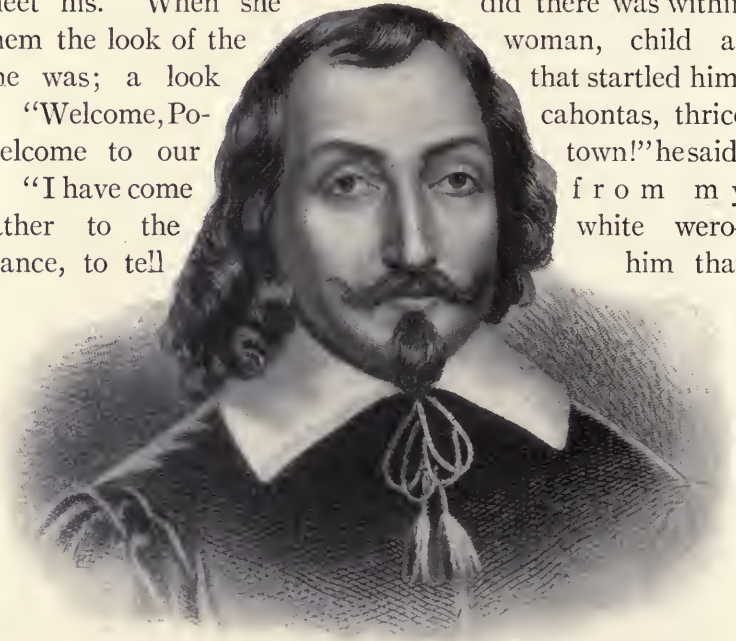
HENRY HUDSON



Smith had been back scarcely a week when a band of Indians came toward the fort with signs of peace, among them Pocahontas. Smith, seeing her from a distance, started forth to meet her. She advanced toward him eagerly, but without the childish freedom with which she had been wont to meet him. She blushed as he drew close; her long lashes swept her cheeks; she could scarcely lift her eyes to meet his. When she did there was within them the look of the woman, child as she was; a look that startled him.

"Welcome, Pocahontas, thrice welcome to our town!" he said.

"I have come from my father to the white werowance, to tell him that



SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN

Powhatan is the friend of the paleface, and will trade corn with him in peace," she said, casting her eyes down still, though there was nothing in the speech to cause her to do so.

"The white werowance is glad for the friendship of the mighty chief Powhatan," replied Smith, as best he could in the newly learned tongue. "Come, my father Newport is here. Tell him the word from the mighty chief Powhatan."

He took her to Captain Newport, where they had a

friendly parley, Smith interpreting. At last she left, Captain Smith going by her side until she was well on her way. She stopped when he turned to go back to Jamestown, and let the Indians who escorted her pass ahead.

"I shall come again," she said, simply.

"The heart of the white man is glad when you come," returned Captain Smith, with feeling. He looked into her eyes. She was a very child, and yet, in their lustrous depths, there lay the coming of womanhood, and a glowing light that he pondered much upon.

"Good bye," he said.

She left him, gliding through the forests like a beam of light. He wandered back to Jamestown, wondering at the light in the depths of her eyes, at the stirring in his heart over a child's glances.

From that day forth the Indians came in to trade with the colonists freely, bringing them corn and seeds, and fruits they had gathered and dried in the sun, and venison or bears' meat. For Captain Smith, the white werowance, they showed marked regard and respect, seeking him out to trade with him and honoring him before the other Englishmen. The colonists were not a breed to brook such favoritism, and their jealousy flamed high. By way of setting Smith down in the estimation of the savages, others began to offer more goods in exchange for corn than Smith did, competing with each other to see who should pay the most and gain the greatest renown among the naturals. Foremost among the price-cutters was Captain Newport, who felt that, as the "father of the white werowance," he should have the preponderance of respect. In vain did Smith expostulate and argue. Newport sent the chief many presents gratuitously, and paid such extravagant prices that a pound of copper soon purchased less than an ounce had previously bought.

All this time Powhatan sent repeated messages requesting that he might see the father of the white werowance.

Finally yielding to Powhatan's desire to see him, Newport caused the pinnace to be prepared, and with Captain Smith, Philip, Master Seymour, Master Scrivener — a new member of the council — and some forty men chosen for a guard, set out for Werowocomoco. When they arrived at Powhatan's favorite place of residence, Newport began to feel considerable uneasiness in putting himself in the power of the chief who had condemned a fellow-countryman to the block. The possibility of being compelled to lay his head on a stone while lusty savages pounded his brains out became more threatening as he drew nearer the den of the old lion, and he showed so much reluctance toward landing that Captain Smith said with thinly concealed disdain, "Let me take twenty of the men and I will agree to encounter anything that may happen"—a proposition to which Newport willingly agreed.

"I will be one of the twenty," said Philip, springing to his feet; but Master Seymour drawled, "I think I will stay with Captain Newport for the present."

At first it seemed as if Newport's suspicions regarding the treachery of the Indians had not been without foundation, for the bridges across the creek had the appearance of traps, being made of poles tied together with bark and seeming shaky and unsafe. On the opposite side a number of Indians were standing about, and looking on with impassive countenances. Captain Smith bawled to them, "Right soon can we settle this matter! Here, you, come over some of you and let us see if it bears your weight."

Half a dozen obeyed instantly, and lightly and easily crossed one at a time; perceiving that this was the savage manner of building bridges, the English followed in their wake

Sitting on his throne of mats with his pearl-broidered leather cushions behind him, arrayed in his robes of fur and surrounded by his wives, the old Emperor received his guests with becoming dignity. A proclamation had been issued that none should injure the visitors upon pain of death; their acquaintance with Captain Smith was joyously renewed, and the white men who spent the night were entertained with feast, song, and dance. On the following day, finding that the others had retained their scalps, Newport ventured to come ashore, where he was wel-



THE CLIFFS OF DIEPPE

comed with enthusiasm. To cement the friendship between himself and the chief, he gave Powhatan a boy whom he called his son, but whose real name was Thomas Salvage. Not to be outdone the Emperor gave Newport one of his most trusty servants, a youth named Namontack.



Three or four more days were spent in barbaric gayety and in trading, during which time Powhatan excited the admiration of his visitors by the calm stateliness of his demeanor. Rising and standing, tall and majestic in his rich furs, the old Emperor uttered a sentence which Captain Smith translated as follows: "Captain Newport, it does not become a mighty chief thus to barter for trifles one by one in this peddling manner. Therefore lay me down all your commodities at once; what I like I will take and will give you in return what I consider their full value."

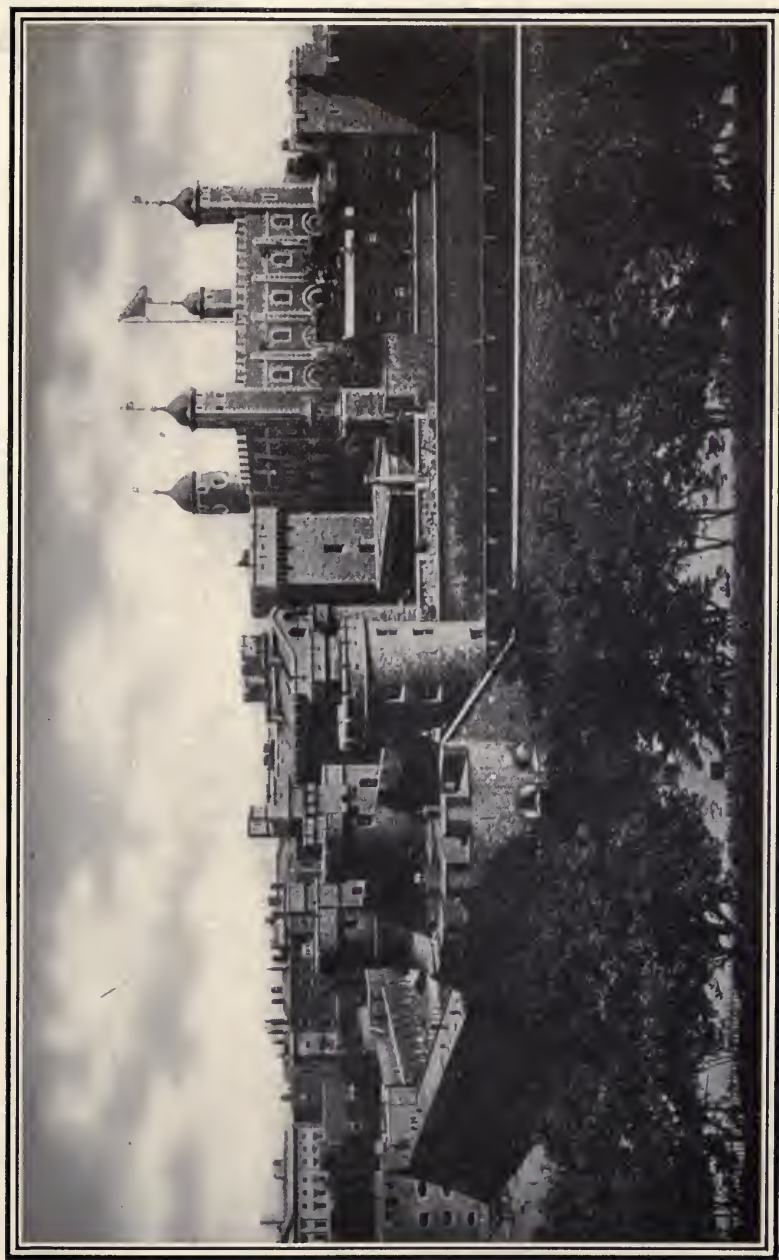
"A fair-sounding offer, but I know full well his intention is to cheat us," muttered Smith in an aside to Philip. Rivaling the old Indian in loftiness of manner and in ostentation, Newport consented with a wave of the hand as if he also considered haggling beneath him. The consequence of of this agreement was that Powhatan had the best end of the bargain, parting with but four bushels of corn for what he should have given twenty hogsheads for.

"There, you see yourself finely cheated," grumbled Smith to the other captain, though assuming a serene expression of countenance in order not to excite the suspicions of the savages. "Instead of working so hard to please him my plan would be to take the other way about and force him to please me."

"I would not have the old Emperor think me a nobody," snapped Newport. "To be too particular about trifles would be to lose his respect."

"No man from savage to sage respects the person whom he has cheated. As for the price you have paid for that corn, I am wondering why you did not go to Spain for it, and have done with it."

Smith now advanced and began the game of barter and exchange as he thought it should be conducted in the interests of the colony. Opening a package, the contents



THE TOWER OF LONDON, ENGLAND'S FAMOUS PALACE AND PRISON OF ROYALTY



of which Powhatan had not yet seen, he displayed some strands of blue beads as if by accident. Instantly the chief's eyes brightened and he expressed a wish for the trinkets.

"You could not afford to pay for these," replied Smith. "Moreover I have about made up my mind to offer them to my own King when I return to England."

"I will take them," Powhatan asserted raising his voice.

Smith shook his head. "I don't see how I can let you have them. They are composed of a rare substance, the color of the heavens above us, and are worn only by the great kings of the earth. They would be most becoming to my King."



CHAMPLAIN THE EXPLORER

"They would indeed," whispered Master Seymour to Philip, "and fully as fine as he deserves."

"I must have them!" roared the old Indian. "Am I not a great King?" he demanded, spreading wide his arms. "Look at my lands, look at my people!"

Yielding inch by inch, Smith at last agreed to part with the beads, for which he obtained 300 bushels of corn, and both parties were equally satisfied with the trade.

The party now resumed its journey to the realm of Opechancanough, who also bit eagerly at the bait of blue beads, and so highly were those ornaments esteemed that none dared wear them save the families of royalty. The corn that they purchased was taken home and stored in the granary with great satisfaction.



## CHAPTER XXII

### MASTER SEYMOUR SEES AT NIGHT

PHILIP STEVENS lay tossing on his cramped bed in his tiny cabin at Jamestown, downcast and miserable. He had fought well the fight against his tender memories of Mistress Betty, and for the most part was



ANCIENT CHURCHYARD AT JAMESTOWN

victor, but there came times when his whole life seemed hollow and empty, and he could find nothing within it to encourage him to meet the future. Such a time began to cast its shadow over him when the ship arrived from England, bringing many letters to the colonists, but none for him. He had hoped against all reason that there might be word which would make his disappointment a little easier to bear; and that foolish hope had been cast down. He had thought there might be some of the new supply entrusted with some manner of roundabout message; in that he was disappointed. Still, he had struggled against

the depression that he felt to be crushing in upon him, and had vanquished it until this night, the night after his return from the commercial expedition of Captain Smith and Captain Newport. Now the fatigue — for he was not yet strong — and the reaction from the excitement of being among the treacherous savages, reduced his resisting powers, and he succumbed to melancholy.

Sighing and tossing on his bed, thinking drearily of his empty life, and how full it would have been with Mistress Betty by his side, he resolved at last that he would return to England with Captain Newport and at least learn what had happened to her. He would go without hope, if only to stay the gnawing desire to know more of her, and to ascertain if possible what turn of fortune had cast him out of her life. Coming to this decision after many weary hours, he at last closed his eyes and passed into slumber, fitful and full of dreams.

He grew aware of a light in the room, a strange, dull, red



THE RUINS OF OLD JAMESTOWN FROM THE RIVER

glow that came from no one point but was diffused throughout. In the air, too, was a strangling pungency, which made him choke and cough. As he stood in the middle of the puncheon floor, considering what he should do — for the dregs of sleep were in his brain — a sputtering, fluttering bit of fire descended from the ceiling and lighted on his hand. He shook it off and glanced quickly upward. Fire ran along the reeds of the thatch. Tiny red tongues lapped and licked at the inflammable stuff. Through the small window came a red glare.

He rushed to the door, shouting "Fire!" at the top of his voice. He met Master Seymour, entering there in haste.

"Cease thy bawling!" cried Master Seymour, beside himself with excitement. "Know we not well enough that there is a fire? 'T is high time you found it out, else you would have toasted in your bed."

"What burns?" demanded Philip, reaching the air and looking about him.

"What burns?" retorted Master Seymour. "Why, Jamestown burns, forsooth. The granary is gone, and half the houses! Stand not there gaping, but lend thy hand to rescue!"

Philip, understanding the excitement that made his former tutor speak so abruptly, without more words rushed toward a group of men whom he saw making a valiant fight against the advance of the flames. Captain Smith was at their head. Under his direction they were pulling the reed thatch from houses in the path of the flames, and throwing on the smoking logs water brought by others, who formed a line down to the river.

"Here, you, Master Stevens," cried Smith, seeing his young friend, "do you take charge of the water-bearers, and bring some order there. For lack of a head they waste half of their labors."

Philip, thus enjoined, cast himself into the work at once, and soon had matters running so smoothly that more than twice the amount of water came into the hands of Smith and his men than they had previously received. It was bitter work, handing the heavy ice-coated buckets along the line on that cold morning, while the flames made devastation of their homes and provisions, leaving them destitute and isolated in a vast and untracked wilderness. But the courage of Smith and his assistant did not falter, and in an hour the progress of the flames had been arrested. More than half the houses of the settlement lay in ashes, and the store of corn was entirely gone. Much of winter still remained before them. Without food and shelter their situation was disheartening.

Their labors over, Captain Smith and Philip Stevens sat on the frozen ground near the embers of the granary, wrapped in scant coverings snatched from the flames, keeping themselves warm by the coals of what should have been their food for some time to come. Philip, forgetting his own unhappiness, thought only of the calamity that had befallen the settlement.

"Think you we shall have to leave this land, after all?" he said to Captain Smith, knowing well what the answer would be, but desiring to hear the words from the strong man's lips to sustain his own courage.

"Nay, lad," cried that one, his indomitable spirit rising cheerful above all discouragements, "that we shall not! There is more corn to be had, and more trees in the forest from which to rear our cabins."

With the light of morning Captain Smith was astir, filled with vigor and animation, cheering the downcast colonists by word and manner, and putting a bright face upon things in general. All the corn they had brought the day before had not been placed in the granary, for lack of space,



so there was enough to keep them until more could be had. As for houses, Smith took an axe and went forth to fell trees with such courageous spirit that before nightfall half the settlement was hewing and sawing, busy in all the operations of rebuilding, and happy in them. In another day the work was parceled out, each kind of work to those who were best fitted to do it, and the cabins commenced to arise over the heaps of ashes within a week.

Philip Stevens saw much of a fellow named Hubert Lupe after the fire. He would have been sorry to have to do with him in any circumstances, for he was a low, cunning, vicious fellow; but he was made unhappy and anxious by the state of affairs that brought him in contact with the rogue. This was nothing less than a growing intimacy between Master Seymour and Lupe. Philip was at a loss how to account for it. He endeavored to persuade himself that the evidences he saw of it were a series of mere coincidences; that the overtures of friendship were entirely from Lupe. When he failed in these consolations, he tried to make himself believe that Lupe was not the rascal he thought him to be, — a theory he failed to establish.

Lupe was much about the cabin, which Philip had restored, talking idly with Master Seymour, who, being a philosopher, did not feel constrained to do any work in rebuilding. He was sullen and taciturn enough when Philip was close at hand, but in his absence, as Philip had opportunity to observe as he busied himself in the neighborhood, the fellow was talkative enough, conversing much with the philosopher in low and sober voice.

All this would have been sufficiently alarming even if it had not been attended by a growing reticence and aloofness on the part of Master Seymour himself. By imperceptible degrees he grew strange and cool toward his young friend, passing the time in silence, or speaking of



RUINS OF THE OLD BRICK CHURCH BUILT AT JAMESTOWN IN 1639



distant things, not at all in the old intimate and easy intercourse. Philip could not escape the conviction that the old man had become piqued at Captain Smith, and had fallen weakly into the way of making schemes with Lupe to free themselves of the rule of the virile leader. At best, he could hope for nothing less culpable than a plot between them to escape to England on Newport's ship when she sailed.

This consideration led him ever to a more guilty view of his own intentions in the matter of returning to England. He felt that there was the difference between the two cases in that he was going for a distinct purpose, with the resolution of returning, while the others, because of cowardice alone, sought to flee from present hardships. At the same time when he so argued with himself, he recognized the sophistry of the distinction, and fell more heavily under the reproaches of his conscience, which, in the end, grew so grievous that he was constrained to take the whole matter of his returning before Captain Smith; without, however, speaking of his plans concerning Master Seymour, purposing to watch him closely for the time being.

He had never told Smith about his unhappy love for Betty Herbert, and would not now have imparted the details of the affair had not the other wormed it out of him. Smith heard him through, half jocosely, that the relation might be easier, even to the slight incidents of the saucy housemaid who had said that her mistress went to prepare for a wedding, and the meddling of young Falkland.

"Come, lad! where is thy spirit, lad?" cried Captain Smith, when he had done, slapping him heartily on the shoulder with an open hand. "Had you only had pluck you should now have your Mistress Betty, for, by my beard, she loved you well. And 't is not yet too late, if there is any wisdom in me concerning the ways of a maid. But do not fling yourself too hotly at her head. You would avail little



to go at random into the problem, without first learning how matters stand. Is there no one in all England to whom you may safely write to learn what you want to know, that you may not need to take such a weary voyage blindly?"

Philip thought of Will Ballard, and mentioned him.

"Ay, the very thing," cried Smith, with another resounding blow of his open palm, by way of encouragement. "What, lad, give thyself over to the doldrums, like a very whining schoolboy! 'T is not like thee, for very truth!"

Philip, inspirited and restored, arose with a laugh from the log whereon they sat, and shook his friend by the hand.

"Before the sun is another hour down the sky the letter will be writ," he said, enthusiastically. "Ecod, you can do all things. You save the colony from starvation and mutiny, your own head from the Indians, and your young friend's heart from despond. Of a truth, you are greater than I thought, and that, God wot, was great enough."

As the day of Captain Newport's intended departure approached, the behavior of Master Seymour with Lupe became more mysterious and unaccountable, filling Philip with alarm. He watched him constantly, and was on the point of going to Captain Smith with his doubts, when he considered that the captain had enough to disturb his peace of mind, and that he himself should rise to this situation.

On the day of departure Philip dogged Seymour constantly. But his fears were vain. Captain Newport left, bearing with him Wingfield and Archer and Philip's letter, but Master Seymour remained calmly in his cabin, writing in his journal even when all the company was down by the side of the river waving them farewell.

On a certain day, after Captain Newport sailed, the *Phoenix*, Captain Nelson's ship which had accompanied Captain Newport to Cape Henry, whence she had been driven out to sea and given up for lost, sailed into the river with

the others of the first supply, and enough provision to last the entire community for half a year. Captain Nelson, driven by the weather to refuge and repair in the West Indies, had maintained his sailors on the products of the islands without drawing on his own stores, for which foresight and consideration he was warmly applauded by the half-starving men of Jamestown.

So great was the gratitude toward Nelson that the president of the community ordered Captain Smith to go out and find a bank of gold, that Nelson might take home a worthy cargo. Smith objected and ridiculed the project, but the president was insistent, and Captain Smith had nothing to do but obey. He selected sixty of the strongest men of the colony, armed them as well as he could, and drilled them thoroughly by way of preparing for the expedition. So thorough and punctilious was he in the work that Master Seymour twitted him with it, asking him if he planned to invade the kingdom of Spain.

"We are only going a-seeking after Martin's fantastical gold," the captain replied. "I think that now I have drilled my men so thoroughly that if in our pursuit of that jack-o'-lantern we should fall in with hostile savages we should have no fear of them."

The drill being over for the day, Smith was about to seek his quarters, when he was detained by the arrival of some Indians who had brought him twenty turkeys.

"Did you bring those birds as a present?" asked Master Seymour with a grin.

Ignoring the question, Rawhunt, who had come as spokesman, turned to Smith. "Powhatan says he will give these birds to the white chief for twenty swords."

"Will he, forsooth! Not if I know it."

"Your father, Captain Newport, traded twenty turkeys for twenty swords," persisted the Indian.

"That is true, but you may tell Powhatan with my love that one such a bargain is a-plenty, and that I will pay him a fair price for his fowls, but not in swords."

The Indians silently took their departure, and Master Seymour remarked, "You never can tell what a savage thinks by the way he looks, and the faces of those fellows might be carved in wood for all the emotion



SIR WALTER RALEIGH (*From a contemporary print*)



they show. Still, I venture to predict trouble from this incident."

"I should not be surprised. Newport traded them weapons and obtained his turkeys, which was all he cared for. But any one not absolutely a madman must see the folly of arming the natives against ourselves."

"I agree with you absolutely, Captain Smith. I have mentioned Captain Newport's unwise course in my history. I said it was like this: Suppose that I, wandering in the wood, should be attacked by a savage. Just when getting the better of him, suddenly I would give him my knife saying, 'My dear sir, I fear me I am taking an unfair advantage of you. Prithee take this knife of mine that the contest be more even betwixt us.'"

"Yours will be a great history when it is finished," commented his companion.

"Indeed, I think it will," admitted the author modestly. "'T is getting on very well, and I long to see it published. I have heard from England that Sir Walter Raleigh in his prison has begun a history of the world, whilst I, in a wilderness that is little gayer than the Tower, am writing two books at once: a history, and a work on the flora of Virginia."

Captain Smith's reply had so roused the ire of Powhatan that he instructed his subjects to filch weapons from the English in any way that seemed expedient. Philip was the first to suffer from this order of the old chief. Going outside the palisades one afternoon near twilight, he was suddenly seized, and before he could make a move to defend himself two pairs of naked brown arms held him tight, while a third Indian took possession of his weapons. His sword-belt was unfastened, his pistol taken, and he was about to be liberated when his captors remembered that not yet had they learned the art of shooting firearms. "Show how!"



ordered the fellow who had robbed him. "This way, or this way?"

Their prisoner refused decidedly to give instructions in gunning. The Indian after fumbling a while with the pistol, managed to discharge it unexpectedly and before he was ready, accidentally shooting the topknot from the head of one of the men who was holding Philip, the bullet plowing a slight scalp-wound as it went along.

The savage uttered a howl of pain and rage, and said a good many things in the Powhatan language. Taking advantage of the confusion, their captive wrenched himself loose, snatched the pistol from the hand of the bewildered brave who held it, knocked him down with the butt end of it, and escaped. Safely inside he laughed heartily at the incident, but sobered instantly when he remembered that his father's sword was now on its way to Werowocomoco.

Meeting Captain Smith, he related what had happened. "Behold the result of the peaceful policy as commanded by the powers in England," the captain said indignantly. "The natives must by no means be offended, and our authorities remain snug in their houses and will be anything rather than peace-breakers."

"But my father's sword, that I would not part with for a king's ransom, how shall I recover it?" asked Philip.

The other shook his head ruefully. "'T is a difficult question to answer. In the first place, 't is a sword — a thing that an Indian would trade his very soul for; and in the second place 't is set with jewels in the hilt, and a savage loves things that glisten as a cat loves milk. 'T is pity you have lost it. Should any of Powhatan's crew attack me I will make them rue the day, even though the King of England himself stand in the way."

Not long afterward some of the more venturesome Indians watched for Smith, until one day they surrounded

him as suddenly as if they had sprung from the ground, and tried to take his weapons.

Warned by Philip's experience, and by others of a similar nature, the captain was not to be taken unawares. Laying about him right and left he used the coveted weapons to such advantage that the aggressors fled. Still that was not a sufficient triumph for the redoubtable captain. He assembled some of his men hurriedly, gave chase, and the culprits were captured and imprisoned. The next attempt of a similar nature was rewarded in a like manner, and they soon had, as Philip expressed it, "three red birds caged."



THE TOWER OF LONDON (From an old print)

Not to be outdone, the Indians captured two disorderly foraging soldiers. Presenting themselves at the gates of Jamestown, they announced to Smith that unless he released his prisoners at once they would kill every white man in Virginia. This vaunt frightened the president, but the man whose arms displayed three Turks' heads seemed to welcome the event as a diversion. He boldly marched

out into their midst, shooting and slashing about with his sword, and so intimidated the would-be invaders that they returned their prisoners, and vowed that their recent sword-snatching practices had been dictated by Powhatan.

"What were you going to do with the swords?" Smith asked.

"We were going to cut your throats with them," confessed the Indian calmly.

In spite of the protests of the timid Ratcliffe, who feared both the revenge of the Indians and the displeasure of the company at home if Powhatan were crossed, Smith insisted upon retaining the prisoners arrested in their attempts to steal weapons, and prevailed. His diplomacy was vindicated, for on a day Pocahontas, daughter of the chief, came herself with an escort of braves to make supplication for the release of the prisoners, and to promise peace.

She was met by Captain Smith in the doorway of the fort, where the prisoners were confined.

"Powhatan knows nothing of the wrongs his people have done against the white men," she said, raising her eyes, wholly the eyes of a child, to the face of the great white werowance. "He bids me tell you that the love of war burns hot in the blood of his braves and that they grow rash, doing things he would not have them do. He sends fowls and furs to tell you of his love forever."

"A great chief like Powhatan should have more command over his braves," returned Captain Smith, admonishing. "He should punish them. I cannot promise that his young men will be sent back to him. Come again in two days, Pocahontas, and I shall answer you."

The face of the beautiful maiden grew long.

"What the hot-blooded braves do will not come between Pocahontas and the white werowance?" she murmured, softly, that none might hear. She raised her eyes timidly

to his face for a moment, and cast them upon the ground. In the moment the woman glowed in their starry reaches.

"Pocahontas and the white werowance are friends forever, and nothing can turn the love of the white man from the Indian maiden," made answer Captain Smith. "Come in two days."

Smiling at him, she left.

"Why did you not let her have them to-day?" asked Master Seymour, with a scientific interest. "It surely can be no pleasure to you to keep those greasy redskins shut up in the fort!"

"I deem it not best to release them too soon," explained the other, in complacent mood. "They must learn that it is no light matter to steal swords."

"You have been needlessly cruel," complained the council, "and none can tell how the authorities at home will view the matter, especially if it breed trouble with the Indians, from which we are told to refrain."

"I am willing to face the consequences of my act," declared Captain Smith, vehemently, "and you will see that the effects of what you term my needless cruelty will work good for us all." Time proved him to be right, for the savages, holding him in a new fear, ceased their depredations for all time.

On the appointed day, Pocahontas came with her escort, bringing other presents, together with more propitiatory speeches taught her by her father. In her own hand she bore a long roll of soft doe-skin, which she tenderly treasured as she parleyed with Captain Smith.

"I have decided to let the braves go back with you, Pocahontas," said Smith, impressively, "but tell Powhatan it was only because of you. You are the friend of the white man, and the white werowance will do this for Pocahontas."

She thanked him half tearfully, half laughingly. With



a toss of her head and a look that was the look of the woman springing to life within her, she beckoned him aside.

"Look," she cried, with her eyes upon the ground, "I have brought something to the white werowance." She held out the roll of soft doe-skin.

Captain Smith took it and unwrapped what it concealed. As the wrappings grew thinner he felt the hilt of a sword beneath his fingers, and soon his eyes rested on the Toledo blade of his friend Philip Stevens.



THE THAMES IN 1671

"Whence came this?" he said.

"I had it of the young man who stole it," Pocahontas answered. "I brought it as a gift to you."

"Nay," he said to her, "but I cannot keep this. This belongs to my young friend. He will give you many beads."

"Pocahontas wants no beads," said the maiden, the light going from her face. "She brought the pretty knife to the white werowance, thinking it would make joy in his heart. If he would give it to another, it is his to give."

Before he could make answer, she turned and ran to the Indians with whom she had come, who were now ready to start, the prisoners having been delivered to them.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### SEYMOUR KEEPS BAD COMPANY

SUMMER! The hot Virginia sun glared down upon the steaming land where the English clung to the western continent. Men idled about beneath the shade of the fort and the cabins and the trees, mopping the sweat from their brows, grumbling and whining monosyllabically in sullen resentment against those in authority, and against all who were not resentful with them. Shiftless idleness could be seen on all hands; reckless indolence permitted to strike its poisoned fangs into the struggling little colony. No activity, and nothing being done, except that the few carpenters and artisans who were not too ill or too insubordinate to work were building an elegant house for President Ratcliffe apart from the other cabins.

Captain Smith was absent on an exploring expedition. He had departed immediately after Captain Newport sailed for England, and coasted all through the great bay extending broad into the north from the mouth of the James, — the Chesapeake. He had sailed up the Potomac and the Rappahannock, meeting with many Indians and much adventure, out of which he came with his wonted skill and daring. He had returned to Jamestown at a time when dissensions and animosities ran high; in time, perhaps, to preserve Ratcliffe from violence at the hands of the indignant settlers. In three days he had set things to rights, and had gone again to explore more of the great rivers that emptied into the great bay. Now turmoil and anger struck root again in the wake of the indolence which had followed his second departure, and the flames of mutiny smouldered.

It was long before the promoters of these earliest colonies were to learn that character and industry were as necessary to success in Virginia as in England. Not until hard-working and God-fearing men and women came to these hospitable shores was the land to blossom forth with all the treasures that nature holds for those able and willing to secure a livelihood by labor rather than by the favor of others.

A group of malcontents sat in the shade of the palisades surrounding the fort, leaning against the upright logs, smoking their pipes and grumbling. Foremost in violence and sedition was Hubert Lupe. William More was of them. Another of the group was a thin-faced man past the middle of his allotted years, with hair a trifle sparse, and a look in his eye of the philosopher — and a silence on his lips of the sage. It was Master Martin Seymour, who, despite his avowed purpose of writing a chronicle of Jamestown, had seen fit to resist all Philip Stevens's entreaties to go with him on Captain Smith's exploring expedition.

"Of a truth, Master Lupe speaks the grossest nonsense," Master Seymour was saying, with his eyes half closed and his head a-tilt, as though he thought closely. "What shall it profit us if we cut down the bulwark that lies between us and the savages, as we should do if we brought about the death of Captain Smith? We should then be in sore straits, for of a certainty 't would not be long until the Indians would overrun us; for, mark my word, they are but a treacherous lot, and would soon betray us all if they saw their chance. As for me, I am as anxious to set matters right in this suffering colony as any, and 't is not because I love the insolent captain that I plead for him. It is because we are sorely in need of him. Let us bide our time, then."

"Our time will come soon enough, an my wits do not leave me," sneered More, with hidden significance. The meaning of his words was not obscure to Lupe, however,



VALLEY OF THE POTOMAC AND GEORGETOWN COLLEGE





for he laughed and leered about the circle with an evil eye.

"How mean you?" asked one of the number.

"Why, an he comes back from this voyage of discovery which he now undertakes, you may beat me with a stick till I howl again," answered the fellow, mysteriously.

"Know you aught, then, to hinder him?" asked Master Seymour, without undue interest.

"Know I aught, Father Aristotle?" rejoined the other, with the tone and manner of a braggart. "Ay, right well I know aught! Have I not returned recently from the village of Werowocomoco? Is not Powhatan my friend? Have I not whispered certain things in his ear? Are not his braves upon the track of our captain even now?"

"And how fared you with your pretty wench, then?" asked another, rallying him; for he had made many boasts.

"Why, an you had won such favors as I have from the daughter of a great Emperor I make no doubt you would brag heavily of them," retorted More, making pretence of being displeased by the impeachment, "but I would have you know, fellow, that I am a man of parts that does no such way. Let it suffice for you to know that I went among the Indians, and am back again."

"Now, at that I marvel much," interjected Master Seymour. "Truly, they must love you well, that you should go among them so freely with never hurt or fear."

"Ay, belike they do," ventured the fellow Lupe. "And why should they not? Does he not fetch them swords and hatchets, as well as beads and knickknacks?"

"Never mind what I fetch them," said More, bullying. "Belike it will stand thee in good stead ere long."

"You gentlemen converse in parables," said Master Seymour, curiously. "I know your words clearly enough, but for your meaning, I might as well be a Turk."

"You had better be a Turk than a philosopher, an you make nothing of what we say," rejoined More. "Is your mind so short you have forgot that we shall join the In-



NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE JAMES RIVER

dians presently, and leave this hunger-hole?"

"Ay, 't is that you mean, is it?" returned Master Seymour, enlightened.

"Tush!" warned a fellow who lay so that he could see to a greater distance through the camp than the others; "hold your tongues, for here comes Ratcliffe himself."

"Sickelmore, you would say," growled

More. "'T is the name by which he goes among us now; and an insolent, craven cur he is, too!"

They fell silent, for the shadow of the president already lay beyond the wall, and in a moment he was among them.

"What, scurvy knaves?" he cried, grasping his staff. "Out upon ye, lying like dogs in the shade. Think you there is no work to be done, that you may idle your time away to no profit? And as for you, greybeard," he added,



ON THE APPOMATTOX

addressing Master Seymour, "you shame me by gathering with such scum as this."

"As for me," replied Master Seymour, quietly, "I prefer to foregather with those who may be knaves, but who are surely wise, rather than with such as are well known to be both knaves and fools!"

A gust of laughter greeted this sally, before which Ratcliffe withered and crumpled, and passed on.

"Belike if you would have us build for you a cradle and



nursery, Sir Sickelmore, you will find our hands willing enough," Lupe cried after him.

"Or a gibbet!" added More.

"Ay, or a gibbet!" cried they all, laughing again, until he passed out of earshot.

The laughter brought others to the group that loitered beneath the shadow of the palisade, "tufftaffety" fellows, reckless and insolent. The talk ran high. They had borne much from this Ratcliffe. He was weak and selfish and tyrannical in petty ways that led to no one's good.

"Come, let us tumble him off his high perch!" whispered More to one next him.

"'T were well to wait until a fitter time comes," suggested Master Seymour, who had overheard the whisper.

"A fitter time, lackliver?" cried More, bristling. "When shall there be a fitter time? Now that that bullying braggart Smith is away is the fittest time. And if you wait until the caitiff Ratcliffe gives us clearer provocation, you will wait until the crack o' doom; for the man hath not stomach enough to give offence more specific."

"Cease your prattle, old man!" contributed Lupe, laying heavy hand on Master Seymour's shoulder. "An you care not for the adventure, get thee to thy books. 'T is of little matter to us whether your hand joins."

"Come! We'll teach him manners!" shouted the tufftaffety fellow to whom More had first whispered. "We'll show him what all his fine airs amount to!"

A shout went up among them. The word was passed from lip to lip excitedly. They went in a pack toward the knoll where the few artisans who could be made to work were raising an elaborate house for Ratcliffe. Yelling and gesticulating, they confronted their president. Bawling a thousand questions at him, and laying a hundred charges against him, they surrounded him, pressing threateningly

upon him, with hot faces thrust before his eyes. Cowering, frightened out of what little wits he had in times of peace, he raised his arms before his face to shut out the sight, and backed against the wall that was being reared to shelter him.

"Hands off, villains!" he cried in terror.

They would have laid hands on him at once by way of answer, had it not pleased the fancy of this same tufftaffety fellow, who was held to be a wit among them, to bait their victim, which he set about to do with many quips and jibes. In the midst of the levity, Master Seymour, who stood on the outskirts of the pack, gave a cry of warning and slunk away. Others, hearing it, looked about them and saw Captain John Smith with his returning band of explorers coming swiftly from the water's edge. An angry howl went up at the sight.

Smith, with that intuitive gift which enabled him to understand events, had knowledge of what went forward before he had covered half the ground between the river and the place where the mob howled about Ratcliffe. Pressing forward, closely followed by Philip and the others, he dashed among the snarling malcontents, hurling them aside without remorse, until he reached the side of the terrified Ratcliffe.

"Now, what do ye do here?" he cried, blazing upon them. "Unmannerly ruffians! Get to your kennels! Hold your evil tongue, Sirrah More!" he pursued, addressing that conspirator as he was about to speak. "I know well where the mischief lies; and I know you well! Ha! Think you I do not know that some one has tampered with Powhatan so that he sought our lives when we were among his people? Think you I know not who it was? Out upon you, and get to your kennels, before I cry the news aloud. Away, or you shall be scourged! Back! Give way there!"

He was about to add blows to his words, drawing his sword and advancing toward the mob, when they fell back

before his wrath, dispersing with mutterings and snarls. Ratcliffe, trembling, with tears streaming down his cheeks, took the hand of his deliverer fervently. Smith, returning the grasp without noticing the man, let go his hand and turned toward his own cabin, accompanied by Philip.

"Phil," he said, as they went across the ground, "did



NEGROES PICKING COTTON

you mark how our friend Master Seymour was of them until the moment when we appeared?"

"Nay; I did not," answered Philip, who had not seen.

"I like it not, my Phil," went on Captain Smith, "and I would have thee watch the fellow, for I doubt me his heart is under-brave and he may be led into mischiefs, which I should regret for your sake."

Philip, heavily cast down by the words of his friend, which fell so closely in with his own fears, held his peace from loyalty to the memory of his tutor, and went to his cabin full of misgivings and unhappiness.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### NEWS FROM HOME

IF Master Seymour had been reserved and mysterious before, he now became completely sphinx-like and inscrutable. He continued to live in the same cabin with Philip, but upon a strangely unnatural footing. It was as though he had assumed, for some scientific purpose, that



TADOUSAC, ON THE SAINT LAWRENCE, THE OLDEST CONTINUOUSLY OCCUPIED EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT IN CANADA

there was no such human being as Philip Stevens, and sought to make facts conform to his assumptions. He not only did not converse with his former friend and companion, he did not, for the most part, see him, as the two dodged each other in the small compass of their cabin.

Philip, being of a sensitive nature, made no effort to force his presence upon the old man. Instead, he endeavored to pretend that matters were as they should be. He over-



looked Master Seymour when Master Seymour appeared to desire to be overlooked, and took cognizance of him when he seemed in a mood to be seen of eyes. He conducted himself in this fashion the more readily for the reason that such conduct lent itself to the scheme of his strategy, which was to watch Master Seymour as closely as possible without causing him to misgive that he was suspected.

What might have been the ultimate effect of the sedition that had its beginning in the demonstrations against President Ratcliffe, it is difficult to conjecture. It is safe to say that they would have been disastrous. Smith, left without duly vested authority, would not have been able to maintain a proper respect for the constituted authorities, if Captain Newport had not shortly arrived from England with the second supply of men, bringing the number of colonists to a total of 200, and bringing an order from the London company deposing Ratcliffe and making Smith the president of the colony. He also brought word that Henry Hudson had sailed for the second time in search of the Northwest Passage, the first voyage the year before having proved a failure. Just before Newport's arrival, on July 3, 1608, Samuel Champlain had founded the settlement still known as Quebec, and the French interests to the North were assuming dimensions.

Philip, hastening down to the shore to meet the returning voyagers, had been given a letter from Master Ballard, and was sitting alone by the door of his cabin reading it when Captain Smith came to him waving a paper over his head with the joyous enthusiasm of a boy, and crying, "Master Stevens, I have been appointed president of Virginia."

"I am rejoiced to hear it, but 't is not the first time you have had the honor tendered you."

"'T is the first time I have had it offered in this way. I would not accept it when asked by the colonists, but

't is different when I am requested to accept the position by the officers of the London company. So offered, I consider it quite a compliment to one who once was a poor friendless boy and has made no effort to obtain the honor."

"True, you have made no effort in that direction, but, even so offered, 't is a small recompense for all that you have done for us," Philip insisted warmly.

"I have done no more than my duty as I saw it," maintained the captain stoutly, adding with a laugh, "Newport has brought some more useless gentlemen, and he also has brought two women, Mistress Forrest and her maid, Anne Burras. And he has brought some nonsensical private instructions from the company: he was told that he must not return without a lump of gold."

"Where is the gold to come from?" asked Philip. "How can we send what does not exist?"

"Well may you ask that question. They cannot get the notion out of their obstinate heads that there are tons of gold under this soil. Because the Spaniards brought so much away from the southern portion of this continent, the members of our London council feel personally aggrieved because we do not send them shiploads of it from the Virginias. They assert that we have been sending them ifs and ands and a plentiful supply of hope."

"'T is all we have had for ourselves, for there have been times when we have had nought to eat save ifs and ands, with a plentiful seasoning of hope," Philip remarked.

"True; but they ignore that feature of the case. They write that they have sent Newport over on this trip at a cost of near two thousand pounds, and if the return cargo does not defray this enormous expense, we may consider ourselves as banished men. We are also commanded to discover the South Sea, and some member of the lost colony of Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Is that all we are expected to do?" Philip asked sarcastically.

"By no means," was the answer accompanied by a hearty laugh. "James Stuart, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, as Queen Elizabeth predicted the united countries would be called, has provided a comedy for us which will be as entertaining as the play of 'Gammer Gurton's Needle' which I laughed myself sick over when I saw it as a lad."

"Not really?" Philip inquired wonderingly.

"Oh, 't is no comedy for him, but a most serious piece of business. He has taken it into his royal head to crown Powhatan. Yes, that haughty chief is to be made a real King, and Newport has brought out a crown and a scarlet robe with which he is to be decked, and in order still further to civilize him, he is to have a basin and ewer that he may wash his hands in the most approved fashion. There is also a bedstead upon which to stretch his body, for 't is not meet, look you, that a monarch should sleep on the ground, even though his ancestors had followed that fashion for countless generations."

"Such measures will spoil the old chief, who will think himself better than the rest of us."

"Nathless he must be crowned, and 't will be rarely amusing to see how he will take the honor. But why doest thou stare so like a mourner at a duke's funeral?" added Smith, kindly, noting for the first time that Philip was cast down.

"Nay, you told me to write a letter to England; look you then what follows," returned Philip, handing him the missive which he held.

"Soho, this is your answer, then!" cried Captain Smith, taking it and casting his eye over it. "Is it your will that I should read it?"

"You have brought it about that I have received it,"



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH





made answer Philip, ungraciously. "Belike you can give me further wise advice in the matter." His soul had been turned sour by the letter.

"Nay, you are as bad as all these scurvy knaves," retorted Smith, laughing, for he had a warm affection for the young man. "I but do my best to help you from your difficulties, and you turn upon me with reproaches when all does not come forth as you list."

"I do not blame you," growled Philip, ashamed, but too defeated and bitter in spirit to make brave acknowledgment of the wrong he did his friend.

"I am glad you do not blame me when your love affairs run amiss, then!" laughed the captain, applying himself to the letter. "What have we here?"

He read it aloud. "Friend Philip," it ran; "'T was indeed a rare joy to have messages from you, whom I had come to look upon as one of the memories of my life no more to be seen or heard in the flesh. But your letter has so much aroused my fancies of you that I verily feel as though I had had your strong hand gripping mine again for which I am rejoiceful. . . . Now, concerning that matter which you asked me to pry into," the letter continued, after digressing upon personalities for a space. "I fear me I am no great cavalier to bear love tokens from one to another, and I grieve lest I have made a sorry mess of this matter. I tell you openly and at once, for your own peace of mind, that Mistress Betty is not wedded, nor like to be; but beyond that I can inform you of nothing which may set your mind at rest. A more whimsical and capricious young miss I never did see in all the days of my life, nor no one else either. I had no more than stated to her what my errand was, (for you must know that I journeyed leagues on your bequest to seek her out, finding her in Somerset, where you remember), then she turned up her nose, (which, I grant you, is

a pretty one) and shrugged her shoulders (which I might have fancied myself had my blood been young as yours), and made me such a scoff that I was like to take her roundly to task for it, but that my love of you withheld me. 'I know no Master Philip Stevens!' cried she, in haste, when I did but first mention your name. 'Nay, but you do,' said I. 'Marry, that I do not,' she persisted, 'unless he be a scurrilous braggart that once made a boast about me in a tavern.' 'He is not one given to boast, and he would make no boasts concerning a fair maiden in a tavern,' quoth I, 'and be-like he had good reason to say

whatever he did,' I added, growing hot in your noble cause. Whereat your maiden waxed into a fair great wrath. 'If your Master Stevens were not the ar-rant bragging



THE OLD CHURCH AT TADOUSAC

knave that he is, he would not hide behind a waste of salt water and send his messages by a doddering tumble-tongue,' she cried. 'If he would know what he seeks to find out through you, let him come over the seas and ask me like a man, an he dares!' Whereat she turns upon her heel and goes into the house, whence I can no more call her than the small boy can coax the peri-winkle that retreats within its shell, being first pin-pricked. From all of which I can make nothing out save that I am a sore hand at playing the Cupid."

Captain Smith, finishing the letter, burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, look you!" he cried. "Here is the very heart of love in this letter. Why, man, the maiden loves you with a love that shames her before herself!"

"You have ever been a true



STATUE OF CHAMPLAIN, QUEBEC, BY PAUL CHEVRÉ



friend to me, Captain Smith," returned Philip, solemnly, "and I would not be lacking in thankfulness for your desire to make my heart light to-day; but to me it is plain that I am ruined and lost with the maiden. Though what she can mean by a boast in a tavern is beyond my conjecture," he added, to himself.

"Nay, lad, you prattle like a babe," returned Smith. "Speak you of ruin when the fire of the young vixen's love is so hot that she even flies at the head of poor Master Ballard? Tush, man! An she cared not for you she would not go to such great trouble to defy and challenge you. Belike some rascal has done you an injury with her, which you might soon smooth away. I doubt me you had some manner of rival for the hand of Mistress Betty?"

"Ay, that I had," replied Philip, lugubriously, "and if I still had I should make more out of the tale. But this same letter tells me that he who was my rival, one Hanham, is wedded to Mistress O'Keefe, widow of an Irish soldier. For my part, I cannot see but that she hates me angrily."

"Put her to the proof, then, an you think so!" rejoined Smith, handing the letter back to Philip, who crushed it absently in his fist. "Write her point blank like a man. It can do no harm, and may serve much good."

"Indeed, that I will not," returned Philip slowly becoming angry. "She has flouted me and scoffed at my friend; let that suffice her. I will have no more of her. If there is cause for pique in her mind, I know not what it may be, and in sooth it must be a petty thing, else I should guess at it. But my conscience is more clear than it could be if I wrote this letter that you urge, only to be spurned again. I'll no more of her, I tell 'ee!"

With which he flung the letter into the hearth, where the pot was boiling for supper, forgetting in his resentment

against her that it was only a missive from his old friend who had no part in his undoing. Captain Smith, seeing his mood, wisely refrained from further argument, and left him to his meditations, with his eyes fixed upon the flaring, crumpling bit of paper that had been the letter from home.



FIRST HOUSE IN QUEBEC AND RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN

## CHAPTER XXV

### A CROWNED EMPEROR

MATTERS began to mend when Smith's virile and vitalizing hand was laid upon the little colony. There was no more doubt concerning who was paramount in the community, and none considered it well to defy the new head of affairs. The first thing Smith did was to take the workmen from the house they were building for Ratcliffe and put them to work repairing the warehouses, putting a new roof on the granary, restoring the church, which had fallen into decay, rehabilitating the fort, in command of which he placed Philip Stevens, establishing a parade ground, inaugurating weekly drills, and otherwise infusing life into the settlement. The drills, held every Saturday, were fearful spectacles in the eyes of the Indians that always gathered to watch. They were appalled at the marksmanship of the white men, and the destructiveness of their weapons, which could riddle a tree three bowshots off.

Newport, growing impatient to be about the errands entrusted to him by the company, urged Captain Smith to let him take the pinnace and 120 men that he might go to Powhatan.

"Nay, you have no need to go in such state," observed Smith, smiling in his sleeve.

"I cannot afford to incur any risks," argued Newport.

I have an important function in the settlement, and it is not right that I should jeopard the honest men of the colony by casting away my life. It were better that I go well guarded."

"Let me show you a better and safer way, then," re-

turned Smith, with quiet irony in his tone, though he did not dislike this man Newport. "I myself will go with four men and tell Powhatan to come and get his presents."

Captain Newport was in no wise averse to such an arrangement, and in a day Smith set out, accompanied by Philip and three others.

Master Seymour, apparently abandoned to his evil ways, would have none of the expedition, though Philip



MOONLIGHT SCENE IN RICHMOND HARBOR

urged it upon him. Their relations were becoming more strained, although Philip still maintained a pretence of not seeing the change. Master Seymour was more with Lupe and More and that sort of person, whose seditious forces had been augmented since the arrival of the second supply by a number of Dutchmen, sent as carpenters, among whom were one Adam and one Francis. Philip, at a loss what to do in the matter, while hoping to effect a change in his friend by indirect influence, knew the stubborn egotism of Master Seymour, and so held his peace.

They went overland to Werowocomoco, crossing the river in a canoe. It was a crisp day in October. The



trees, touched by the frost, had put on their most gorgeous robes of red and gold, like Cinderella beneath the wand of her fairy godmother.

As Captain Smith neared the town, he saw Pocahontas approaching along a woodland path, beneath springing arches of gold and saffron. She saw him, too, and hesitated, but only for a moment. In the next she came skipping toward them, light as the leaves that the autumn wind makes to dance across the smooth ground, and as beautiful. She laughed and cried out to them gladly, a very child. She ran up to Captain Smith first of all, and placed her slight hand in his, laughing.

"*Mauchic chami*," she said, which meant, "the best of friends."

"*Mauchic chami*," said the great, rough, brave man, glad that she bore no ill-will for the incident of the sword.

"Where is your father?" asked Smith, when the greetings were over.

"He is gone away, thirty miles along the river," made answer the maiden. "I will send messengers for him. Come. I will make you happy until his return." Captain Smith, following with the others, saw nothing of the woman in her, and found himself sad therefore.

She led the way to an open space in the forest, where she caused a fire to be made and mats placed about it for the use of her guests. Leaving them with two or three ancient warriors long past their fighting days, she flitted away. The day was waning and the air becoming chill, which made the cheerful, snapping fire grateful. They were conversing merrily when from the forest came a series of shrill shrieks that caused each man to clutch his weapons.

"There is treachery here!" exclaimed Philip.

"Seize those men!" ordered Smith. "Powhatan is not gone, but is here to attack us." His heart sank at the

thought, not from fear of the Indians, but because Pocahontas had in the night betrayed them.

The old warriors, protesting against such treatment, were held firmly until Pocahontas appeared.



CASTLE ROCK

"We are not going to harm you," she cried. "See, I will stay with you and if danger comes you may kill me."

"Good," said Philip. "I will not believe that Pocahontas would see us captured or murdered."

She threw him a grateful glance and took a seat beside Captain Smith. She was utterly the child through it all. Presently a number of women and children came forward

with smiling, expectant faces. Reassured, the white men again took their seats, and from the woods came thirty Indian maidens, garlanded with leaves and with horns on their heads, dancing in strange figures.

After skipping, twirling, and circling for an hour, the nymphs retired shortly to reappear in their ordinary garb and invite the visitor indoors. As if the plan was pre-arranged, they crowded about Captain Smith, dancing up behind him and tapping him in the shoulder, plucking his sleeve, pulling a lock of his hair and crying "Love you not me? Love you not me?" as at a masked ball a guest may be tormented by mischievous dominos. When this part of the programme was finished, supper was served, some of the maidens waiting upon the guests while the others sang and danced for their amusement. Still was Pocahontas entirely the child.

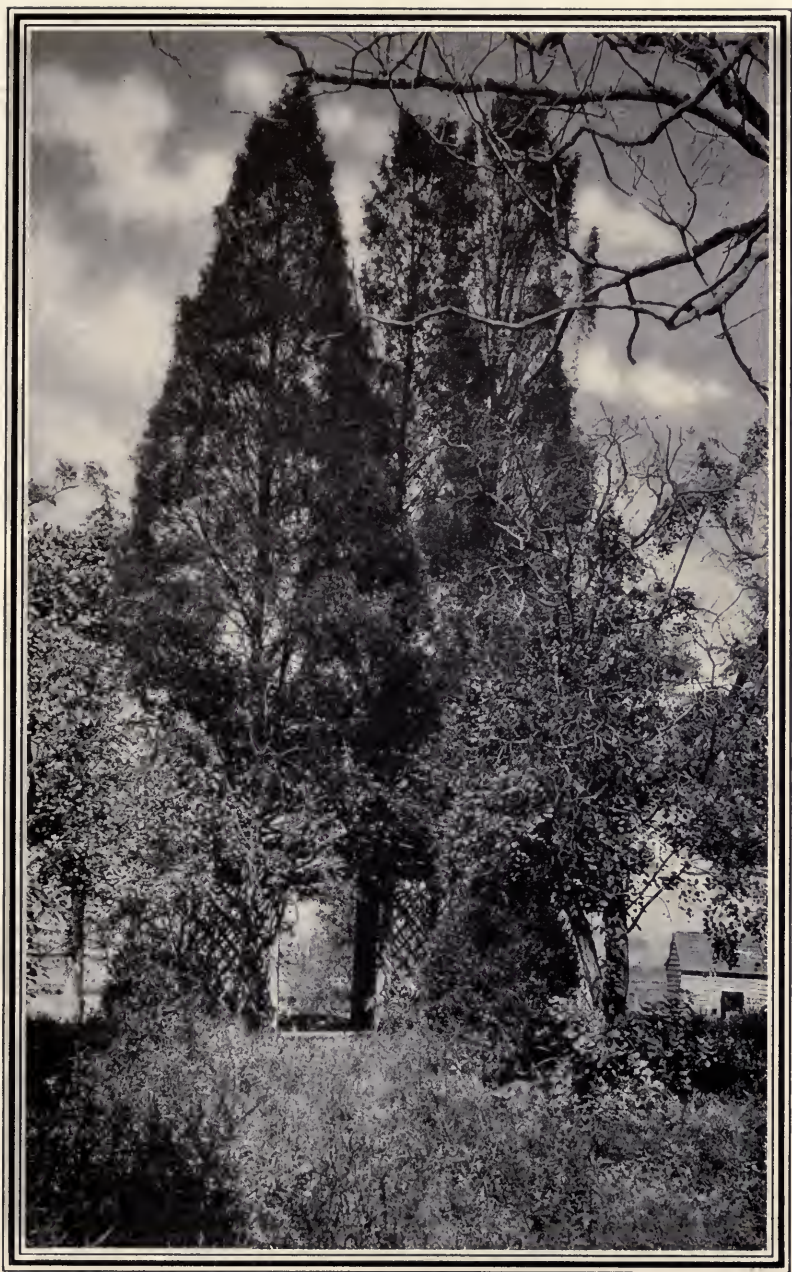
"Pocahontas has done her best to entertain us," remarked Philip, as he and Captain Smith went to their wigwam conducted by a girl with a lighted torch. "It was as well meant as are the intentions of the chatelaine of a stately castle who treats her guests to a performance of a troupe of strolling players. But I must say that these red people are easily amused to find delight in such buffoonery as the latter part of it."

"Men of our color have been as easily entertained. To have his fool ride before him and occasionally fall from his horse filled Edward II with an ecstasy of delight. Coming down to our own time, grim and surly Philip of Spain was so pleased when his fool pulled the cloth with the dishes off the table that he made him a handsome present."

When Powhatan arrived he greeted his guest with his usual stately gravity.

"I am here to tell you that Father Newport has come from over the seas with certain gifts for you," Captain Smith





NATURE'S MONUMENT TO POWHATAN





announced. "They were sent by the King of my country, and we wish you to come to Jamestown to receive them. I also wish to say that we will help you to be revenged on the Monacans."

A sly gleam shot from the half-veiled eyes of the old chief. Drawing his mantle about him and throwing back his head he replied, "If your King has sent me presents, I also am a King and this is my land. Eight days will I remain here to receive them. Your father is to come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort. Neither will I bite at such a bait."

Captain Smith exchanged a glance of intelligence with Philip, and the old chief resumed: "As for the Monacans, I am able to resent my own injuries, and seek no help. Regarding the salt water beyond the mountains, the tales my people told you are false and you will not find it."

Smith returned to the subject more than once, but the majestic chief would not recede an inch from his position. He was there, they knew where to find him, and if the white men had gifts for him let them fetch them. They were fain to return without results; Smith with a heavy heart, for not since the night of the dance had he seen Pocahontas.

The presents were sent by water, a distance of a hundred miles, while Smith and Newport went by land with fifty soldiers as a guard of honor. Receiving his visitors with majestic indifference, Powhatan's manner was that of one accustomed to presents from the great kings of the earth. The basin and ewer were given him, and the bed with its clothing was set up and prepared for him, the following day being set for the ceremony of coronation.

"I will not wear this garment," asserted the old chief when the scarlet cloak was shaken from its folds, and Smith was about to place it about his shoulders. "I have mantles of my own made for me from the skins of fierce beasts that

I have killed, and why should I wear this foolish drapery made by white men?"

"But 't was sent by our King, who will be sorely grieved if you do not wear it," insisted Newport.

Reluctantly and sulkily the chief stooped his broad shoulders to receive the cloak, but when the crown was taken from its box and he understood that it was to be placed on his head, he retreated abruptly, raising his hand as a sign that the proceedings, so far as he was concerned, had ended.

"Our King desires that it shall be placed on your head," explained Newport.

"What right has your King to say what shall be placed on the head of the great chief of the Powhatans?"

"'T is the sign of a great honor. Only sovereigns can wear crowns, and in my own country much blood has been spilled for the possession of such gear," Newport said.

"Tell him about the battle of Bosworth where Henry VII and Richard III fought hand to hand, and the victorious Henry was crowned then and there with the bloody diadem taken from the head of his antagonist. It is true," explained Master Seymour as well as he could in the Indian language. "Two great kings actually fought for the honor of wearing a crown, and this happened over two hundred years ago!"

Powhatan merely threw the speaker a glance of contempt, and Master Seymour murmured to Philip, "I don't know whether he thinks I have lied, or whether he considers Henry and Richard a pair of fools to have fought for such a trifle."

Newport once more advanced with the crown, and again the old savage stepped backward. "I believe he thinks 't is filled with gunpowder and will explode as soon as it touches his head," laughed Philip.

"What shall we do about it?" asked Newport in despair. "We've been told to crown him, and crown him we must."

"He shows his good sense in considering the whole busi-

ness a piece of foolery, and I for one sympathize with him," grumbled Smith. "However, as we are here to perform this particular act, we are going to do it before we leave, let happen what will."

He spoke in a soothing and conciliating manner to the old chief for a while, and at last the latter consented to the ceremony. But now a new difficulty arose; Powhatan decidedly refused to kneel to be crowned. "Let us show him how it is to be done, Stevens," Newport proposed, and Philip knelt while the royal symbol was set on his head.

"That is how it must be done," Smith told him, but Powhatan only gave a dissenting grunt. "That crown has got to go on him somehow," cried Smith desperately. "Here, Newport, let us lean on him and make him stoop. Now

some of the rest of you slap it on his head!"

The crown at last found its resting-place, though as the King jerked himself loose at the most critical moment, it settled itself rakishly to one side. "Never mind," said Smith, "it is on, and that is all that concerns us.

He can wear it upside down or over his ankles



CROWNING A FOREST EMPEROR



if the fancy so strike him. I will now give notice to the men in the boat."

He drew his pistol as he spoke and fired a shot, which was answered by a volley from the barge. Believing that the firing meant an attack, Powhatan was about to defend himself when the captain explained that it was intended merely to do honor to the momentous occasion.

When he had grown calm, the newly crowned King presented his mantle and his old moccasins to Newport. "'T was an odd present," remarked Master Seymour as they went to the boat. "What under the sun did he suppose Newport could do with his old things? The mantle is by no means of the kind in which he arrays himself when he wishes to impress us with his greatness, and the moccasins, beside being badly worn, are miles too big for Newport."

"Belike he thinks that anything that belonged to a newly crowned monarch is worth having," laughed Philip, who had found the whole ceremony vastly entertaining. "It is my opinion that the old gaffer thought the affair a piece of nonsense, and gave his old clothes in order more emphatically to express his contempt."

"He did a little better at the last," Smith informed them. "He has presented us with about sixteen bushels of wheat. So our trip has not been altogether one of folly."

As for Captain Smith, there was vastly more to the trip than sixteen bushels of corn and an empty mockery of ceremony. For as he was leaving, Pocahontas, stealing close to him, slipped her hand in his and whispered in his ear. The words, the look, the pressure of her hand upon his, bespoke the woman budding within her. It was a farewell to him, spoken tremulously and tenderly, and it filled him with a gladness which he was fain to deny, but could not.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE WOMAN COMES

RETURNING from the farce of coronation, Captain Smith set himself to work to overcome the obstacles that beset the path of the man who ruled the community with intent to set the colony in the right way. Chief and most grievous was the communistic idea upon which the colony was based. The profit of all labor went to the community, and the community in turn took care of its individuals. As an inevitable consequence, the lazy men had no incentive to work, being cared for in their idleness as well as in their activity, and the burden of all fell upon those few who were willing to take it upon themselves.



AN OLD VIRGINIA FERRY

Smith appreciated the defect in the system, and would have placed matters upon a different footing if he had had full authority. Not having it, he did the best that he could in the circumstances. Calling the men about him, he read them a rough-and-ready lecture, scolding them well for their remissness, and laying down a new law for their guidance.

"He of you who will not work shall not eat!" he said. His edict, whether lawful or not, had the effect of being legal, for the control of the granaries was in his hands.

His work of reform was hindered for a space by an expedition that Captain Newport insisted upon making. Determined to discover the South Sea, and perhaps to appropriate all the glory of it, Newport took with him a party to explore the country above the falls. The trip was worse than fruitless. Not finding the sea, they set out in search of silver, which they equally failed to discover. Valuable time was lost, the spirits of the men were cast down, much food was consumed, and Smith was prevented while they were away from going for more. But worse, perhaps, than all these things was the lack of tact that Newport displayed in his dealings with the Indians when he was on the excursion. He either humored them so much as to spoil them, or going to the other extreme and treating them with unnecessary tyranny. During his latest journey he had kindled the ire of one of the tribes by capturing its King and forcing him much against his will to act as guide.

Captain Smith, who had remained at home, put the men at more practical work on their return. "Let us go five miles down the river and fell trees to make boards for building," he suggested. "We will remain there until we have finished, and I will work with you."

The young aristocrats, whose delicate hands had never managed a heavier object than a long-stemmed Indian pipe, seized axes and went to work, the novelty of the em-

ployment rendering it interesting. Blistered palms and the accidents attending such work caused more swearing than the president deemed at all necessary. He made a rule that the oaths should be counted at the close of the day's labor, and for each profane word a can of cold water was poured down the sleeve of the offender.

This performance caused a great deal of amusement; still, it was sufficiently disagreeable to the culprit to make him remember in time, and ere long the objectionable exclamations ceased almost entirely.

Returning to the fort Captain Smith took two barges to the Indians' country to trade for corn. Greatly to his dismay he found that the natives, having discovered the sore needs of their neighbors, had determined to starve them out. He resolved to resort to strategy. "My object is not altogether to obtain corn," he stated impressively. "Long have I wanted to avenge myself for my imprisonment and for the men you have murdered. It is my intention to land my soldiers and let them fall upon you." This speech so frightened the savages that they let him have a hundred bushels of corn, beside other food, and amicable relations continued for some time between the two races.

Looking back over the centuries it seems strange that his fellow-citizens failed to award Captain Smith the appreciation so richly deserved by that industrious and resourceful man; but in that small community of hand-to-mouth colonists there was proportionately as great an amount of envy, spite, and intrigue as existed in any court of Europe. Newport and Ratcliffe were both envious of Smith and did their utmost to prejudice the others against him, the former in particular making himself so obnoxious that the president threatened to discharge his ship and force him to remain a year in Virginia. As on former



occasions, the vessel was remaining to drain the settlers of their substance and to raise the price of all commodities purchased from the natives. Newport finally sailed away with a cargo of samples of pitch, tar, glass, and frankincense,



A PICTURESQUE GLIMPSE OF THE INTERIOR OF VIRGINIA

the manufacture of which had been attempted by Smith, and with various woods, leaving behind him in all about 200 souls.

It also carried a letter written by Smith to the London company in reply to the complaints and criticisms that the company had made of Smith through

Christopher Newport. Smith called it the "Rude Answer." It was frank and manly and honest and wise. He told of the hardships and difficulties in which the colony was involved, and in turn made some wise suggestions for the conduct of the company at home. "When you send again," said the Rude Answer, "I entreat you to send but thirty carpenters,

husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers of trees, roots well provided, rather than a thousand of such as we have."

Captain Smith was keenly apprehensive for the safety of the colony during the coming winter. There were more than 200 to be fed, and the provision must come from the Indians. Without the Indians' corn they would certainly starve, and the Indians were manifesting a disposition to refuse to supply them with more of it. Upon this Captain Smith proposed to the council that he go to Powhatan prepared to seize what they wanted in case it should be denied them. To this the council objected as being unwarrantable and contrary to their instructions from the home company.

"No persuasion can persuade me to starve," said Captain Smith, answering their quibbles, and straightway set about planning for the expedition.

Before he started there occurred the first wedding among the English on the new continent. Anne Burras, maid to Mrs. Forrest, who had come with the second supply, after a brief period of unparalleled popularity as a social belle, cast her approving eye upon John Laydon, a laborer, and the two were wed with much ceremony and festivity.

Smith had nearly completed his preparations for the proposed foraging expedition when on a night there came to him two young men of Powhatan's tribe, with a message from their chief.

"He will sell the palefaces corn if they will send some men to build a house for him, and if they will give him fifty swords, some guns, a cock and hen, and a grindstone," said the spokesman of the two.

Captain Smith, filled with suspicion, considered a moment. "Very well," he said, at length, "I will send the men."

Lupe, with Adam, Francis, and two other Germans were sent, Smith following them later with the pinnace, two barges and forty-six men, and leaving Scrivener as his deputy. Two of the aristocracy who accompanied him were Lieutenant Percy, brother of the earl of Northum-



GEORGE PERCY, BROTHER TO THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND (From the Virginia Historical Society's Engraving)

berland, and Francis West, brother of Lord Delaware. Philip Stevens was a member of the party, as he was of all expeditions, where there was a place for him. Master Seymour had sullenly declined being one of the company.

Provisions being scarce in Jamestown, the company took only sufficient for four days, renewing their supplies at the first stop, at Waraskoyack. The King of that tribe treated them with great hospitality, but did his utmost to dissuade the Englishmen from proceeding to the realm of Powhatan. "Captain Smith," he insisted, "you will find Powhatan to use you kindly, but trust him not and be sure that he have no opportunity to seize your arms, for he has sent for you only to cut your throats."

"Thank you most kindly for your advice, but I think we shall prove a match for him," was the reply.

Smith then requested guides to a neighboring King, whose good-will he wished to secure by means of a present, sending with them certain of his company to search for Sir Walter Raleigh's lost colony according to instructions from England, an enterprise which, it is unnecessary to add, was unsuccessful.

At Kecoughtan, where the English were greeted as old friends, they stopped with the intention of remaining for one night, and stayed for seven weeks. The reason of this prolonged visit was the extreme inclemency of the weather that for the time prevented further progress. They spent Christmas with their red friends, observing it as far as possible in true English style, and the chronicler assures us that it was one of the pleasantest Yuletides that ever he saw. Apparently the table was not a meager one, for it included oysters, fish, meats, wild fowl, and good bread, while the fires were bright and cheerful, as befits that happy season.

Leaving hospitable Kecoughtan, they found various kinds of game, and in such quantities that with three shots 148 wild fowl were killed.

On January 12, 1609, the party reached Werowocomoco. The river at this point being frozen for half a mile from the shore, they broke the ice with their barge, only to have the ebbing of the tide leave it aground on the muddy shoals. "It is either wade ashore in this icy water or freeze to death while waiting for the tide," Smith announced. So saying he leapt into the water up to his waist, the others following.

Wet and benumbed they sought shelter in the nearest habitations and sent for provisions to Powhatan, who gave a plentiful supply of bread, turkeys, and venison. On the next day that chief, after receiving them as usual, turned



abruptly to Captain Smith and asked curtly, "Well, how soon will you be gone?"

"When we have obtained the corn you promised us."

"I promised you no corn," grunted the chief.

Smith stared at him in amazement, asking hotly, "How can you deny it? You sent messengers stating what you would do, and we have come in consequence."

"I sent you no messengers. I have no corn, neither have my people, but I can get you forty baskets of it for forty swords."

"You say that you sent no messengers, while behind you stand the very men that came from you, so 't is useless for you to attempt to deny it."

Powhatan dismissed the subject with a laugh, but, finding they had brought him neither swords nor guns, he vowed that a basket of corn was more valuable than a basket of copper.

"Very well, Powhatan," replied Smith, concealing his chagrin under the mask of haughtiness, "yours is by no means the only tribe of which I can procure provisions; I came because you sent me an offer. I have neither guns nor swords to trade, and I have sufficient food to keep my people from want."

This bold reply seemed to surprise the King. "So be it," he answered. "All the corn that we can spare you shall have within two days. But your weapons you must put aside, for my people think that you have come to take possession of their lands. You said an enemy had driven you from the seas, and that you would go across the waters when your Father Newport came again. Thrice has he been back, and still you are here, and more come."

"We cannot leave until our great Father across the seas has slain our enemies or brought them to peace," replied Smith, craftily, for the situation demanded adroit



POCAHONTAS (*From the painting by Sully*)



diplomacy. "Father Newport brings us more men that our enemy cannot attack us here."

Smith, unperturbed, calmly haggled with the old Indian for "ten quarters of corn for a copper kettle," and a bargain was made that the kettle should belong to the Indian if the latter would give the same quantity of corn the next year, or in its stead the country of the Monacans.

"Now," hinted the chief, "you and I being the best of friends, why can you not visit us without your arms? My people will not be convinced that you are not come to make war upon them." After a few moments he added, "Think you I am so simple as not to know that it is better to eat good meat, lie well and sleep quietly, laugh and be merry with you, have copper, hatchets, and whatever I want, being your friend, than be forced to fly from all, lie cold in the woods, feed upon acorns, roots, and such trash, and so be hunted by you that I can neither rest, eat, nor sleep? But my tired men must watch, and if a twig but break every one crieth, 'There cometh Captain Smith!' Then must I fly I know not whither, and with fear end my miserable life, leaving my pleasures to such youths as you."

To this smooth speech Smith replied, "Had we intended to harm you, we could have accomplished it long ere this. When your people came to Jamestown they were permitted to wear their bows and arrows without exception, for we supposed it to be your custom, as it is ours, to wear your weapons with your clothes."

The two continued to argue for some time, and at last resumed their trading. The old Emperor, learning anew that he could not have his way with Smith, noting that the white man's guard had not been dismissed, and that they still wore their arms in spite of his objections, burst forth with: "Captain Smith, I never treated any chief so kindly as yourself, yet from you I receive the least kindness of any.



Captain Newport gave me swords, clothes, copper, a bed, towels, or what I desired, ever taking what I offered him, and would send away his guns when I entreated him. Captain Newport you called father, and so you call me, but I see that in spite of us both you will do what you list, and we must seek to content you. But if you intend to be so friendly as you say, send hence your arms that I may believe you, for the love I bear you doth cause me nakedly to forget myself."

Believing that the chief's scheme was to consume time until a suitable opportunity should present itself to massacre them, the white men induced the savages to break the ice so that the boat might be near enough to shore to be available for sudden flight as well as to receive the corn. It being Smith's intention to surprise the Indians, he ordered more of his men to come ashore, doing his utmost the while to allay the shrewd savages' suspicions.

Having given his orders, Smith returned to the chief. "Powhatan," he began, speaking calmly and loftily, "you must know that as I have but one God, I honor but one King, and I live not here as your subject but as your friend, to pleasure you with what I can. By the gifts you bestow on me you gain more than by trade, yet would you visit me as I do you, you should know that it is not our custom to sell our courtesies as a commodity. Bring all your countrymen with you as your guard; I will not dislike it as being over-zealous, but to content you to-morrow I will leave my arms and trust to your promise. I call you father indeed, and as a father you will see I love you; but the small care you have of such a child causes my men to persuade me to look to myself."

He walked away as he finished speaking. Returning later with Philip, the two found to their surprise that the chief had fled, taking his wives and children and all his portable effects. "What do you suppose he means by this

move?" asked Philip, when they had noted the evidences of sudden flight.

"It can mean only one thing. Our throats are to be cut during his absence."

Three women now entered the house and began to talk unconcernedly, as if nothing unusual had happened. "Where has your chief gone, and what made him leave us in haste like this?" asked Smith sternly.

"He has gone but a little way," replied one. "He will be back ere long."

At this moment Philip touched the captain's hand, and turning, the latter saw without a host of warriors that, like a threatening cloud, were gradually coming nearer and nearer, until the house was completely surrounded.

"It looks like the beginning of the end," whispered Philip.

"We must fight our way out," replied the other. Each holding a cocked pistol in one hand and clutching a drawn sword with the other, marched boldly out, the savages standing back in startled awe to make way. They were soon joined by eighteen soldiers who had hastened to their assistance. Being now in a position to demand an explanation Smith insisted upon knowing the cause of this sudden treachery.

Out from among his fellows stepped an old warrior, carrying a large bracelet and a chain of pearls, which he presented to Captain Smith on behalf of his chief. Smooth-tongued and subtle, he explained that Powhatan had merely withdrawn from fear of the guns, and that he had sent some of his men to guard his corn, lest it should be stolen without their commander's knowledge. He had been instructed by his chief to say that now, the ice being broken, the corn might be shipped, and that Powhatan still insisted that the weapons which had so frightened his people be sent away.

The corn was loaded with the assistance of the savages,

who seemed anxious for the departure of their visitors; but the boats being still aground owing to the ebb tide, their departure was unavoidably delayed. Apparently reconciled to their presence, the Indians engaged in various games for the entertainment of their visitors.

Night came on, black and stormy; the wind roared through the bare trees and the rain fell in torrents. Gath-



OLD SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY, VIRGINIA

ered in the quarters assigned to them, the English lost the feeling of security they had known earlier in the evening, and a mantle of gloomy silence fell upon the company. They sat staring vacantly at the fire, not knowing what their danger might be, and unable to prepare against it. Captain Smith, thoughtful and watchful, from time to time went to the door of the lodge where they were sheltered and looked out upon the crashing, roaring night.

"There is good cheer in store for us, at the worst," he

observed, drawing his head in from the weather after one such inspection. "These wild naturals are preparing roasts for us, and I mistake greatly if I did not see turkeys browning before the fire."

"Belike they would fatten us before they slay us," grumbled one of the party.

"I care not, so that I am shortly fed," cried another, "for my stomach clings together like an empty glove."

"Nay, you shall line it well, then," Smith assured him. "Bide here while I go to see the cooking," he added, lifting the mat that hung before the door and passing into the black night before any could expostulate.

"Shall we not follow to see that no harm comes to him?" asked one of the men, turning to Philip, who was recognized as lieutenant next to their leader.

"Nay," made answer Philip, "an he had wanted our company we should have known it. Belike he has some purpose in going out alone which we should prevent if we went after him. As for harm, we need have no fear that it will befall him, alone though he is," he added, preaching a faith in the man that they all shared.

Thus reassured, and made complacent by the prospect of food, which ever works wonders, the men fell into easier mood.

John Smith had a very different purpose in leaving the lodge from seeing how the cooking went forward. His apprehension for the safety of the company was aroused to the highest pitch. He mistrusted Powhatan more than ever, and felt in his heart that some danger lurked even in the food that they prepared so ostentatiously. He went forth into the night that he might watch the savages and thwart any surprise they might intend.

He stood at a corner of the bark lodge where the Englishmen had been quartered by the Indians, watching the wig-



wam where the Indians were cooking, but obscured in the shadow of a large tree that kept the light of the fire from falling on him. The cold wind cut through his soaked garments to the skin. The sluicing rain whipped against his face, half-blinding him. The elements were in a very tempest, shaking the trees as though they would tear them from the ground, and shrieking in the distance with hideous cries.

Standing there obscured in the shadow of the tree, fancying himself unobserved, he was startled and confused by the touch of a hand on his sleeve. Restraining the shout that arose to his lips, he placed his own hand quickly and firmly where he felt the touch and turned his face, peering into the almost impenetrable darkness with eager eye.

His hand rested upon tiny fingers, that trembled as they clutched his sleeve. His eyes, widening in the obscurity, discerned the form of an Indian maiden, vague and obscure, making a thicker darkness in the gloom that surrounded him. He could not see, but he felt in the touch on his sleeve, and in something more subtle that emanated from his mysterious companion, that it was Pocahontas,— and that it was the woman in her which came to him there through the night.

*"Mauchic chami,"* whispered a voice. The hand beneath his trembled again, and clutched his sleeve as it never had before. He knew it was indeed Pocahontas, and that it was a woman that had come.

*"Mauchic chami,"* he whispered in answer, softly, so that none could hear. "I thought I had lost you."

"My father has kept me from you, because he wanted to kill you," she murmured. "He will kill you to-night. I have come to tell you to flee." Her voice shook with emotion. She caught her breath in a sob as she finished.

Captain Smith turned more fully toward her, still keeping himself behind the tree.

"How mean you they will kill us to-night, child?" he asked.

"They will bring you great cheer presently, and while you eat they will kill you," she replied, "and if they do not do as they wish then, my father with all his braves will come in the night to fall upon you and kill you all. I



THE JAMES RIVER PASSING THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE

heard what they planned, and I stole away in the night to tell you, lest they kill you, too."

"Have no fear of that, my child," whispered John Smith, comforting her. "You have been at great trouble to come here; we will give you beads and pretty things. Come!"

"No! No!" in an intense whisper, "I want no beads. And if my father saw me with them he would know that I had come to you; he would kill me. And I want no beads!"

Her other hand came to rest on his sleeve as the first had done as she repeated it. Her arms quivered with emotion;

her breast rose and fell swiftly; tears clung to her long lashes. The woman had arrived!

"Why did the Indian maiden come?" he asked, softly.

"Why does the bird sing to the morning?" she answered, her voice like the breath of June in the grass of the flowering prairie. "Why does the wild rose lift its face to the sun? Why does the river flow to the sea and lose itself? Why do I come to the white man?"

Her soft and trembling body was pressed against his. She freed her hands to place them about his neck. Through the blackness of the night he could see the woman glowing in her eyes. In an instant she was gone through the storm, silently and mysteriously as she had come. Captain Smith, all a-tremble, entered the lodge where his companions awaited their supper.

"Palefaces put out lights. Smoke makes Indians sick!"

Powhatan's men, bringing the food they had prepared for Smith and his soldiers, made wry faces at the matches which the men had ready kindled for their guns. The eye of Smith traveled swiftly about the circle, and no word was spoken. Neither were the matches extinguished. The Indians, having an unnamed dread of this werowance, said no more, but served the food.

"Go back to Powhatan," said Smith, after he had first made the Indians taste of each dish, "and tell him that if he is coming to visit us to-night let him make haste, for I am ready to receive him."

Powhatan did not come that night, but in the morning he came, as a friend, with many protestations, so that when Smith entered the pinnace and started for the Pamunkee village the parting was as though they were brothers.

But Pocahontas came not with the chieftain and his braves.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### INTIMIDATING A CHIEF

THE Pamunkees greeted their visitors with due cordiality, but on the day set for the trading the chief met them with an abundance of armed men, but with no corn. In a brief but energetic speech Smith so reproached Opechancanough for breaking his promise, that the Indian agreed that on the following day he would come generously provided with the desired grain. When Smith at the head of fifteen men marched to the chief's house they found there several baskets of corn, and the head of the tribe apparently in an obliging humor. While he and Smith were talking Master Russell leapt into the room crying, "We are betrayed! There are hundreds of Indians surrounding the house and in the fields."

Smith's little army was dismayed by the multitude of red men, as well it might be, for sixteen men seemed almost helpless when confronted by some 700 warriors. The chief did not understand English, but he gathered the purport of Russell's announcement, and he was about to withdraw when Smith detained him with a gesture.

"Say something to our men, quick, for they are panic-stricken," whispered Philip. As coolly as if delivering a lecture before an admiring audience, Smith turned and addressed his men.

"Worthy countrymen," said he, "were the mischiefs of my seeming friends no more than the dangers of these enemies, I little care were these as many more, did you but do as I. But this is our torment: That if I escape them our malicious council with their open-mouthed



minions will make me such a peace-breaker — in their opinions in England — as will break my neck. I wish those were here who make these savages seem saints and me an oppressor. But this is the most of all, wherein I pray you aid me with your opinions: Should we begin with them and surprise the King, we cannot keep him and



A VIRGINIA TOBACCO FIELD

defend ourselves; if we each should kill our man and so proceed with all in the house, the rest will fly; then we shall get no more than the bodies we have slain, and so starve for want of victuals.

“Their fury is our least danger, for, as you well know, I was alone and assaulted by three hundred of them, yet by the help of God my life was spared. We are but sixteen and they seven hundred; yet assure yourselves God will so assist us that if you but discharge your pieces the very smoke will be sufficient to affright them. Let us fight like men,

and not die like sheep, for by that means God hath oft delivered me, and so I trust will now. But first I will deal with them, to bring it to pass that we may fight for something, and draw them to it by conditions. If you like this notion, promise me to be valiant."

"Whatever your plan we will carry it out!" cried Philip, the others assenting with a cheer.

Turning to the cowering chief, Smith said: "I see, Opechancanough, your plot to murder me; but I fear it not. As your men and mine have done no harm but by your directions, take therefore your arms — you see mine. My body shall be as naked as yours. The island in the river is a fit place, if you be contented; there we will fight, and the survivor shall be lord and master over all our men. If you have not enough men, take time to fetch more; and bring what number you will, so every one has a basket of corn against which I will stake the value in copper. You see I have but fifteen men. The game at which you and I play is: The Conqueror Takes All."

The huge chief was not accustomed to doing things openly and aboveboard. Craft and treachery were his weapons, and he listened sourly to Smith's challenge. Smothering his distaste as best he might, he merely stated that he had a fine present outside for the white werowance if he would step out to receive it.

"Go out and see what new treachery he is planning," Smith ordered one of his men. The fellow, whose name has been withheld, whitened and shrank back with fear; "I dare not," he stammered with trembling lips.

The others, ashamed of their comrade, begged to go, but Philip was the first to reach the door, and returned with the information that at least 200 men stood with drawn bows ready to shoot the president of Virginia as soon as he should come within view.

Smith's eyes blazed with anger as he cried, "Master West, Master Stevens, Lieutenant Percy, make good the house. Master Powell, see that the door is guarded." Springing suddenly and unexpectedly upon the chief he



CAPTAIN SMITH SUBDUES CHIEF OPECHANCANOUGH  
(From a drawing by Freeland A. Carter)

deftly wound about his hand the long lock that hung stiffly over the painted shoulder, dragging his enemy to his knees. Exclamations of fear and anger were heard on every side; the Indians within the house made a mad rush for the door. Pulling Opechancanough to his feet, and placing a pistol against the broad breast Smith led him outside that the warriors might see their captive King powerless and humiliated, and in sight of all forced him to lay down his vambrace and bows and arrows. The Indians were thunderstruck that any man should have courage to treat their awe-inspiring ruler thus. When the white

chief cried, "Down with your arms, every man of you, and stand before me," they obeyed instantly.

Still holding their King by the hair, Smith addressed his trembling audience. He told them that he understood their desire to kill him, and that he had been forced to this measure by their injurious conduct, which he would not have borne so long had he not promised to be their friend. "If I keep my vow my God will keep me — you cannot hurt me; but if I break it He will destroy me," he said. He threatened that if they shot a single arrow or spilled a drop of blood he should not cease his revenge so long as one of the tribe remained alive. He reminded them that he was not at present half-drowned with mire, as when they had taken him prisoner, and that their sparing his life at that time almost made him doubt their present treachery. He ended thus:

"But if I be the mark you aim at, here I am; shoot, he that dare. You promised to freight my ship before I departed and so you shall, or I will load her with your dead carcasses. Yet, if as friends you will come and trade, I once more promise not to trouble you, except you give me first occasion, and your King shall be free and be my friend, for I am not come to hurt any of you."

This speech, together with Smith's rough treatment of their chief, made lambs of the Indians, who stumbled against each other's heels in their efforts to load the boats. Numbers of them crowded about the captain with presents in such quantities that he asked two of his companions to take his place while he slipped away for a little rest. Going into an empty wigwam he threw himself upon a heap of skins and fell asleep.

Warily approaching, one of the savages peeped in and, discovering the terrible paleface wrapped in slumber and harmless as are other mortals when asleep, slipped away



and informed his companions. "Now is the time to kill him," they said, "while he sleeps, and while his friends are out of the way."

Philip, who had been helping to direct the loading of the boats, went in search of the captain to tell him that all was now ready, when he saw the Indian gliding away from the wigwam. Going around by the underbrush, he managed to come up unseen from the other side. Concealing himself behind a sumach bush covered by dead and tangled vines, he waited to see what was going on. He could not believe that harm was meant, since the Indians had shown such fear of Smith, and he did not wish to complicate matters by giving a needless alarm. It was not long before he saw the red men approaching by the dozen, a dusky procession armed with clubs, and coming cat-foot as if in fear of waking their victim. In spite of the gravity of the situation the watcher could not forbear smiling at the number it seemed to require to master one man of courage and resolution. Waiting until they were near enough to the wigwam to prevent their seeing over it, Philip sprang from the bushes and called out, "Captain Smith, the savages are upon you."

The sleeper woke instantly and seized his arms. The confusion attracted the attention of some of the soldiers, who ran to their commander and his friend, while the savages, seeing their plan thwarted, fled in terror. The chief afterward made excuses for the attempted murder, the captain seeming to take an apology in good part.

Living in fear of their white neighbors, who had threatened to burn their houses and destroy their boats, the Indians flocked to the river banks, and brought corn through the frost and snow, carrying it on their naked backs. It was at this time that they concocted another scheme to put their enemy out of existence. Wecuttanow, son of Pow-



TUCKAHOE, SOUTH FRONT: THE HOME OF THE RANDOLPHS



hatan, put poison into some food and brought it to Smith, and the captain, as well as some of his men, were made ill by it. Believing himself well guarded by his friends, the chief's son boasted of his attempt. The captain replied, "I scorn to treat you better than a dog, for you do not deserve it," and having dragged the young Indian away from his fellows, he gave him a sound beating and released him.



A TOBACCO FIELD AT CUTTING TIME

It was Smith's intention to surprise Powhatan and take possession of his store of provisions, but just as he had his plans well laid for the accomplishment of the scheme, he found that the chief had been warned, and that he with all its inhabitants had fled from Werowocomoco. When he was considering what to do, a messenger came from Jamestown with the tidings that Master Scrivener and Captain Waldo had been drowned in attempting a voyage in the skiff, and he at once set out for the settlement.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### SEYMOUR REDEEMS HIMSELF

CAPTAIN SMITH, returning to Jamestown with the supply of corn, found affairs in the turmoil that inevitably developed when he was absent from the community. Master Scrivener, whom he had left in charge, had either foolishly or maliciously undertaken an expedition in one of the small boats, taking with him Captain Waldo, whom Smith had left with instructions to be ready to come to his succor if he should need help. The boat, overloaded, had encountered a storm and the entire party had been drowned, leaving Jamestown under the direction of Captain Winne, a man without experience, whose authority the settlers did not feel called upon to respect.

Dissensions and mutinies waxed swiftly until the return of Smith, when they disappeared from the surface, if they still lingered in the hearts of the malcontents. The redoubtable captain, undismayed, laid his firm hand upon the community again and soon set things in order. One matter there was, however, that gave him no little anxiety. He learned when he reached Jamestown that Lupe and Adams, whom he had left at Werowocomoco building a house for Powhatan, had been at Jamestown and obtained arms, representing to Winne that Captain Smith had sent them. Mutiny and insubordination at Jamestown he could control, but treacherous renegades among the Indians were a threatening danger against which he could only provide watchfulness and preparedness. Concealing his apprehension, even from Philip Stevens, he went about reorganizing the work of building cabins and houses, keeping the men

employed with profit to themselves and benefit to the colony.

Philip Stevens, meanwhile, was in no pleasant frame of mind. His willingness to forgive Betty for her high-handed treatment of him had broken under the letter he had received from Will Ballard. He firmly resolved to have no more of her, even in his thoughts, and faithfully strove to carry out his resolve; which was the cause of his sourness, for his heart clung to her, whether he would or not.

Being in such a temper, he made no attempt at overtures toward Master Seymour, who was apparently further in his evil ways than ever. Seemingly confused by a guilty conscience, he kept himself apart in sullen taciturnity, scarcely so much as casting an eye upon his companion from one day's end to another. The unnatural situation only added to the asperity of Philip's temper, and some hasty climax would have come between them if Master Seymour had not gone to live with William More, one of his evil companions.

Philip, although glad to be rid of Master Seymour's sulky humor, was nevertheless angered against him for taking up with such a one in preference to himself, and made complaint against his old tutor to Captain Smith.

"Matters have gone from worse to worse," he said. "First he must consume his soul in mystery, thrusting me out of the friendship we have had for many years. Then, forsooth, he must foregather with evil and idle fellows, slinking and slying among them, refusing to go with you on your expeditions, though he came for the purpose of getting knowledge of the country, and now he flies quite off to take up with such a scurvy knave as yonder More! He has had much to say of plottings. Who knows what manner of plots he is making now?"

"We can but watch him, at the best," returned Captain

Smith, with no appearance of annoyance or misgiving, "and at the worst he has no teeth."

With which he dismissed the subject, giving it no further heed, which set Philip to wondering in his mind.

On a morning not long after Master Seymour had left his cabin, Philip came running to the house of Captain Smith out of breath and in great excitement.

"There is mischief abroad!" he cried, as soon as he could. "The arsenal has been entered and swords and pistols stolen; this fellow More and some two or three others are gone out of sight, and even now a fellow came to say that there are Indians prowling about the glass house."

The glass house was a rude structure at a distance from the settlement, where Smith had conducted experiments in the manufacture of glass.

Captain Smith glanced at him in quick surprise, but before he could utter a word the door, which Philip had closed that none might hear what he had to say to the president, slowly opened, and Master Seymour entered the room, closing the door again behind him. The two looked at him blankly. He returned their gaze, meeting their eyes fully without any embarrassment, and with the old frank and kindly expression in his face.

"I have been down through the gates of purgatory," he said, with a grandiloquent air facetiously assumed — for the old philosopher loved his joke. "I have dwelt with the imps of hell, forsaking my friends and forsaken of them. Now my work is done, and I have come back to my own once more. Receive me into your arms, O Philip."

There was no answer on the part of Philip save an incredulous, wondering stare; but Captain Smith found words without loss of time.

"So my heart told me," he cried, rising to grasp the

other's hand warmly. "My heart told me that Master Seymour did but seek his own way of serving us."

"Now, for the love of Heaven, come to speaking straightforwardly and leave parables to the priests," exclaimed Philip, interrupting the thanks that Master Seymour murmured, being consumed with curiosity to know what this mask portended.

"So you thought your old tutor a renegade, a traitor, a double-dyed villain?" said Master Seymour to him, enjoying the mystery to the last. "Nay, break not into apology, for you rather flatter me than injure me. I must have dissembled well indeed to have deceived my young friend."

"You mean this was a trick of yours to plot with these scurvy villains?" cried Philip, grasping the truth at last.

Both Master Seymour and Captain Smith roared at his



CAPTAIN SMITH AND THE CHIEF OF THE PASPAHEGHS



ingenuous guilelessness; but the laugh of Smith was brief. He turned in the midst of it to Master Seymour.

"What have you learned, then?" he asked, seriously.

"I have learned that there be many traitors about us," made answer Master Seymour, falling at once into the other's mood. "An you will bide with me I will tell you."

Captain Smith motioned him to a seat with a jerk of his head, fixing him with impatient eyes. The three took seat about the table in the center of the small room, and leaned their heads close together, speaking in low voices, lest they be heard by any who might peep at the door.

"I have had much to say to you of plots from the beginning of our being here," Master Seymour commenced. "It did not take me many days to find those who fomented strife in the community. Since Kendall would have escaped I have been watchful. Presently there came this fellow Lupe and William More. I knew they meant evil, and fell in with them by design, slowly coming to be close to them.

"I saw they would avail little for the present, being at cross-purposes among themselves, and lacking in numbers and courage to undertake anything of importance. So I clung to them still, biding my time. But that there might be no suspicions concerning me I was forced to assume toward my friend here the face and bearing of a conspirator; for I knew not when my fellow-conspirators might send one to peep beneath the door, which they frequently did, if I may judge by the watch they kept on each other, for each feared that the other would betray him.

"I would not go with you on your recent voyage, though my desire was great, for I feared the plot ripened. I marked how skillfully Lupe and Adam and Francis—for the Dutchmen have been ever the worst of them all since they came—contrived that they should be the ones sent to build a house for Powhatan, and I thought the villainy



VARINA, ON THE JAMES RIVER



would come from that direction. Thinking so, I fell closer and closer into the vile companionship of More, — bah! I spit to think of it! — and now I have my reward.

“Listen! Here comes the nubbin! Francis comes to Jamestown this very day at the head of Indians to capture the valiant John Smith. The savages are provided with arms that the Dutchmen came for, and others that More has stolen from the armory. All those who went to build the house for the chief have joined with the Indians. And now they come with Francis at their head, to slay their old friends, and More has gone forth to meet them. I am to lead their victim into the trap, and even as I speak they lie in the old glass house awaiting us.”

“Soho!” said Smith, with a whistle, when the other had finished. “There lies the wind! I think we may check-mate this. Philip,” said he, turning to him, “do you gather together twenty of your best men with arms and let them come to my door one by one,—taking care to hide their tactics from the glass house,—and as many as may be from their fellows about the fort. Are there any more of their number left among us?” he added, turning again to Master Seymour.

“Only myself,” returned the philosopher, chuckling.

Philip, stopping to grasp his old companion by the hand with such praise as his eloquence could contrive, rushed from the room to do the bidding of his captain.

“There is other matter that I did not tell you, thinking you might rather wish to hear it alone,” observed Master Seymour, when Philip was gone. He could not get his fill of the mysterious.

“Speak on, then,” Smith urged him. “I must straight-way be moving.”

“This knave More has but one ambition in his conspiracy, and that is to have the daughter of the chief to wife. For that he would betray his friends and lose his



soul. It is for that that he would have you captured and killed."

He said it with a shrewd glance at his auditor. Captain Smith, aware of the glance, perceived that Master Seymour had the same thoughts of Pocahontas's kindness toward him as he himself had. Biting his lip and scowling, he



SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

raised his fist and crashed it against the table, which leapt again beneath the blow. He said no word throughout. The table still danced and quivered when Philip pushed open the door and made a sign that all was ready.

"Shall I lead you into the trap?" grinned Seymour.

"Nay, we shall make as little noise of this as may be," returned Captain Smith. With that the valiant soldier left, followed by his lieutenant and the score of men.

When they arrived at the glass house the enemy had

flown. Bidding Philip take the men and follow them, Smith started back to the fort alone. Accustomed as he was to danger, he had grown incautious regarding his personal safety, and was strolling along wrapped in thought when he was startled by a savage grunt that seemed to come from a bush almost at his elbow. Stopping at once, he beheld the huge chief of the Paspaheghs, who had joined the expedition under Francis. Adopting a friendly mien, he mentioned some articles he had for trade, which he said his men were bringing to Jamestown. If the captain would go a little way into the forest where the bearers of the goods were resting, he could take a look at them.

Understanding that this was a trap, the white man answered that he had no wish to trade at that moment, and started on his way, regretting deeply that he had only his sword, having lent his pistol to one of the pursuing party. The Indian was quick to notice that his intended victim was carrying no firearm. Stepping back, he drew his bow.

Quick as lightning, and with an impact that almost knocked the breath out of his assailant, the sturdy and active Englishman was upon him and the two were locked in a mighty embrace. Round and round they struggled, the Indian not being able to use his bow, while the white man was prevented from unsheathing his blade. Backward and forward they struggled and pulled, neither seeming to gain the advantage, until the chief succeeded in lifting his antagonist from the ground. Bearing him to the river's edge he prepared to pitch him into the water.

The other, meanwhile, had made up his mind that if go into the water he must, he should not go alone. Clinging to the giant with a desperate clutch, Smith would not allow himself to be released, so with a great splash both went into the river at once, the water at that point coming about to their knees. There a fearful struggle ensued, but the white

man secured a firm grip of the Indian's throat, held on with the tenacity of a bulldog with one hand, and with the other unsheathed his sword. "I am going to cut off your head and bear it home to my people," Smith asserted.

The other made gestures so piteous and muttered his contrition in a manner so humbled that the other relented. Leading him to Jamestown he put him in chains.

Philip had returned to the fort bearing Francis as his prisoner. The German insisted that he had been detained by Powhatan against his will, and that to-day he was making his escape from his captors at the risk of his life. Captain Winne was inclined to believe the story, but the chief of the Paspahighs told a different tale, and the traitor was condemned to penal servitude.

The chief, who was treated with great kindness, escaped; the effort to recapture him resulted in some trouble and bloodshed, but ended in a friendly understanding, which held as long as Smith remained in Virginia.



INTERIOR OF A TOBACCO WAREHOUSE



## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE PASSING OF SMITH

IT seemed for a time that Jamestown was on the broad road to prosperity; twenty new houses were built, a well was dug, and every one was busy and contented. Still, misfortune was not far away, and came this time in the shape of rats, those mischievous rodents eating up the grain, and reducing the inhabitants to a most unsatisfactory diet. Master Seymour, now become a hero in the colony, said, "This is a time when everybody should work to obtain food. Even I, Martin Seymour, who never have been obliged to do such work, have learned to make a mixture of dried sturgeon and herbs which is quite palatable when compared to roots and acorns." Philip went with Lieutenant Percy to Point Comfort to try net-fishing in order to furnish sustenance for the colony, but the lazy members of his party preferred to be quartered on the Indians, who fed them with great hospitality.

Smith, who was determined that the "Dutchmen" should return to the colony, employed William Volday, a Swiss, to negotiate the matter. This man also proved to be a renegade, for instead of working in the interests of the colony he lent himself to a conspiracy to destroy it. In this fell purpose he persuaded others to join him, as two of the conspirators, repenting, confessed to Smith. The discovery of this plot aroused so much indignation that Philip, Lieutenant Percy, and some of the others declared their willingness to seek the culprits and cut their throats in the very presence of Powhatan. It may not be amiss at this point to relate the ultimate fate of those men, few of



whom died a natural death. One of them was executed by the order of Powhatan, while Volday, the Swiss, having escaped to England, told of rich gold mines he had discovered in Virginia, and being allowed to return on the strength of this information was proved to be a falsifier and died laden with deserved scorn and contempt.

The colony was much surprised, while living on its meager fare, by a visit from young Samuel Argall, a kinsman of Sir Thomas Smith, treasurer of the London company. This young man, who came over to fish for sturgeon, is said to have steered a straighter course from London than any mariner before him. The wine and provisions he brought were welcomed by the settlers, who were not disposed to cavil because of his fishing in their waters, though it was forbidden to any but settlers.

Henry Hudson, it appeared, from Argall's budget of European news, had left the service of English merchant adventurers after his second failing to find the Northwest Passage, and had taken the commission from the Dutch East India company that was to lead to his discoveries of the river and bay that bear his name, and to the settlement of New York. The French continued active, and Champlain was extending the dominions of his empire; soon the British would find another rival in the Dutch.

He brought tidings of the dissatisfaction of the London company with the methods of Captain Smith, who was, among other things, accused of being too severe with the natives. They had applied to the King for a new charter, which had been granted. The names of more than twenty peers were represented therein, as well as those of men in almost all branches of business. The list of signers was headed by Robert Cecil, earl of Salisbury, and among other interesting signatories had Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, the philosopher, and Sir Oliver Cromwell, of



FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM



whose namesake and nephew, then a lad at Huntington School, the world was by-and-bye to hear. Instead of a president and council as before, a governor was provided, who with his counselors had almost absolute power in administering the laws enacted by the council in England.

"There is nothing in the new charter favorable to us," remarked Master Seymour, in talking the matter over with Philip. "We have not one political right."

"To my mind, the charter has only one commendable feature," returned his friend, "and that is the appointment of Lord Delaware as governor and captain-general of Virginia. His administration, I believe, from what I know of him, will be able and just."

"You remember I called at his London residence once to restore a lady's purse," remarked Master Seymour reminiscently.

"And lost, by your strategic move," Philip answered, his laugh ending with a sigh, for the mention of Lord Delaware reminded him of the last time he had called at that nobleman's mansion.

In addition to the appointment of a governor, Sir Thomas Gates was made lieutenant-general, Sir George Somers admiral, and Christopher Newport commander of the fleet. Argall also brought the news that under this new régime nine vessels bearing 500 settlers had set sail for America. Seven of these arrived at the expected time, and the whole colony was thereby thrown into confusion. The cause of the trouble was that Gates, Somers, and Newport each carried a copy of a commission stating that the one first to arrive should have power to revoke the old order of things, and to begin the new.

"Almost everybody who has had anything to do with this colony has managed to get into trouble," observed Seymour, thereupon, "and what must those three gentle-



men do but begin such a struggle for first place that it ended in their all coming over on the same ship, the *Sea Venture*. A storm came up, and that vessel with its three lawgivers aboard is one of the missing two. Now none knows who should be at the head of things. Ratcliffe, Archer, and Martin, for whom we have no use whatever,



SIR THOMAS SMITH

of course must turn up safe and sound," went on the speaker, who occasionally forgot his philosophy in his disgust with the trend of things in unhappy Jamestown.

Although knowing that his rule was rapidly nearing its end, Smith continued to manage the affairs of the colony to the best of his ability. To extend the area of colonization, as well as to keep the idle at work, he sent Captain West with 120 men to form a settlement at Powhatan, just below the falls, and dispatched Martin with an equal number to Nansemond for the same purpose. Martin made a decided failure of his enterprise. West doing a little better, Smith procured for him from the Indians a fine tract of land, which was named Nonesuch.

On his way back to Jamestown, a bag of powder exploded

while Captain Smith was asleep in his boat, and seriously injured him. In an agony of pain he sprang into the water, and was with much difficulty saved from drowning. Philip, who had been requested by Smith to remain at home to help quell any disturbance that might arise, beheld his friend's condition with dismay. "We shall soon have you well again," he said, encouragingly, as they carried the injured man to his house.

"You shall not see me well again in Virginia," replied the invalid. "I feel that I must return to England to be cured."

While watching beside his friend one night, Philip, believing that he would be less restless and more likely to fall asleep if left alone in the darkness for a time, took the light and went to the next room. Sitting down by the window he fell into a slumber, from which he was awakened by a slight noise which seemed to come from the apartment of the invalid. Snatching up the light he hastily rejoined him.

"I have had a visitor during your absence," Smith said with a faint smile.

"A visitor? What right had any one to disturb you at this hour? Ah, 't was some piece of villainy, I can see by the expression of your face."

Philip was about to plunge out of the room in search when the captain detained him. "No, let him go. He will not trouble me again. I had closed my eyes and was dozing, when something woke me, and in the bright moonlight I saw a man standing beside me with a pistol. He held the weapon cocked, and 't was but the lifting of a finger betwixt me and eternity. 'T would have been of no avail to cry out, and I could only wait. Then, I know not what made him stay his hand, but he stood uncertainly for a moment, until his arm dropped and he slipped away."

"But let me go. I will find the wretch and make him suffer for it."

"No, I beg of you, do nought. I know who it was, and I am willing to leave his punishment to a higher power."

Captain Smith never told the name of his would-be murderer, but the attempted tragedy is supposed to have been the result of a conspiracy formed by Ratcliffe, Archer, and their friends.



ROBERT CECIL

As Captain Smith had predicted, he was obliged to return to England to procure proper medical aid, and it was with sad hearts that Philip and Master Seymour accompanied their friend to the ship.

"If Virginia ever has so good a ruler again she will be lucky, but she never will have a better," said Philip when they had waved a last adieu.

Captain Smith remained a long time gazing at the vanishing land for which he had given his best efforts, and where with few exceptions he had received so little encouragement and appreciation. And with him the heart and life of the colony sailed over the seas on that autumn day of the year 1609.

And what of the Indian maiden of dusky beauty with the light of womanhood in her dark eyes? Did she feel,

as she passed beneath the golden canopies of the forests that day, that her heart and her life sailed across the seas? Did she think of the time when this man should seek and find her, all unknowing that he was leaving the land of her fathers, never to return? Did some strange, uncontrollable dread steal over her spirit? Who shall say?



LORD DELAWARE



## CHAPTER XXX

### THE CONSTANT LOVER

ON a blustering March day in the year 1610 Mistress Betty Herbert sat before the fire in the great hall of Dartmore Abbey. Her embroidery frame stood unheeded at her side, and with her head leaning against the back of her chair she was gazing dreamily into the fire. By the window where she could get the best light on her work was Mistress Hutten, — the governess, as she still preferred to be called — engaged with a piece of sewing. Having made several remarks to which she had received no answer, Mistress Hutten cried in louder tones, “On my life, Betty, I wonder where your thoughts are to-day? I have been perplexed about these shades, and have asked you more than once if you think the tawny will go well with the rose; yet you no more reply than if I were a screaming peafowl.”

“Oh, I crave your pardon, my good Hutten. I fear me indeed that my thoughts had gone wool-gathering. Ah me! life is but a weary business!”

“Small wonder that you think so, shut up in this dreary place. ’T is two years since your father left us, and, allowing a year for mourning, you might have been in London among the gayeties there this twelvemonth, instead of remaining here at the Abbey now that it has gone with the title to your cousin. ’T is pity that he, being a rover, has told you to stay here while you list, for otherwise you might be in London, where, with your looks — though far be it from me to make you vain — and the bit of money left you, you might have made the best match of them all.”

"Very well, then!" cried Betty, in a sudden impetuosity, "we shall go to London to-morrow."

Hutten looked at her aghast.

"Ay, Hutten, to-morrow," she repeated. "If you have great preparations to make, you had better be employed upon them than in staring me out of countenance."



AN ENGLISH  
COUNTRY SCENE

"Why would you go so abruptly?" cried Hutten, at loss to account for the change in her young mistress. "An hour ago you scoffed, and now you fly off like a startled linnet!"

Betty made no reply, being lost in her own thoughts; for she had a weighty matter in hand, and had arrived that moment at a decision looking toward its advancement.

On the morrow they presented themselves at the town mansion of Lord Delaware. Betty's welcome was cordial enough, but somewhat hasty, for the household was all agog over a rout that they gave that night in honor of my lord's departure for Virginia.

"But for all that I must be laughing and entertaining my guests, my heart is heavy as lead," cried Lady Delaware, "for nought comes from that unhappy country but the blackest of news. But since he is appointed governor for life, he needs must pay the place a visit, especially as he has heard of the disappearance of the *Sea Venture* with the most important officials aboard. The poor soul is up almost every morning at cockcrow, looking over papers relating to the colony, and breaks his fast at the library table. Even now there is with him Captain John Smith, lately the president of Jamestown, with I know not what dismal relations."

"Indeed, I have heard much of him," returned Betty, heeding only that part of Lady Delaware's speech that mentioned Captain Smith. "His name is spread even to our country. Belike he will be at the rout to-night?"

She spoke casually, and with level brows, as though what she said was nothing; so how could Hutten know that this was the man of all others whom she had come to London to see, and that she had come because she had heard him spoken of so much in connection with Jamestown? How could Hutten know the heart of Mistress Betty?

"Nay," said Lady Delaware, answering her question, "he will not attend the rout, for a modesty overwhelms

him in the presence of ladies, whom he seems to fear more than the Indians of Virginia."

Betty said nothing further concerning him, speaking of other things. And when she talked to Hutten, as she set herself to rights after the journey, she said nothing of Captain John Smith, even when Hutten herself expressed a curiosity to see him. Neither had she a word of comment about her cousin's prospective departure; so how could Hutten know the vast reaches of possibilities that this opened up.

Descending presently to the drawing-room to present herself in time for dinner, Mistress Betty perceived as she entered, a man sitting in an obscure corner, ill at ease, though there was no one in the room beside him. At sight of her he stumbled to his feet with an awkward bow, and addressed her.

"You will forgive my intruding," he said, bashfully, "I am waiting for my lord, who would hear to nothing other than that I should dine with him, we having weighty business which we have not finished."

Coming closer to him, she saw a man of some thirty years or more, thick and rugged in frame, with a heavy black beard and blue eyes that fell upon one with the effect of a blow, so straightforward and vigorous was their gaze. The man, as he stood, favored one leg, hanging upon a stick as though he suffered in standing. Seeing this, and getting sight of the blue eyes, she bade him be seated again, although she had not theretofore intended to speak with him. Of a sudden, as he ventured thanks, she looked at him again with a new thought in her mind. She saw that he was rough and bronzed, as though by a hardy life, and that he had the air of having been much in rough places.

"Belike you speak with my lord concerning Virginia?" said Betty, indifferently, and as though she merely thought to be pleasing. She sat close to him as she spoke.



"That I do, mistress," returned the other, more at ease from her tone and informal manner.

"An it be not an impertinence, I should guess that you had come thence," went on Betty, exhibiting a casual interest in the conjecture.

"I have been back from there but a few months," replied the man.

"Belike you are glad to be back again; for we hear but evil tales of the unhappy land," she suggested.

"Nay," he answered warmly, "there are many idle stories concerning Vir-



LORD DELAWARE

ginia, and of a truth there are many hardships there, but for myself I would fain be back there, and at once."

"'T is not chivalrous of you to say so, at least," laughed the young woman, unable to resist the opportunity to coquet. The other passed into an eclipse of embarrassment, from which he emerged only when she broke silence again.

"Had you been long in Jamestown?" she asked.

"Since the beginning," he replied. "I sailed in the *Susan Constant*, with Captain Newport."

"Perchance you know the Captain Smith, then," observed Betty, lackadaisically, idling with her fan. "Since his return there have been many stories flying concerning him, and I hear that the company upbraids him; but for my part I believe that he has been the life and the soul of the colony since affairs were placed in his hands.



LADY DELAWARE (After the painting by Vandyke in Wardour Castle)

Perchance you can set me right in this confusion of tales."

The other blushed crimson as he answered.

"Nay," he said, "that I cannot; for I am he."

"If you are he, then I know I am right in my beliefs concerning him," she rejoined, half laughing at her apparent blunder, but wholly serious in the compliment. "If you

went on the *Susan Constant*, perchance you had a shipmate whom I knew in slight degree, he being once a suitor for the hand of a friend of mine, who is since wedded. His name was — la, I cannot be sure of his name! But 't is no great matter, for he turned out to be but an idle, knavish rogue, if tales be true, and he is long since forgotten."

A swift look of intelligence came into the eyes of Captain Smith, and was as swiftly hidden by his averted gaze.

"If you can but tell me what manner of man this was,— what his seeming and his countenance, perchance I can tell you of him, for I knew them all," he said.

"Nay," replied the girl, "I scarcely know what he looked like, having seen him but once or twice, and then having given his features little heed. Pray do not trouble further. 'T was but an idle question that I asked."

"I press further in the matter," Smith went on, not to be diverted, "because there was one of the ship's company who was in such a state of misfortunate love as you describe, though he was in no wise an idler nor yet a rogue, but so far to the contrary that he was one of the chief men of the colony, and my closest friend, upon whom I put all trust, even till my life rested upon him. That one's name was Philip Stevens."

She felt the eyes that looked blows fixed upon her face as the man spoke, and struggled to make no sign; but her lids quivered, and her breath came faster when he uttered the name of Philip.

"The name sounds strange," she said, with brave effort to seem unconcerned. "I do not think it was he." Her voice revealed the truth that her words sought to hide.

"Nay, then I know not who he might have been," pursued Captain Smith, eying her shrewdly, "and I am glad that it was not he; for I should not like to know that he was so poorly thought of by those whom he left behind, which would be an unmannerly and unmerited injustice; for a

braver cavalier and a truer heart never repined for the love of a woman, and never better deserved her love than this same lad of whom I speak. I am glad that he did not suffer the wrong of being thought any manner of knave. 'T were enough that his grief was great, and the injury his heart had has left its blight."

"Out upon you!" cried Mistress Betty, gayly. "Never tell me that any man that breathes would so long hold the image of a maiden in his heart as this friend of yours. He has a dusky Indian bride long ere this, I warrant you."

"Nay, there you are wrong," retorted Smith, adopting the spirit of levity in which she had spoken, "though 't is no fault of the natural maidens that he has not a dozen brides like a Turk. But a more faithful swain than Master Stevens, and one in whom love lingers stronger, never lived. He has told me all in his unhappiness, I being his close friend, and I know whereof I speak. Nay," he went on, becoming serious again; "his passion so burns in him that he holds to his dreams of his sweetheart in spite of her manner of treating him. For it seems that she flouted him, in sooth, because of some idle matter that was misunderstood so much that to this day he cannot lay his finger upon it to say what it was. Try as I might to make him believe that she was but a whimsical hussy and to cast her out of his mind, he clung to her hotly, waxing wrathful with me for persisting."

Closely he watched her face as he spoke. In it there was no sign.

"And pray, why do you not tell this to the fair wretch who makes him all this misery?" asked Betty, pertly, making light of the story.

"Ay, that I will, when I meet with her," replied Captain Smith, his glances beating through her forehead as though they would search out her thoughts.



"He has told you who she is, then?" returned the maiden. "Is that a loyal lover to boast of his ladylove?"

"Ay, he told me her name; but he boasted not, either then or, I warrant you, at any time. For boasts are furthest from his heart, he being a brave man and a true."

"And what was this cruel creature's name?" Betty resumed, looking out of window with an appearance of growing tired of the yarn.

"Nay, that I cannot tell you," answered Captain Smith, "though I know it well."

Her eyes were fixed upon the objects in the street without, and she was silent, having ceased to care for the story the other told, when Lord Delaware entered and came toward them, crying out her name as he came. At sound of it she colored and was chagrined, casting a hasty glance at Captain Smith.

The eyes that delivered blows when they looked were directed toward the man who gave her cousinly greeting. In them was no enlightenment that she could perceive: -

At the earliest possible moment on the following morning Mistress Betty skimmed down to the library, where, as she had expected, she found the master of the house engaged with his papers. Thomas West, the third Baron Delaware, was at this time under thirty-five years of age. This gentleman, for whom a tribe of Indians, a river, and one of the United States were named, was mild and agreeable of countenance. He wore a beard and a small mustache, and, considering the extravagance of apparel at that period, he was plainly attired. He had won distinction and knighthood in the Netherlands, and he had belonged to the privy councils both of Elizabeth and James.

His lordship was fond of his wife's beautiful young kinswoman, and he smiled genially as he bade her good morning, though he turned immediately to his work.



HUDSON'S SHIP, THE *Half Moon*, ON THE HUDSON RIVER (From the replica made for the Hudson-Fulton celebration, 1909)



Realizing that her presence at this moment was unwelcome, Betty remained nevertheless, standing facing him, with one hand resting on his writing table. "Uncle," she began resolutely, "I want to talk to you for a little."

"My dear Betty," was the gentle reply, "can you not see that I am very much engaged? In a few minutes I will call my secretary and we shall be busy until dinner. At dinner, therefore, my child, I will hear whatever 't is that you want me to know."

"And so will everybody else at table. This is private, it concerns me deeply, and I must speak of it at once."

"It must wait."

"It can't wait, and it shan't wait. I feel as if I should smother unless I speak to you about it right now."

Lord Delaware laid down his pen with a sigh of resignation, and waited silently for her communication. Circumlocution was not one of the young lady's characteristics, and she now announced without introductory remarks, "Uncle, I am going out to the Virginias with you!"

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed staring.

"Yes," folding her arms and nodding energetically; "you sail the day after to-morrow, and with you will go Betty Herbert and Hutten."

"Hutten!" he echoed.

"Yes. Of course I cannot go without her — 't would not be proper for a maid to travel without an elderly lady in her wake. I wonder that the fact of her going should surprise you, Uncle Thomas."

Frowning slightly, he answered, "Come child, this is no time for jesting. Save your jokes for the dinner-table."

"'T is not a joke," she insisted, frowning in her turn, and emphasizing her words by pounding the table with her little clenched fist. "I am going out to the Virginias on your ship!"



"Betty, are you mad? Were it a fitting place for ladies, I should let your aunt accompany me — to say nothing of the dangers of the voyage —"

"I love to face danger."

"And the privations which even at the best you must suffer in a new country —"

"I long to experience privations. All my life I have been cuddled up in wool, so to speak, and I want a change."

"Then for the love of Heaven go and live in one of the poorest districts of London, and stop talking about America." He resumed his pen as one who has dismissed a subject, but she coolly took it from him and placed it at the other end of the table. "Uncle Thomas, this is a vital matter to me, and hear me out you must. Four years ago I flouted the man I love, and he went out to the Virginias."

"Where, no doubt, he has forgotten all about you," was the sententious reply.

"My lord, am I a woman whom a man having once loved could forget?"

He surveyed her thoughtfully for a moment before replying, "You are not lacking in beauty, Betty, nor in vanity."

"Well, then," she went on, accepting the compliment and ignoring the sarcasm, "having learned that I was entirely in the wrong, I am going over to find him and to tell him so."

"Would it not be better to write and have him come to you?" he inquired coldly.

"It would not. I owe it to him to humble myself, since he has suffered on my account. Moreover, I could not wait until a letter had crossed the great ocean and he had crossed back again. That is why I am going with you."

Lord Delaware rose to his feet, and for the first time she heard him speak in an angry tone. "You are not going



AMBLER HOUSE, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD HOUSE OF BURGESSES

with me! This is the greatest piece of folly I ever heard. Let us have no more of it."

"You refuse your consent?"

"Absolutely!"

"Then I am going without it!"

"I will have you removed from the ship," he cried furiously.

"I will wager anything that you like that you will do nothing of the kind," she replied, sweetly, and taking up his pen she placed it gently in his fingers, and nodding slightly, withdrew. Lord Delaware remained for some moments with his pen in the air, absorbed in thought, then muttering, "Tush, 't is but one of her tricks," he rang for his secretary.

Returning to her own apartments, where her governess was waiting, Betty announced calmly, "Hutten, we are going out to the Virginias with his lordship."

"Betty, are you out of your senses?"

"We are going with Lord Delaware, but it must be a secret even from him. I prefer to do everything openly, but this he has prevented by his piggish obstinacy, so we must needs slip away in secret."

"If you go out to that awful country, Betty Herbert, you go alone! Ever since you were five years old have I been with you to teach you while you were small, and to guard the propriety of your conduct as you grew up. Now, I rebel and I remain at home."

"If you think to shake my purpose, you are very much mistaken, my dear old Hutten. I shall go alone if you refuse." With a malicious little smile she continued, "After all, I know not if you would be of much use to me out there, for you would soon be married."

"Married! I?"

"Ay. 'T is said that women are so scarce yonder that they may have their pick of husbands, and some of the colonists are of the finest families, too."

Mistress Hutten gazed thoughtfully from the window for some time, saying at last, "Betty, if you are determined to go out to that dreadful place it is my duty to go with you."

"Very well. Keep a silent tongue in your head, and I will contrive a plan whereby we shall outwit his lordship."

"But how mean you to do it?"

"Nay, Hutten, do but leave that to me," replied Mistress Betty, pinching her companion's cheek playfully, and shaking her head at her. "As for your part, all you shall have to do is to keep a silent tongue in your head."

Which Hutten promised to do, wondering much how the matter of getting to Virginia was to be brought about.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### THE STARVING TIME

IT was not until John Smith had left the colony that the full value of his labors and a complete appreciation of their need of him came to the settlers. George Percy, whom Smith left in command, was sick and could not maintain the rigid authority necessary to restrain the seditious elements of the community. The third supply had many restless spirits, gentlemen who had been sent to Virginia by long-suffering friends that they might be rid of them. These "unruly gallants" got into trouble with the Indians, who retaliated for wrongs done them after their own fashion.

The colony now contained 500 settlers. Many women and children had come with the third supply. They made startling inroads on the stores. Powhatan, now that Smith was gone, was not as friendly as he had been, and the Indians furnished little or no corn. Ratcliffe, going with thirty men to purchase supplies, was killed with all his followers. Hunger soon began to confront them. Behind the hunger lurked the specter of famine.

Much sympathy has been wasted over these sturdy pioneers, exposed to the harshness of the wilderness and lacking the barest necessities of life. As a matter of fact they were drawn largely from dependent classes in the old country, and dependent they remained in the new. What they might have found for laughter and rejoicing had they but tickled the ribs of mother nature with a hoe, instead of sitting idle to bewail a hungry fate, let the spreading fields, the fruit-laden orchards, the bounty-giving rivers of the Virginia of to-day proclaim!



Added to their hunger was distress from the cold. The houses were not sufficient to shelter so many. As winter came, the cold claimed victims, impoverished in their strength by the lack of nourishment. It was not long before there were houses enough to shelter those who remained. It was not long until the houses exceeded the need for them. The starving and freezing colonists resorted to tearing them down for fuel, having no strength to gather firewood in the forests, and lacking courage when they had the strength, for the woods were always infested with Indians who cut down those who wandered far. From time to time, flights of arrows came into the cluster of cabins, rattling about the logs and piercing the thatches of reeds.

Winter dragged itself along. The corn diminished steadily, but more slowly than it had when there were 500 mouths to feed. As spring approached the corn vanished. Those who survived lived on roots and acorns which they



A VIRGINIA APPLE ORCHARD

found under the snow. Day by day they starved. Gaunt men, mad-eyed children wandered through the streets to grovel in the mud at the outskirts of the settlement, seeking for food to keep them alive. Women, haggard and wide-eyed, sat in their cabins with set faces, waiting.

An Indian, stealing too close to the palisade on a murderous errand, was shot by a soldier. Men coming from their houses saw the soldier and some of his comrades cutting the dead savage limb from limb. It was the first of more than one instance of cannibalism.

Hunger they could not burn or destroy, for ever it came again among them. The 500 fell to 100, to eighty, to sixty. Spring was at hand. Spring, and death. Hope for the vessels that were thought to have set out in the preceeding fall was abandoned. None could surmise when the first relief would come. None dared contemplate what those who came might find.

Philip Stevens and Master Seymour, restored to a closer bond of sympathy since the philosopher had so successfully played the spy, bore the horrors and sufferings of the time with fortitude. The philosophy of the old tutor stood the test. Growing weaker daily, their skin cleaving to their bones, their legs trembling beneath them when they went out in search of food, their heads swimming as they moved, horrid pains racking their bodies, and fantastic visions assailing their reason, they fought a good and winning fight through the terrible winter, complaining not, and encouraging the others to hope for assistance, even when their own hopes failed them.

But Philip had a worse enemy than cold or hunger to contend against. He had the bitter memory of Mistress Betty, whom he could by no means cancel from his mind. If life had seemed empty and futile when the physical world went fairly well about him, if it seemed scarcely

worth the desire to live, how much less worth the effort did it seem now, when every moment of existence was only a dragging along of suffering and pain? His high sense of duty and his stubborn pride had to supply the force with which he resisted.

These were barely enough. The strongest factor in sustaining life when death is near is the desire to live for the happiness and joy of living. This Philip did not have, though he strove to have it, and as his hardships and deprivations pressed more closely upon him, his powers of resistance began to be exhausted. At times, as he lay sleepless in the cabin, tossing in an agony of mind and body, fighting down the phantasies that he knew were the forerunners of madness, and would lead him thither if he followed them, he would fall into a complacency, and look forward to death as a relief, if only it came before the other.

Spring was at hand. The wilderness had blossomed through the month of April, mocking the estate of man. The fresh leaves of May gleamed green in the forests. The roots that made food for the starving Englishmen were more succulent and more abundant, and there was herbage which they could eat. They no longer had the cold to contend with, although the wet and blasty spring was nearly as desolate. Death was not stayed, but lingered longer to toy with them now.

Philip Stevens lay in his bed looking out through the open door of the cabin, watching the gaunt and stoic children stalking through the brilliant grass toward the woods. He thought of the contrast between them and himself when he was a child, going out in the midst of the May morning with his little companions to gather flowers, light-hearted, plump, rosy, laughing. He thought of the child in the inn courtyard, waiting to see his Queen, and of the one who was with him then. He smiled at the picture his fancy

drew; and wept at it. He had given up now, and only waited.

Master Seymour sat by his side, making a viand out of a fish that he had caught in the river, by dint of much labor, patience, and ingenuity, and some fresh green herbs gathered at the waterside.

"Here, then," he said, with forced gayety, as he worked at his cookery, "is a dish that an epicure would sell his soul for."

"Ay, that he would!" cried a lusty voice from the doorway, "an he had a soul. But what manner of wise man art though, Father Aristophanes, that thou knowest not an epicure is without a soul?"

The speaker was a great, heavy man of some fifty years, with a round, jovial face and a boisterous manner about him, ill assorting with the melancholy condition of the community. A closer look at him revealed that he too suffered from the common want, for, though he was large even now, the extreme looseness of his doublet, and a certain puckered and shriveled look to his flesh, showed him to have been lately a man of gross and excessive corpulence. He was a perambulating paradox, being at the same time thick and heavy as to his bulk from excess of living, and puny and pinched as to his surfaces from lack of food. The same contradiction seemed to be in his manner; for though his voice was lusty and his carriage half swaggering and half comical, it seemed to bear the same relation to his normal temper that the present fit of his doublet did to the one his tailor had given it, being but half hearty and constrained, accompanied by a drooping eye and hanging chin.

"'T is not for lack of room, an you have not a soul, Master Wayte," retorted Master Seymour, without looking over his shoulder, as though he were familiar with the voice, and accustomed to the man's visits.



"Egad, belike I am getting one, though!" rejoined Master Wayte, laughing, "for my body so shrinks from lack of food and use that I think I must soon be a soul, or nothing at all."

"You will sooner be nothing at all, then," quoth Master Seymour, still attending to his dish.

"Marry, then, 't will be a rare day for the citizens; for such a one as I am in bulk has not died these many days."

Philip, shuddering at the jest the man made of cannibalism, half rose from his bed as though to speak, but sank back again into indifference. Master Seymour, hearing the noise of his movements, glanced quickly at him, and turned his eyes for the first time toward the visitor, with an imploring look, as though he would have him try his revivifying effect upon the young man. Master Wayte was one of those who had come over with the third supply. Happy-go-lucky, jovial, free of heart and hand, he had made sorry work of life in England, and had been sent to the new country to try his fortunes anew, although already past the prime of life. He had in no wise changed by the experience, and certainly was not bettered in the world by it. But his character of good humor had remained with him, just as his bodily size had not melted beneath the trials of hunger, and he was well liked by the starving community, being of great cheer always. On a time he had been friends with Master Seymour, and now the friendship was renewed.

Master Wayte, comprehending the look on the face of Master Seymour, rolled over to the side of the bed and poked Philip in the ribs lightly with his sword sheath.

"What ho, my hearty!" he cried, "how wilt thou have thy joint to-day? Spitted or boiled? And wilt thou take with it a cup of sack, or some of our stout October?"

"For the love of God, man, make no mock of it to-day!" cried Philip, wildly, a strange gleam dancing in his eyes.



DRAWING-ROOM OF THE SHIRLEY MANSION, SHOWING PEALE'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON



Master Seymour, clicking Master Wayte on the heel until he turned his glance, made out to motion toward his brow with his finger, and to shake his head with a gesture of anxiety without being seen by Philip, from which the other properly inferred that Master Seymour feared for his young friend's reason.

"You 're right, lad, you 're right!" ejaculated the jovial one, becoming serious of a sudden. "'T is but a wicked thing to mock death. I did but seek to liven thee up!"

Philip, making no answer, turned his face toward the rough logs of the wall.

"What manner of fish is that?" asked Wayte presently, dragging one of the stools toward him with his toe and sitting on it, wisely forbearing from further talk with Philip.

"That I know not," replied Master Seymour, glancing from time to time at the two, "but he had the devil's own prickles upon his back when I went to take him from the snare, that I know."

"Belike we shall shortly have a run of fish," suggested Master Wayte, laying his sword, sheath and all, upon the table for the greater comfort of his legs.

"Ay, and belike they shall shortly have to run into our pots, for we shall not have the blood in our hands to drag them from the water else," contributed Philip, making effort to fight back into thoughts of things that were.

His two elders exchanged a significant look and nodded their heads slightly, encouraging each other. 'T was a good sign that he talked.

"Nay, not so," returned Master Wayte, "for there is one fellow goes down the river every day with nets and lines —"

"And comes back empty-handed," Philip finished.

"Nay, but to-day he brought back something better than fish," went on the corpulent one, "for to-day when he



returned he spread the tale of a sail coming up the river at a distance, which belike will be here shortly."

The man ventured the observation with one eye upon Philip, closely watching what effect it might have. Master Seymour, with a look of alarm, laid his hand on the other's sleeve and shook his head, imploring him with look to raise no false hopes, and pointing again to his forehead.

"'T is the same idle tale we have heard so often," commented Philip, indifferently, as though he spoke of something that concerned him not.

"I think not so," resumed Master Wayte, reassuring Seymour with a look that he spoke but the truth, "for, an my eyes forswear me not, I myself saw the peak of a sail even now as I came hither."

Philip turned his face from the wall and stared at the man wildly, with feverish face and parted lips: "For God's love, cannot this thing end?" he cried, half rising and clutching at the side of the bed with thin and clawlike hand. "Am I to die, or am I not to die?"



THE DINING-ROOM OF THE SHIRLEY MANSION, SHOWING THE PORTRAITS

"An you ask me," cried Master Seymour, who had risen and gone to the door quietly, "you are to live, for it is even as Master Wayte has said. Even now there draws into the river before us three pinnaces, and our men crawl down to meet them."

As he spoke his words were corroborated. A faint, tiny shout, sounding as though from afar off, rose from the river side. Indeed, it was from afar off; for it was from the hither edge of the grave. Philip, hearing it, released his frantic clutch of the bed and sank back with a sigh.

"So be it, then," he said. "'T is well, so long as I go not mad."

"Do you stay here, Master Wayte, while I run down to the water to learn more of this."

"Ay, and fetch back a joint when you come," Wayte cried out after him, dragging his stool to where he could see what went forward. "And how wilt thou have thy joint now, Master Sure-to-Die?" he laughed, turning to Philip from his new seat.

"I will first have it in my hands," returned Philip, still in gloom. There was no further word between them, Master Wayte being of shrewd discernment. Master Seymour returning in due time, brought with him a tale.

"'T is Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, whom we all mourned as lost in the wreck of the *Sea Venture*," he said, "and they have a tale to tell that, an our Master Shakespeare do but hear of it, will make a play, I warrant you. Being driven for many days and saved from a watery grave only by the skill and courage of Somers, who stood on the deck and directed when all the passengers prepared themselves with strong waters to meet their God, they were cast up at last upon an island of the Bermudas, where the ship went to wrack, but they came off with their lives and abundant store, to which they have added much pork and

fish. For ten months they have lain there, until, building two pinnaces, which they called the *Patience* and *Deliverance*, they set sail and are here. And here, Sir Tubb, is the joint!" he added, swinging it out from beneath his cloak with a flourish.

Master Wayte, with a roar of glee, arose and danced about the piece of pickled pork which Master Seymour had brought, a performance in which the philosopher himself shortly joined, "little thinking," as he said, "that I should ever fall into the ridiculous fashion of these wild naturals, who dance about everything." Philip watched them with indifference, not caring which way the tide drifted him.

The relief of the colony was at best only temporary. The provisions brought by the pinnaces could not last long, and there was no certainty when there would be more assistance from England. The inhabitants of Jamestown numbered only sixty now, men, women, and children, sick and weak and discouraged. There was no desire in them to continue the struggle on the Western Hemisphere. The soil was fatal. All hope was buried. Sadly and solemnly they determined to abandon the colony. The dreams and aspirations of Raleigh, the ambitions of the London company, the heroic sacrifice and labor of Smith and his compatriots, the death and misery of hundreds were to be in vain.

Rigging and manning the two pinnaces that remained in the river, and loading in them such things as might be desired to be removed from the walls of the cabins, the sixty embarked on the four frail vessels to the roll of muffled drums, silent, sad, hopeless. The pinnaces passed down the stream and about the point of land below, leaving the deserted houses beneath the silence of the primeval wilderness of the Virginia paradise.

Philip, Master Seymour, and Master Wayte were in the pinnacle that carried Somers. The intention was to go to Newfoundland and stock with fish, and thence set out for England. They stopped that night at Mulberry Island, setting out in the morning on their long voyage.

It was June 10, 1610. The pinnacle in which were Philip and his friends, the pinnacle of Sir George Somers, was in the lead. Philip, caring little what befell him, sat in the bow watching the prow cut through the azure blue of the water as she was wafted before the summer breeze blowing from the forests redolent with odors of tree and thicket. He wondered, as he sat there, whether he should live to see England again; and whether, if he did, chance



A TOBACCO PLANT BED



would ever throw him in the way of Mistress Betty; and, if it should, how she would carry herself. Thinking of these things, he cast his eye ahead out through the mouth of the widening river, across the waters what is now Hampton Roads. Gazing absently ahead, there came into his vision a black speck that rested on the water. He looked



THE FERTILE BANKS OF THE JAMES RIVER AT LOWER BRANDON

more closely at it. It was a boat of size, too large to be an Indian canoe, but without sails, so that it was not a vessel of the English. He called Somers to him. That one, scrutinizing the object for a long time through his glass, gave a glad cry at last, and hastened to the stern of his pinnace, whence he sang out: "Ship, ahoy! Dead ahead! A long-boat filled with English, bearing this way!"

It was a long-boat from Lord Delaware, who lay in Hampton Roads with three vessels, heavily freighted, and who came to take personal charge of the colony!

With light hearts the pinnaces put about and returned to Jamestown to make ready for the governor.

In a day he came. Philip, still racked with fever and pain, and sick from having over much food too abruptly after starving, and not yet in possession again of the desire to live, wandered down to the landing-place when the inhabitants gathered to welcome Lord Delaware, curious to witness the spectacle, but affected little otherwise by the event.

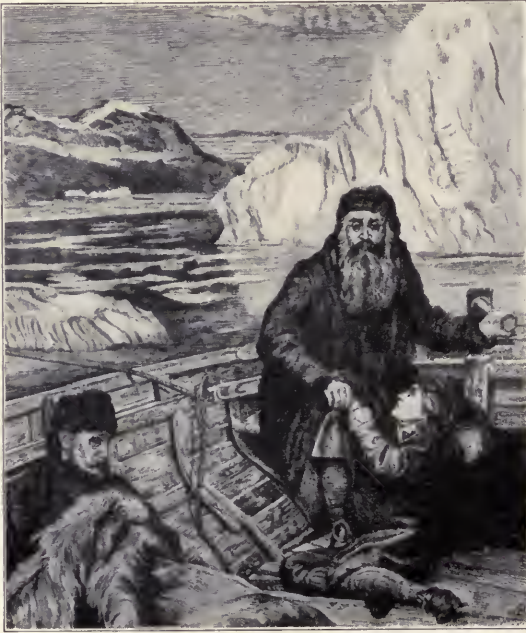
There was firing of cannon on the ship; there were answering salutes from the fort. There was beating of drums and blaring of trumpets. There were banners and pendants and much fine wear. There was shouting and laughing and slappings on the back, and great joy, as Lord Delaware, his handsome young face full of solemnity, walked from the small boat to the shore and knelt on the sod to pray.

Philip, watching with idle and unaffected curiosity, saw him kneel and arise. He saw him pass with his train toward the church to offer service of thanksgiving. He saw that there were women with him; Lady Delaware, perchance, and her maid. Having a curiosity to see what manner of woman Lady Delaware might be, he looked more closely, forcing his eyes to the act, for they suffered from starvation. As he did so he gave a low cry and reeled into the arms of Master Wayte, who stood by, for the one at whom he looked looked at him with eyes full of horror and compassion and astonishment, — the one he looked at was Betty Herbert.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### A MAID HAS HER WAY

FROM the hour when Philip saw Betty Herbert coming ashore with Lord Delaware, and swooned at the sight, through a period of many days he lay hovering near death



HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE (*After a painting by Collier*)

in the rude bed next the rough wall of his cabin. The shock of it snapped the slight thread that held his reason for the time, and he passed into a delirium. But the delirium was not like most deliriums, in that it was pleasurable. His visions were sweet and joyous, being of soft hands and gentle words and tender looks, being dreams of Betty, such dreams as he had dreamt by day before that unaccountable event in the London mansion of Lord Delaware.

Baltimore's London news concerned both Champlain and the French and the undaunted Hudson, whose third voyage had been made from Amsterdam under the auspices of the

Dutch East India company. September 6, 1609, he had discovered the Hudson River and sailed up the noble stream for 150 miles, at the same time that Champlain, leaving his little colony firmly planted at Quebec, was coming down through the lake that bears his name, both the Englishman and Frenchman seeking an outlet to the Pacific Ocean and at one time coming within sixty miles of one another. The



LANDING OF HENDRICK HUDSON (*From an engraving*)

Green Mountains and the Adirondacks had been seen by Champlain the year before.

Hudson had touched at Dartmouth on his way back to the Netherlands, and there he and his ship and crew were seized and held by the British authorities, who desired his services and took the simplest way to obtain them. Through this Hudson came under the authority of Sir Thomas Smith, who was one of those who dispatched the unfortunate explorer on his fourth and fatal voyage, he and Lord Delaware leaving England in April, 1610.

These items of interest were duly brought to Philip as



by slow degrees the delirium left him and the fever abated. The phantasies and visions of delight and happiness survived, however, and merged by degrees into a semblance of reality. He thought at times as he lay there that he was conscious and whole-minded again, and that he heard the voice of Betty in the room, and felt her hand ministering to him.

At such times he would call out to her and the fancy would vanish. He could not understand or account for it, and was too sick to ask Master Seymour or Master Wayte, who did much in service upon him during his illness.

On a day he awoke from a sound slumber, and knew that he was possessed of his faculties. The feeling of returning health ran through him; in his brain, in his muscles, in his buoyancy of spirits. He lay with his eyes closed, reveling in the joy of his return, waiting to open them, preparing himself for the first sight of the restored world, letting his imagination play, wondering whether he should behold her and prove his dreams or prove that they were dreams. "I am well, I am well," he whispered to himself, smiling.

"I am well," he said aloud, at last, ready to open his eyes. "Master Seymour, my good friend, I am well."

He heard the swish of skirts. He opened his eyes in time to see the form of Betty Herbert passing through the doorway, and hastening from his sight behind the wall of the house.

"'Tis she! 'Tis she!" he cried, excitedly. "My dreams are true! Mistress Betty! Mistress Betty!" he called loudly for her.

Master Seymour and Master Wayte answered instead, having been resting in the grass before the cabin while Betty watched the slumbering patient.

"Have a care, lad," said Master Wayte, soothingly. "lest you heat yourself. Why, you bawl like a fishwife!"

"Nay, I am whole again," Philip assured them, reading their anxiety in their looks. "I am no longer ill. I have my wits. But for the love of Heaven, tell me of her, lest I lose them again!" he added, his agitation increasing. "She has been here and nursed me? Say? Tell me that! Has she? She has sat by my bed? She has spoken to me to sooth me? Tell me! Did I see her leave even now, or am I mad when I thought I was whole again? Is my release from this delirium only a liberation into the broader field of madness? For the love of God, Master Seymour, Master Wayne, tell me these things!"

Half raised in his bed, he leaned across the edge of it, grasping the arm of Master Seymour with a grip that made him wince. The others knew by the light in his eye and the ring in his voice that it was even as he said, and that his health was mending again. Simultaneously and independently they concluded that it would be best to tell him all they knew concerning the young woman whose presence so agitated him, and they communicated as much to each other with sundry nods and glances, Philip meanwhile following their signs with an impatience bordering on vexation.

"Nay; an you know nought of her, 't is like we shall have little to tell thee," began Master Seymour, at last. "We thought haply she might be some sister or cousin of thine, but —"

"For that part I know well enough who she is," interrupted Philip, half angrily. "Do you but tell me of her visits here."

"Now you come upon a mystery, Phil," observed Master Seymour, exchanging a wise look of understanding with the other, having grasped the meaning of Philip's outburst. "What we know of her is little enough, as I have said, save that she is the cousin, or some such matter, to our right-wise and good Lord Delaware, whom may God bless! There

is much to the tale of her coming, and you may trust to the word of a sailor with whom I talked, for it seems that this same Mistress Betty and one other, her companion, a lady of parts and accomplishments" — Master Seymour's eye became distant and his speech dragged for an instant — "smuggled themselves on board Lord Delaware's ship ere it left England in the guise of two who would make their farewells to their brothers, who they said, went to Virginia, and that then they concealed themselves, so that they were not found out until two days at sea, meanwhile being fed by one of the sailors whom they bribed heavily to that office. For, look you, this same Mistress Betty, applying to my lord to be brought hither and denied, would so insist upon going as to take this method of accomplishment.

"My lord, learning of their presence, was greatly wroth and took them sharply to task, to which offense Mistress Betty opposed such cool indifference and such stubbornness that he was fain to forgive her and provide her with quarters, for they were too well into the sea to put back and leave them ashore, though it grieved him to the core to do otherwise. Now, that is the manner of her coming. For the rest, 't is a mystery that has puzzled the head of more than one philosopher, for 't is the mystery of the way of a maid with a man."

"In Heaven's name, Master Wayte, what does our friend say?" pleaded Philip, turning to that one in despair of ever getting at the bottom of the thing with Master Seymour.

"Nay, he comes to the point presently," Master Wayte assured him, at the same time exhibiting a lively desire to take up the tale himself.

"Perchance Master Wayte may tell the tale better than I," said Master Seymour, in dudgeon, taking offense at Philip's impatience, and at his companion's appearance of willingness to usurp his place of spokesman.

"Have you seen? Do you know? Can you tell me?"

Philip went on, turning to Wayte, taking advantage of Master Seymour's bluff. "Then for the love of me tell!" he cried, impetuously, seeing the other make a sign of affirmation to his questions.

"Well, then," began Master Wayte, whose avoirdupois and good spirits had alike increased since the arrival of Lord Delaware, and whose doublet and manner more nearly fitted him than they had,— "well, then, to make a beginning," — with a look at Master Seymour, who puffed and swallowed his indignation at being left high and dry in the current of events, when he merely sought blandishment and flattery — "in the



CHURCH OF SAINT ETHELBURGA, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, WHERE HUDSON AND HIS CREW TOOK COMMUNION BEFORE SAILING FOR THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

first place, this young woman had no more than returned from the church, whither Lord Delaware went upon landing, than she came post-haste with all the pretty dismay in the world to see whether thou livest or diest. Finding thee alive, but feeble, and that thy head wandered, and that thy tongue was given much to calling



aloud a certain name which she seemed to have heard and to know, nothing would do but that she must set herself down by thy side and bathe thine head and arms, and talk to thee like a turtle-dove, with the tears running down her cheeks, until her cousin, Lord Delaware, was fain to send a messenger for her and demand that she return, which she did under compulsion, whispering us behind her hand that she would be here again. Which she was, on the morrow, and on many morrows, spending such time here that there are those who would have raised scandal about it had not the honor of her name and the sword of your servant" — he flung it down, sheath and all, at the word — "belied them."

"Know you they who would have made scandal of it?" cried Philip, rising farther from his bed in his passion.

"Nay, I overspoke to tell thee of it so soon," said Wayte, regretfully.

"You would have done much better to have let me tell him," commented Seymour, loftily. "You have blundered like a very ass."

"Which is better than blundering like a tortoise or his cousin the snail," retorted Wayte, ignoring the claims of natural history in the heat of repartee, "and at the worst, thou shalt know who they are as well as I know when thou canst whirl thy sword again. But to go on. She came, as I have said, when she could, doing what she could to salve thee, and comporting herself in the manner of one in deadly grief; but, mark 'ee, the moment when thou beganst to mend, and foundest seasons of reason; the moment when the look of knowledge cameth into thine eyes, and when thou seemdest to know what went forward, she straightway changed and turned haughty as a peacock. She would be sitting by thy side, as she was even now, watching thy breath with a gaze that must have turned thy heart in thy breast, and then, beshrew me, thou wouldst but glimpse at her and she would

arise and steal away like a princess. The more thou wert as thyself, the less she cared for thee; but when thou ravedst like Bedlam itself, calling 'Betty! Betty!' a thousand times at the top of thy lusty voice, I could have been sworn she loved thee then."

Philip, scarcely crediting that it was in fact Betty who had showed such concern for him, looked from one to the other in amazement, not knowing what to say.

"'T was for all the world like one who fights with an enemy and gives him succor when he is weak, but falls upon him again mightily when he grows strong again," commented Master Seymour, who sacrificed what dignity he had at stake in the recent clash, rather than preserve silence longer.

"Say you she would not have you tell of this?" asked Philip, finding his voice at last.

"Nay, that she would not," chuckled Master Wayte.

"Then you have betrayed her!" cried Philip, flaring out.

The two looked blankly at each other for a moment at the sudden and unexpected charge, and looked at Philip.

"Hath she done a crime, then, in coming to thee?" said Wayte, by way of retort. "Is there aught in her visits that we might have not told?"

Philip became more angry. "Have a care, sirrah, or you shall answer to my sword!" he cried, falling back upon the bed in the weakness that his wrath brought to him.

"Marry, that I would rather do than answer thy tongue, lad!" returned Wayte, with a laugh. "Look you, lad," he went on, becoming serious. "I have somewhat to say to thee." He dragged a stool close to Philip's head and seated himself upon it, laboriously and with grunts. "Our fair friend here," rolling his head and his merry eyes toward Master Seymour, "is merely a philosopher, and can know but little of such things as this, but I, who have seen my day," — he winked prodigiously, — "can discern the light where

to him all is darkness. I have mind to tell thee how this matter is as I take it, and if I am wrong, thou mayest spit upon me." Philip, who had an affection for this great hulking man with a heart as big as his doublet, forgot his anger and lay quiet to listen, having a dim intuition that matters might be put to rights through Master Wayte.

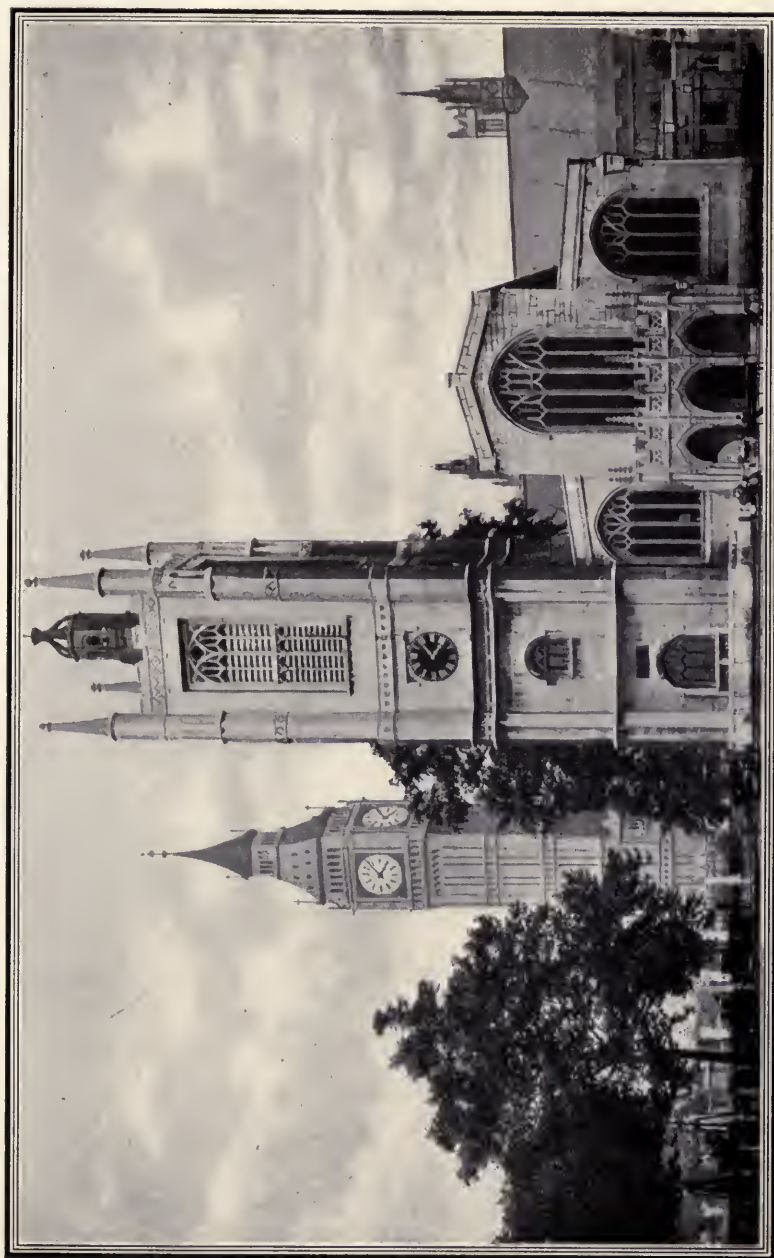
"Belike this Mistress Betty was thy sweetheart in England," began Master Wayte. "Ay; thy cheek confesseth it. Belike there was a quarrel, and thou camest in haste to this country, like a hot-blooded youth, without pausing to set matters right. Ay; I see in thy telltale face that thou wert such a rogue. Belike, with the pride of an idle peacock, thou wouldst not seek to mend matters, or she, with an o'ermatching pride, would have none of thee, being hurt to the quick, — for let me tell thee, lad, and thee too, philosopher, there is more fire in that fair maiden's soul than would supply a round sized hell, an it was put to the use, or than would fill Heaven with spring balm, if led aright.

"Now for the nub. She, being full of fire, desired to see thee and bring things to rights without seeming to, as is ever the way of woman. She came here, — how that was, God must answer, — and seeing thee ill, fell to nursing thee; but so soon as you gained thy wits again, she fell into her old hostility, even as good Master Seymour here hath said. What the matter is between you I know not, but 't were well if 't were made whole again for the maiden's sake, if for none other; an if thou choose to say that we who haply shall save her happiness have betrayed her, let thy tongue rot between thy teeth!"

"How shall I right matters, when I know not what is wrong?" cried Philip, beside himself with the revelations.

"Ha! Say you so?" cried Master Wayte, keenly. "Know you not, then?"

"Nay, by my faith, that I do not!" averred Philip.



SAINT MARGARET'S CHURCH, LONDON, IN WHICH RALEIGH IS BURIED





"Belike 't was this, her lover, then?" suggested Wayte, rolling his head in the general direction of all Jamestown.

"Her lover?" cried Philip, making attempt to rise again. "Who mean you? Loves she one?"

"Nay, I believe she loves him no more than a toad," replied Wayte, expansively.

"Who is it?"

"Why, 't is this same rascally Samuel Argall, whom I know for a knave and a piratical wight who will surely die a-hanging!" answered Wayte.

"I will teach him somewhat with my sword," said Philip, storing the knowledge in his brain; "but 't was not he, for I knew him not when this matter befell."

"Hark 'ee!" cried Master Seymour, springing to his feet with a sudden thought. "I may be but a poor, dull hand in these matters of the heart," he went on, with a look of scorn for Master Wayte, "but perchance I shall tell you somewhat that will throw a little light into the dark places. Phil, mind you the time I told you of when I went to Lord Delaware's town house and saw Mistress Betty in a flout, and heard her say to that coxcomb, young Falkland, 'I will teach him to make boasts of me'? Mark you the time? 'T was you she meant, man!"

"Ay, belike it was," conceded Philip sadly, "for she has ever called me one who boasted in taverns; though why I cannot say on my very life; for never have I boasted."

"Hold!" cried Wayte, then, rising to his feet in turn with a sudden thought, "Boasts, quotha? Taverns? Lord Falkland? Nay, lad, now I have thee! Now I know why thy face peeps ever at me out of my past. Why, lad, thou hast made boasts, and in a tavern too, about this same Mistress Betty! In very truth thou hast!"

He laughed loudly as he spoke, shaking his sides and rolling his head. Philip, furious, strove to gain his feet.

"Unmannerly knave!" he cried, "an you dare say that when I have my legs beneath me, 't will go ill with you!"

"Nay, hold," returned Master Wayte, still laughing. "Be not so hot. Hast thou no mind of the fight thou foughtest in the Mermaid Tavern on a night some four odd years ago, when you pinked Tom Hanham right smartly on the arm, with some half-score to witness it? Hast thou forgot that Falkland was one, and that even I, then much



ON THE HUDSON RIVER AT WEST POINT, NEW YORK (*From an engraving*)

less in flesh, was another; and that thou told us even then that thy boast was true; that Mistress Betty had raised her lips to thine to be kissed, and that thou hadst refused, on top of which thou clapest the assertion, that set us all a-roaring, that you were then seven, and Mistress Betty five? Hast thou no mind for that?"

Quivering with excitement and joy, Philip reached his hand to the arm of the one who sat near him.

"God be praised!" he cried, "we have come upon the truth!"

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### THE HEART THAT KNEW

AFTER that day Betty Herbert came not again to the cabin where Philip Stevens lay sick; for the noise of his being healed and well again spread quickly abroad, he being a man of consequence in the settlement, and one dear to those who were of the survivors. Her remaining away he understood so well now that he derived from it encouragement and even amusement, rather than to permit himself to be depressed or disheartened by it. The desire to live having been reëstablished in him, and his bodily wants being abundantly met, he gained strength rapidly, so that in a fortnight he was fully as well he ever had been, and handsomer and bigger withal.

During this time, as a piece of strategy, he kept within doors by day so that he might not be seen of Betty, though he frequently saw her passing through the streets with an air that was meant to tell the whole world that she knew of no such man as Philip Stevens. For fresh air and exercise he walked through the woods at night, either with his two old friends, or by himself, which better suited his moods. In this way he planned to rehabilitate himself completely, even to the degree of being able to put himself to a trial of swords with Argall, if need should come for that, and at the same time reserve his appearance until the proper moment; a strategy which was largely a matter of romantic fancy on his part, but which had the effect, unknown to him and unintended, of piquing Betty's curiosity to a cruel extent; for no definite reports concerning him were carried abroad, and he was the subject of the most tantalizing rumor.



Now the time had come when his strength sufficed for what he planned to do. With the strength and the knowledge that he possessed returned his old audacity. He would sweep her off her feet as he had on that night when he had met her in the garden, and make her discover her love, whether she would or not, as he had then. He only



SOURCE OF THE HUDSON RIVER: LAKE TEAR-OF-THE-CLOUDS

waited to devise the opportunity of seeing her at advantage when none was about.

It was a night in July, a month and more since Lord Delaware had arrived. The colony, so late in fatal distress, was restored to vigor. Strife had died in the starving time, and peace and quiet pervaded the evening, making its stillness partake more of the nature of full contentment than of empty silence. A soft summer mist arose from the lands across the river, and hushed the sound of the water plashing over the weirs that had been built for the fisheries. Owls hooted in the trees at a distance, and now and then the bark of a fox in complacent humor awoke the distant echoes. Over it all the new moon, hanging in the tree-tops as loath to leave the scene, shed a melodious minor sheen, making mystic the mists and filling the forest with fairy forms.

Philip Stevens, his health bounding through his veins before the urging of his joy, walked in the woods, head high, considering how a word with Betty might best be brought about. As he walked, he heard the sound of voices ahead of him, and paused to listen. A man, with an impatient pleading that arose almost to anger, was speaking to some one who made an answer, the nature of which Philip could only infer from the circumstance that the man continued to plead with fierce impatience, for the replies were so low-voiced that his ear caught them not.

Something about the voice made him believe that it was Argall's whom he had seen on his visit a year before, and who had come again with Lord Delaware. Believing it to be he, and suspecting who might be with him, he took a step nearer that he might make sure, for there was somewhat about the tone of the man which he liked not. He had not been able to hear the words until this moment, his distance being too great, but now they came to his ears distinctly.

"I tell you yet again, Mistress Betty, that your fair name is sorely compromised," he heard the man say; and it was Argall, as he had thought; he could not now mistake the voice; "for, look you, you have come across the seas to find some one, against the choice of your cousin, as is well known, and this some one, whom I might have told you was a cowardly, arrant knave, straightway flouts you so soon as his wits return; or so soon as his wits leave him, I should sooner say, for of a truth he was wiser when he raved than when he turned you away. Thereupon tongues fell to wagging mightily to your much hurt, and your repute is like to fall low. This I give you the opportunity of escaping, making you offer of my name and hand, which, as you must well know, my heart goes with, or which it has long preceded into your possession."

"Master Argall, if there had been in me any warmth of regard for you, your words of this night would dispel and freeze it," made answer his companion, who was Betty, indeed. "You most flagrantly insult me, and then turn the insult into a threat, seeking in that way to obtain my hand. You tell me I am undone, and that therefore you do me great kindness to have me, and that unless you have me I should be little better than completely ruined. I make no doubt you are worthy of your trick."

"Nay, you do me an evil so to misunderstand," returned the man, hotly. "I would not force myself upon you for these reasons; I but mention them that you may perchance look with the more favor upon my suit, knowing that your affections perchance may rest for some time upon this same idle knave, but assured that, an you once were wed to me, I shall be able to prove to you the strength of my devotion in a manner that might warm you toward me in the end."

Philip, quivering with his joy, yet regretting that he had played the eavesdropper even to so slight an extent, and resolving to play it no more, clapped his hat more firmly on his head, loosed his Toledo blade in its sheath, — he had had much sword-play of late with Master Wayte, who, despite his size, was an excellent hand with the weapon, — and went along the path.

The two stood in an open space between the trees, where the moon struck slanting into their faces and into his, for he approached from behind. Lest he come upon them too much unawares, he hummed as he entered the opening, jauntily, — a tune that had been about the taverns and the playhouses of London when he left. The man Argall turned swiftly in his tracks, grinding a curse beneath his breath when he saw who it was. Betty, perchance recognizing the voice, or the air it hummed, stood looking steadfastly before her.

"You seem right well to be abroad of nights, when you are too ill to show yourself of days, Sirrah Stevens," said Argall, when Philip drew a pace closer.

Philip, making a show of not having seen them before, stopped abruptly in his course.

"An if mayhap there be some who might not choose to see my sorry face, is it affair of yours if I hide it from sight when they might be most apt to spy it, Sam Argall?" retorted Philip, in a tone deliberately insulting.



" 'T is more like

THE DEBTOR'S PRISON AT EASTVILLE, VIRGINIA

there be some whom you would not have to see your face, I warrant," sneered the other.

"Then you are not one of such, Sam Argall," rejoined Philip, "for, mark you, I shall seek you out to show you more than my face, have no fear of that."

"Ay," laughed Argall, "so much more than thy face as thy heels are."

"If you see aught of my heels, 't will be by looking upward, for I shall make no further use of them than to place them on your carcass when I withdraw my Toledo!" Philip, discomfited in the fencing of words, was losing his temper.

"We shall see to that!" returned Argall, evenly, "and I shall make you prove yourself; for if you think to take refuge behind these petticoats to flaunt me you make a sorry guess; for I shall hunt you out if I have to beat up every bush in Virginia."



Infuriated by the taunts, Philip was at a loss what word to use, forbearing from the speeches that came closest to him for the sake of Betty. In the midst of a silence that followed, Betty herself turned, not having found courage to look at Philip before. He could not see her face now, for it was in shadow from the moon, which was behind her.

"An you will let me pass, you need not look further than this night," she said, in level voice, taking a step toward Philip, who was in the path between her and James-town.

"Nay, you shall stay," returned Philip, with gentle voice, making a low bow, "and I shall learn manners from your reproof. Haply you will bear with me the more kindly, and forgive my hasty tongue when I tell you that I heard what this fellow said as I came along the path, and my blood boiled at it."

"Soho, you play the spy?" sneered Argall.

"I mind not your taunts," he returned to Argall, calmly, "but I mind the words that have passed your lips this night, concerning Mistress Herbert, and I fling them again in your teeth!" He struggled to restrain his wrath, which was rising again, this time with better success. As he spoke he took a step forward toward Betty, who had halted between the two men. "You have said that the name of this fair lady is sorely compromised because, forsooth, out of a friendship of old time she pitied me when that I lay sick, and because as you say, when I was whole again, I spurned her. You are so far from the truth, fellow, that I say to you now and will say to the world with my top voice that she has perchance as little regard for me as for any friend of her childhood whom she might find ill, and that so far from spurning such an one, I should consider my happiness made did she but permit to me look upon her face. But I do not ask her to take refuge behind my name,



SAINT JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



which, though perchance it is better than your own, would ill suffice to wipe out the blemish you have placed upon her if she listed that it should; but with my sword I shall remove the stain, and she will permit me, and if there be any more than you who have so foully spoken of her, they shall all eat their words, down to the last of them. If it be thought that she has fallen from her estate for that she did treat me with kindness, the point of my sword shall place her back again; for it is my right and my privilege which I ask of her and I ask no other guerdon."

As he finished, he turned toward her with an appeal in his voice, extending his hand toward her in supplication. She still stood with her face shaded from the fading moonlight, and made neither sound nor motion.

"I made no charge such as you state," quoth Argall, fearful lest he come to a disadvantage before her. "I did but state what rumor has scattered abroad that she might know."

It was not physical fear of Philip that wrought a change in the man, for of that Argall had none. It was rather a sense of having erred tactically.

"'T were better for you to have faced down the lies than to have spread them to her, like a lying, cowardly knave, sirrah!" retorted Philip, waxing angry again despite himself, "and by my soul you shall do it yet, if it be with your blood! — an the lady pleases," he added, remembering her presence through his wrath.

"You shall not call me liar, and coward, and knave, to my face and go scathless, though the Queen herself stood by!" cried Argall, livid with wrath, perceiving that matters went against him. "Draw, and make good thy boast!"

With that he whipped out his sword and crossed the narrow space that separated them. As he came, Betty, with



a low cry, leapt between them, with her face toward Argall and her arms spread at her sides, as though she would have kept him off from Philip.

"I forbid you! I forbid you!" she cried, in hollow voice, backing away the while and sweeping Philip with her.

Taking her extended arm firmly in his and lowering it, Philip passed from behind her and confronted Argall. His sword was in its sheath. He had no weapon in his hands, which he held with palms spread at his sides.

"Strike, then!" he said.

Betty, perceiving what went forward, stood spellbound watching the two men.

"Will you not defend yourself, then, coward?" cried Argall.

"Will you not strike, then, coward?" returned Philip, calmly.

"By Heaven, I will!" He came within distance.

"Draw! Draw! In Heaven's name, draw!" Her voice, hoarse and faint, fell on Philip's ears. The Toledo flashed through the last light of the moon, there was the clang of steel against steel, the harsh, heavy breathing of the fighters, the trample of feet on the sod. Betty watched tense as glass. Of a sudden there was a cry of rage and chagrin from Argall. Betty, watching with bated breath, saw a whir of steel through the air in the instant when the moon left the sky, and heard a sword clang against a rock at a distance beside the path. Argall was disarmed.

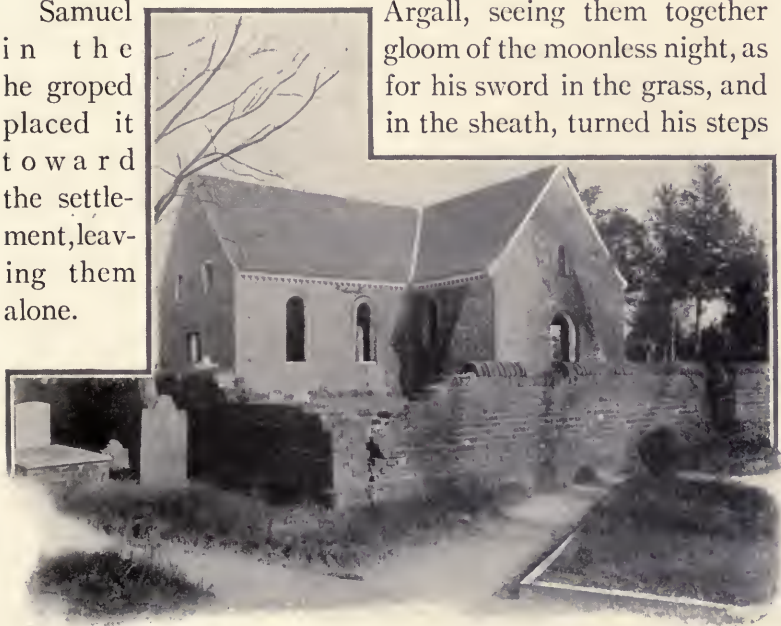
Without a sound Betty crept to Philip, who stood expectant, waiting for Argall to attack again, threw her arms about his neck, drew his head toward hers and kissed him upon the lips.

"I know not how it may be," she whispered, so faintly that he could scarcely hear her, "but I know that I have

wronged you, my beloved, my prince, my king of men! My heart has known it all these years, and my heart has led me to you at the last! Thank God, it's not too late."

Samuel  
in the  
he groped  
placed it  
toward  
the settle-  
ment, leav-  
ing them  
alone.

Argall, seeing them together  
gloom of the moonless night, as  
for his sword in the grass, and  
in the sheath, turned his steps



THE IVY-CLAD RUINS OF BLANFORD

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### CONCERNING MANY MATTERS

NOT until they were wed would Betty permit Philip to explain away the misunderstanding that had come between them. That much she did, and much more would she have done, to atone for her lack of faith in him. When he told her at last, she laughed and cried, and called herself a goose, and they were very merry over it.

The wedding was celebrated with great acclaim in the community. Philip had always had the affectionate esteem of the colonists, and those who came with Lord Delaware inherited the tradition from them. As for Betty, beside being the young and beautiful cousin of their governor, she was the heroine of a romance in a time when romance was dear to the hearts of strong men. Wherefore the wedding, as the culmination of the romance of two set high in the minds of the people, was a great affair. And if any whispers had been in the air, as Argall had hinted, they died away so completely that Philip was fain to put up his Toledo blade, and to content himself with no other revenge upon her detractors than to vindicate her before them in the paths of peace.

He was even obliged to be satisfied with a peaceful adjustment of the matter with Argall. He, perceiving how things went, and considering it wiser to avoid contention with a hero of romance at such a time, and comprehending also that he would fare better with Lord Delaware if his own part in the affair were not known, patched up the broil by apologizing to Betty in courtly fashion, and making great show of friends for Philip.

As for Lord Delaware, he had surmised how matters stood long before Betty came to him on the morning after her encounter with Philip to announce, with a delightful confusion of boldness and blushing consciousness, that she would soon be wedded to Master Stevens. He gave her his blessings, and sealed them with a kiss upon the cheek.

Indeed, the marriage was like to be a joyous affair to all — save only Hutten, who, grieving to lose her charge of so many years, had yet her regret more active as a fear that she was to be deprived of the privileges of a home. What her estate might have been it is impossible to describe, however, for she had no sooner bewailed her prospects, in a moment of close confidence, to Master Seymour, than he came to her relief in a manly and satisfactory manner, offering her a share of his home and honorable name; a shift he made with the greater impetuosity for that one Master Wayte, fully restored in body and soul, had been casting amorous eyes upon Hutten from the first moment of her landing.

Betty and Philip set up in a little cabin that Lord Delaware had the select workmen of the community make for her. It boasted of two rooms, and had within it a brave array of furniture: tables, chests of drawers, backed chairs, pewter dishes, and something of silver, linen, and a store



SIR EDWIN SANDYS



of articles unused in Jamestown, brought over in the ships for my lord, and given by him to Betty out of his regard for her, which grew with each day. Tricking these out with gear of her own in most quaint, coquettish fashion, she had a home for her prince of men that would turn the heart of a prince of the realm.

And now did matters begin to mend in Virginia, and those events come slowly about that raised the Old Dominion high in history. The weakness from lack of concentrated authority, under which Jamestown had suffered by being split with jealousies and factions, was remedied by the despotic power vested in Lord Delaware by his appointment to the governorship. He was a man of strict integrity, kind and humane. He had a talent for command, and he was obeyed. Speaking to his charges on the first day after the sermon by Mr. Hunt, he talked to them in this wise — to use his own words: "I did lay some blame on them for many vanities and their idleness, earnestly wishing that I might find it no more so, lest I should be compelled to draw the sword of justice to cut off such delinquents which I had much rather draw in their defence to protect from enemies."

This he had to do on occasions against the Indians, who soon learned the manner of man they had to deal with, and the strength of his arm. The colonists were kept at profitable labors, houses were restored, the fortifications were strengthened, the church fitted with cedar pews and a walnut altar, and decked out of a Sunday with flowers, of which Lord Delaware was greatly fond, gathered by the hands of Betty and Hutten. He came to service in a dress of velvet and lace, with a bodyguard wearing much scarlet, all this went, too, with the ringing of a full-toned bell, so that those who lived roundabout might feel that God and man were nearer.

Fearing famine again, Somers, was sent with two pinnaces to Bermuda, for pork and such stuff as he could get. Argall sailed on the second pinnace. Somers, sickening and dying in Bermuda, his crew basely deserted the cause and returned to England. Argall, buffeted by the weather, fetched up at Newfoundland, where he loaded with fish and came back with goodly store. The following winter was a hard one, 150 of the settlers succumbing to privation, but it was not so severe as the starving time of the year before.

Lord Delaware himself falling sick he returned to London in the winter, leaving George Percy in charge until some other should be sent. That turned out to be Sir Thomas Dale, who had much to do with giving Virginia the right start. His task was the more difficult, for the company sent over with him about 300 new settlers.

But Dale was the man for them. He had been a soldier. He knew how to exact obedience. He was a high-power, high-pressure man. He was not to be put off from his intentions. He had hard sense, and a hard hand when the need came. He was faithful to his trust and faithful to his honor. He was kind when kindness served; he was a wolf, and used his teeth when the situation demanded the teeth of a wolf. He was a friend and helper to the well-intending; to the workers of iniquity he was merciless and dreadful.

When he arrived he found the men playing at bowls in working hours, Percy being a mild-mannered man and no fit ruler for such as were in his charge. Dale straightway laid down a code of laws which would now be held barbarous, or ridiculous, according to whether it was enforced or not. It was a capital crime to stay away from church service, or to cast doubts upon the known articles of faith. To scoff at the preacher was to be scourged publicly thrice. To speak evil of the King, or the London company, was to

die like a traitor. To trade with the Indians without license, to uproot a crop, to kill animals or poultry without express permission, was fatal. These rules were applied and enforced without fear or favor; and the unruly gallants shortly either ceased to be unruly, or ceased to be anything whatever. It was harsh and severe handling, but it was justified, and bore the fruits that the London company so desired to cull.

Greater than this for the health of the community was his uprooting of the system of communism, which from the beginning had taken away the rewards of labor from those that labored, killing ambition and effort and breeding much mischief. Dale struck at this system, and set afoot changes, which, though not fully accomplished in his time, started industry and begot thrift, so that idleness diminished, and with it the gallows fell more and more into disuse.

Other settlements were established; one at Henricus, where Dutch Gap is now, in Henrico County; another at Bermuda Hundred, and Shirley Hundred, and Dale's Gift; and Virginia became a fact.

Of their old dangers only the Indians remained to threaten the settlements. Famine, faction, and indolence were vanquished, but Powhatan, from the time he had learned of Smith's departure, had been hostile in small and devious ways. Some of the renegades had led attacks upon Jamestown, among them More and Lupe, killed in the assault. As a counterstroke, Argall, who spent much time afloat on various expeditions, contrived to kidnap Pocahontas and bring her to Jamestown for a hostage.

Pocahontas had not been seen of the English since the night when she came through the woods to tell John Smith of his danger. Whether her father had a shrewd suspicion that she had betrayed him in that affair, or whether he was moved by a general disapproval of her friendliness to the

whites, it is certain that he took steps to keep her away from them. One of his devices was to send her on long visits to allied tribes, where she was treated with the utmost regard, but was at the same time held virtually as a prisoner.

It was while she was on one of these visits to the Potomac tribe that Argall found her. He bribed the chief of the tribe



DUTCH GAP ON THE JAMES RIVER

with a copper kettle to bring her aboard the pinnace, which he did by strategy, upon which Argall clapt her in the cabin and sailed away with her to Jamestown. This was in 1612.

Efforts to use her in prevailing upon Powhatan to make peace were at once set afoot, and bore along for some time with such little effect that Dale at the last was about to resort to rigorous chastisement of the old chief as the only safe course to pursue against him, when love worked out a new way.

The gentle god appeared in the disguise of John Rolfe,



a worthy gentleman who had set out from England with his wife and child on the *Sea Venture*, and was wrecked at the Bermudas. His wife dying in the islands, Rolfe had been a widower for some years when Pocahontas was brought into the colony. Far from being a prisoner, Pocahontas was a person of rank, and a high favorite with men and women, both because of the great services she had done the colony, and a certain high air of gentility she had,—a native inspiration, but one attributed to her being a princess, much stress being laid in those times upon the royalty of the Indian chiefs. This treatment she reciprocated, being quite content to dwell with her white friends.

Rolfe, seeing her, was taken with her wild beauty and quiet demeanor and soon paid court to her. She had been told that Captain Smith was dead, and Rolfe, knowing the story of her rescuing him and her many devoted acts, forbore to set her right in the information. At last she consented to wed him, and word was sent to her father, the old Emperor, who readily acquiesced, sending her worthy uncles to attend the ceremony.

It was first necessary that Pocahontas should be baptized, for Rolfe, being a good Christian, would neither be married to a heathen nor permitted to be if he had the mind to it. To this she likewise consented, and was made fit to be the wife of a white man, becoming by due process "Rebecca."

A wedding is rarely other than a happy event, and this one was particularly joyful, for not only did it unite two happy hearts, but concluded a peace between two races. Gladly did the women and youths of Jamestown work to decorate the little church. The greens of the woods were twined into wreaths and festoons for the walls, and wild flowers banked the pulpit and carpeted the floor, on that fair day of April, 1613, when the very birds in the trees seemed to sing of the union of the handsome Englishman



THE MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS (After the painting by Henry Brueckner)



and the lovely Indian princess. The ceremony was witnessed by every soul in Jamestown, including its head official, beside the bride's uncle, brothers, and sisters, and numerous other guests from the forest. All gazed with admiration at the bride in her embroidered robe presented by Sir Thomas Dale, her tunic from the web looms of India, seen through the mist of the long veil that fell to her feet. The glittering fillet that encircled her shining dark hair held the plumage of brilliant birds of the forest, and Pocahontas would wear no ornaments save those made by the hands of her people.

Master Rolfe wore the rich costume of an English gentlemen of the period, his velvet doublet and short cloak embroidered with gold, and at his side a rapier with a jeweled hilt.

And now let the sad story of the Indian princess be ended and laid aside gently, as a tale that is told. Who shall know what dreams of the bold John Smith lingered in the breast of Pocahontas even to the day of her marriage with John Rolfe, and beyond? Who shall know how much her belief that he was indeed dead and gone led her to the altar with Rolfe? Who shall know what sacred and tender memories she cherished even when she was a loyal and affectionate wife to this other Englishman?

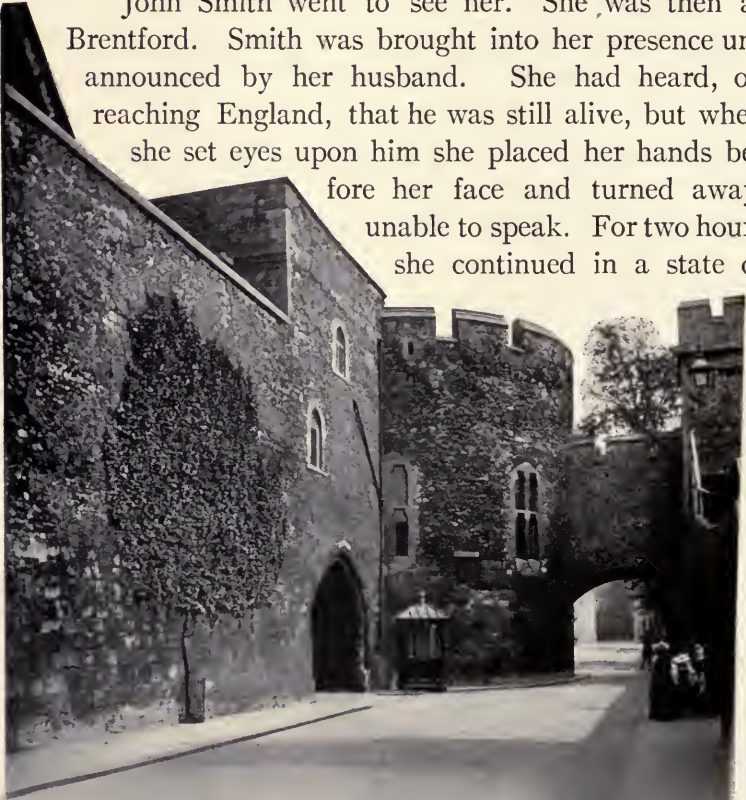
No one can know; but this is the story: John Smith, healed in London of his wounds, went forth again to seek adventures in the Western World, this time in the employ of the Plymouth colony. In 1614 he explored and charted the New England coast with surprising accuracy. If he had any lingering fancies of the Indian maiden they did but beguile him in his idle hours of sailing, for he was a man of action, to whose breast the tender passion was a stranger.

Returning to England after a second voyage in 1616, in which he had been captured by the French, and prepar-



ing for a renewal of his journey, he heard much of the visit of Pocahontas to London. She was introduced at court by Lady Delaware as a princess, and Rolfe was much abused for having the temerity to marry one of royal blood without royal permission from his own sovereign. She was feasted and feted and made much of, as a curiosity and as a princess. *La Belle Sauvage* she was called.

John Smith went to see her. She was then at Brentford. Smith was brought into her presence unannounced by her husband. She had heard, on reaching England, that he was still alive, but when she set eyes upon him she placed her hands before her face and turned away, unable to speak. For two hours she continued in a state of



THE BLOODY TOWER

extreme agitation and distress, recovering from it at last to talk with him of the things that had gone before. She insisted upon calling him father and being called child, as they had addressed each other in the wilderness.

"They did tell me you were dead," she whispered piteously, in parting from him.

In half a year she lay dead. She died at Gravesend as she was setting out with her husband, now the secretary of Virginia, to return to her native home, and was there buried. From the day of her seeing Smith her spirits never were the same, and she pined until she fell into a quick consumption. Her son, John Rolfe, was left in England, there he was educated and grew to manhood, going to Virginia at last, where are many to this day who trace their lineage back to the dusky princess whose kindness made possible the English tenure of Virginia in the early seventeenth century.

From the first there had been a struggle at Port Royal between the Huguenots and the Jesuit fathers, and later the latter withdrew to Mount Desert Island, off the coast of Maine. Argall told Philip of discovering the Jesuit settlement during one of his fishing excursions, and how he had swept it out of existence. He laughed when he narrated how he had filched the French governor's commission and then dared him to show it, accusing the Frenchman of being a freebooter and a pirate because he had no authority for being in the position he occupied. Returning to Jamestown with prisoners and a report, he had been sent back by Dale to do more work of similar character along the northern coast. A better man for the task could not have been found, for he was unscrupulous and eager of gain, with the soul of a pirate. He did his task well, burning Sauveur and Port Royal, and plundering as he went, and bringing the inhabitants of Port Royal away with him as

prisoners. These acts were based upon the discoveries of the Cabots a century before, and were the first of a series of violences, ranging from petty raids to open warfare waged between the two great powers for the possession of the western world, culminating and concluding in the fight between Wolfe and Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham a century and a half later.

Turning southward, Argall came at last to the mouth of the Hudson River, which he entered, discovering there a settlement of Dutch traders, whom he ordered to surrender. They pulled down their flag to replace it with the British emblem until Argall was out of sight, when they reversed the process with much quiet mirth.

This settlement was the result of the explorations of Henry Hudson. When he sailed up the Hudson River, called by him De Groot, or The Great, to the point where Albany now stands, he claimed the land for the States-General of Holland. Upon his arrest in England, Hudson sent his charts and log-books to Holland, with the result that a colony called New Amsterdam was planted at the mouth of the river, and another at the point he had reached higher up, which was called New Orange. When Argall called at Manhattan in 1613, four houses had already been built.

On a fourth voyage Hudson found the bay that bears his name, where he was set adrift with his son in a small boat by mutinous sailors and left to perish.

It was in the year following the expedition of Argall against Port Royal that Dale set sail for England, taking Argall with him and leaving George Yeardley in charge. It was at this time that Rolfe took his Indian bride to England. Argall, obtaining the governorship through the royalists of the London company, returned in the spring of 1617 with despotic power and the inclination to use it.

He found the colonists beginning the culture of tobacco.



They had tried everything else in the new country without great success. Manufactures had failed ridiculously. General crops there was no profit in. Gold and silver was there none. As a last resort they resorted to the weed that the Indians raised. It had already achieved a popularity in England, in spite of the "Counterblast" by King James, who did not fancy it. The raising of it was proving profitable. The culture spread rapidly, until in a short time it was almost the sole occupation of the inhabitants of Virginia, now numbering about 1000 souls. The effect of the new industry was twofold. It not only enriched the colonists, but it attracted a better class of immigrants than had yet turned their attention to Virginia.

The rule of Argall was vicious and wicked. He was unscrupulous and avaricious. Backed by the influence of the court party at home, he did not stay his hand from despoiling those whom he pleased to consider his enemies, who, for the most part, were friends of Lord Delaware. He plundered and oppressed, using the strict code of his predecessor for his own benefit rather than for the good of the community. He did not forget the enmity he bore Philip Stevens, whom he persecuted in every manner he could devise, even going to the length of bringing charges against him under which he would have been executed had they been proved. In this crisis Master Wayte came to the rescue, with a personal knowledge of the plot that confounded Argall and effectually broke his hold on his victim, so that Philip was bothered no more.

The rule of Argall did not last long. He carried matters with a hand so high that his party at home in the London company was defeated, and Sir Edwin Sandys elected secretary of the company. Sandys despatched Lord Delaware at once to supplant Argall. Delaware dying, regrettably, at sea, Yeardley was sent in his stead, first being



knighted, with orders to send back Argall. Argall did not wait for that. Having heard of the intentions against him, he loaded his ship and set sail for home on his own responsibility, making such a good account of his action on arriving there that the court party was able to bring him



THE WHITE TOWER

off free of the charges preferred against him, on top of which he was knighted by the King.

And now did the colony prosper indeed. The raising of tobacco was bringing it much wealth and good citizenship. Sir George Yeardley governed wisely

and well. A crowning benefit came in the year 1619, when Sandys, with far-seeing statesmanship, brought it about that the colony should be permitted to govern itself so far as the making of its own laws. He obtained a charter providing for a House of Burgesses to be comprised of two members from each of the colony's eleven districts. It was the establishment of liberal government in the western world, and the greatest blessing that had ever come to the community.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### A VOICE FROM THE PAST

PHILIP STEVENS, member of the House of Burgesses for James City, man of honor and wealth in the community, respected and deferred to, sat in the doorway of his house in Jamestown on an evening in August, 1619. Across the river in plain sight, spreading high over many hills, lay the tobacco-fields of this young colonist who had come in the beginning with John Smith, eleven years before. Nothing had baffled him in all that time, save only the woman who now sat at his side with her soft cheek against his sleeve, and with a light of love and pride in her eyes. At their feet in the grass their children romped and played, little John Smith Stevens and Tiny Betty, as they called her. Surely their life was full of joy; so full that no word was between them as they sat there, she with her cheek against his sleeve, he lifting her hair and letting it fall in the golden light of the setting sun.

To them as they sat came Master Wayte, more corpulent of body and soul than in his fattest days, who had ever been the chosen one of their followers, even before the day when he had saved Philip's neck and confused his enemies. But he had come more closely into their hearts since the departure of Master Seymour and his wife for London the year before.

"What ho, then!" cried Master Wayte, heartily, stooping with infinite risk and labor to give each of the little children a toss in the air. "By my halidom, such a sight as this is enough to turn my thoughts to love. Beshrew me an I do not pick me out a wife for mine old age!"

"Belike she would beshrew thee, Sir Tubb," laughed Philip; "but where shall you find a wife?"

"Where, indeed, but in the shipload of them that our good master Sir Edwin sends out for such as me, forsooth," answered Wayte. "Of a surety, thou hast heard of it?"

"Nay, marry, that I have not," replied Philip.

"Prithee, tell us, good Master Wayte," added Betty, sweetly.

"Tell uth tory, Matha Wayte," lisped Tiny Betty, catching the word.

"Ay, that I will, my pretty," made answer the huge man, turning to her and standing over her with a jovial face. "Once upon a time there was a great fat man that loved little girls over-much and had none of his own, so a fine gentleman that lived overseas loaded a boat with pretty princesses and sent them to him that he might take his pick of them, and that is the whole story. 'T is even as I say," he added, turning to the elders again — "at least, 't is all the gossip of the last ship that is in. But 't is no marvel that noise of it has come not to thy ears. An it be true, I mean to pick me out a wife, for did not old Drybones the Prophet find him a wife? Then why not I?"

They all laughed roundly over his jibe at the romance between Master Seymour and Hutten, and fell to talking easily until the sun went behind the hill, peeping at them at the last through Philip's own field of tobacco. That was the time for putting the babes into their beds, so the two men arose and went to smoke their pipes for a turn on the green while Betty stowed John Smith and Tiny Betty away for the night.

Early on the morrow a great commotion ran through the town, with the cry, "A sail! A sail!"

"Belike 't is my fair wife!" cried Master Wayte to

Philip and Betty, who had come to the door to see, as he puffed past them in hot haste to the beach.

Philip, clapping on his hat, hastened after him. In an hour they were back, in a boisterous mood.

"What think you he found his fair wife to be?" cried Philip, laughing so heartily he could hardly speak. "The blackest Ethiopes that you might find in a year's sail!"

"Ay; and brought by a Dutchman at that," added Wayte, increasing the joke upon himself.



A VIRGINIA NEGRO

"Why, how mean you?" asked Betty. "Can you do nought but stand there and roar at each other like two great amiable lions?" She was laughing too, at their mirth.

"Why, to be sure, we mean only that a Dutch man-of-war has come to visit us carrying two-and-twenty blacka-



moors whom they offer for sale," replied Philip, controlling his laughter, "and right glad I am, for they will do well in the tobacco-fields, methinks."

"And did you buy one, then?" asked Betty quickly.

"Ay, that I did, and two of them," answered Philip.

A shade crossed Betty's face. "I like it not to own humans for slaves," she ventured, dubiously.

"Nay, you are a silly chit," returned Philip, pinching her cheeks. "Think you they will not do well enough with me? An you had seen them come tumbling up from the hold all worn and sick with the voyage, you would have had them for your own for very pity."

Betty, accustomed to accept her husband's word for all things, shrugged her shoulders, threw her hair from her brows whither it had strayed as she stood in the breeze, and turned to her work with a sigh.

"Ah, well," she said, "'t is well enough for these two that have fallen into your hands, and belike for the others that come to this spot, but I like not the notion, and never have, though I have seen somewhat of it in England, and know it to be practiced broadly among civilized and Christian nations."

Philip, reassuring her further, left her, to fetch the tobacco which he was to give for the negroes. The Dutchman, loading with goods he got in exchange for the slaves, sailed away, leaving the black seed of tragedy and anguish upon the fair shores of Virginia.

But though Master Wayte was disappointed in a wife on that day, he had not long to wait. In a fortnight a ship arrived bringing ninety spinsters, judiciously selected by Sir Edwin Sandys to be the wives of the settlers. Philip and Betty, hearing of the arrival of the strange load, set out from their house to the water's edge to see the sights that would follow. From a distance they saw crowds of

clamorous suitors about each maiden as she came ashore. Presently the swarm would leave to gather about the next, and from the place where it had been would depart a couple in hot haste to the church, where they were straightway married, before any misfortune could come between the swain and his newly beloved.

As they drew near they heard a storm of laughter from one group. Pressing toward it they saw Master Wayte emerging from the center with a blushing maiden on his arm.

"Ecod," he cried, in great glee, "I ha' done it! Whether she will or no, she shall be my wife, for I have made her many rich promises. As for thee, Master Stevens, I would have a word with thee, an thy wife will but hold my sweetheart here lest she escape to a younger and slimmer lover. How I am to do this I know not," he went on in Philip's ear, when he had drawn him aside, "for it seems that we who wed must first pay to the company the royal sum of one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, and as for me, I shall as soon weigh one hundred and twenty pounds myself as have that much of the weed; yet I mean to wed the maiden. Perchance thou canst advise me how it is to be done."

"Nay, I cannot give thee much advise," answered Philip, smiling to himself at the ingenuous guile of the man; "but I may easily give you the one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, an you will take it!"

"Nay, but thou shalt not give it me!" cried Master Wayte, forgetting the proximity of his prospective bride in his anxiety to play his part well, "but thou shalt lend it to me, and I will return it to thee soon enough."

"Soon enough is soon enough," returned Philip, laughing again.

Whereupon it was so arranged, and nothing would then do but that Philip and Betty should go to the church with Master Wayte and his bride to see them wed, which they

shortly were amid much mirth and good feeling, the bride herself finding it in her heart at last to raise her eyes from the floor and smile, and presently to give her lord and master a right rousing smack upon the bearded cheek, to the lasting delight of the entire community.

As Philip and his wife took up their way homeward, laughing through the whole story again, the captain of the ship came to them and touched his cap.

"'T is Master Philip Stevens I seek?" he said, inquiringly.

Philip declared himself.

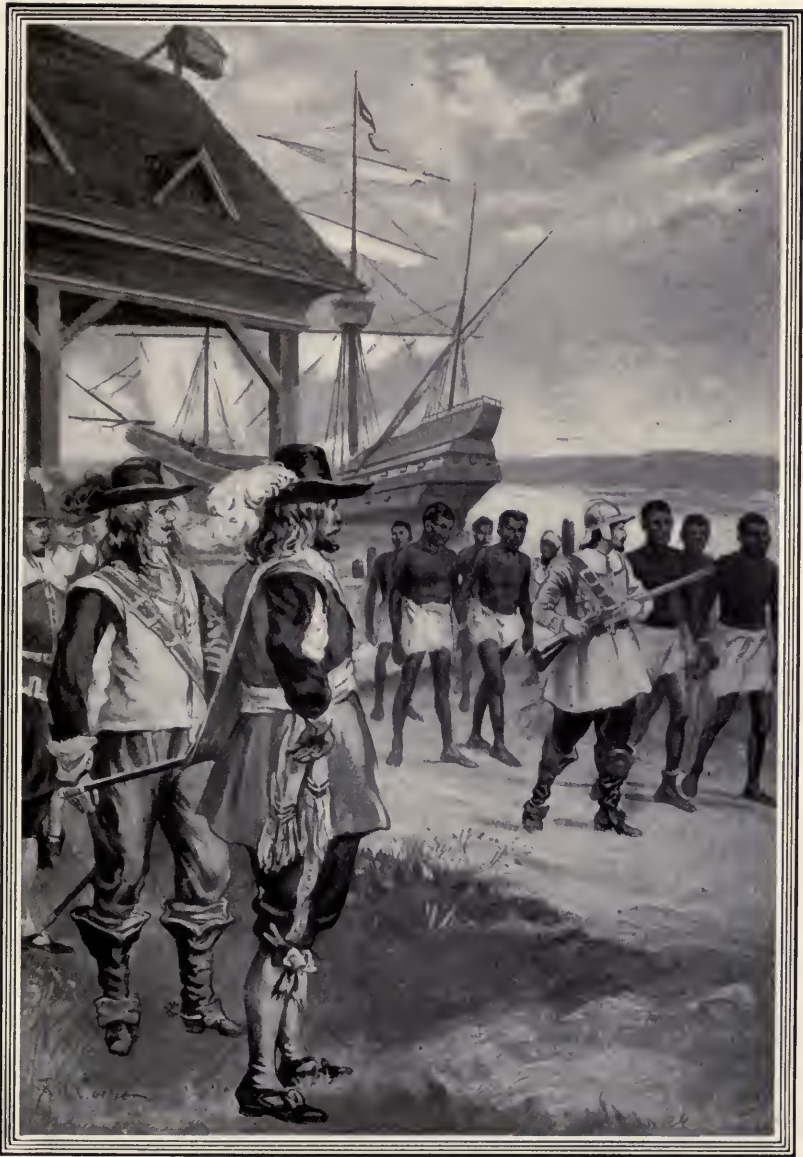
"I have a missive for you then," went on the seafaring man, handing him a letter.

"Now, may God grant thee a long life for this!" cried Philip, joyously, when he had read the superscription. "Look you," — to Betty, — "'t is from our old friend John Smith! A thousand thanks, sir, for this letter. Was there word of mouth to go with it?"

"He only bade me say he would fain see you soon again, and to have me mark well how you looked and your good lady," answered the captain.

They thanked him again and went on toward their house slowly, Philip breaking the seal and reading as they went, Betty peering over his shoulder.

"Ha, here you have it, then," laughed Philip, pointing out a passage. "Look you what he says here: 'And 't is well noised about that our valiant friend and companion Sir Edmond Seymour — for I would have you know that he is now knighted for his wisdom — is the history writer par excellence of the province of Virginia, and hath gained much repute for the books he has writ of those things we did in the wilderness, as well as wealth, withal. And as for his mistress, she is as blithe and serene a goodwife as ever boxed the ears of goodman and made him take his cruel



FIRST LANDING OF SLAVES IN JAMESTOWN *(From the drawing by Freeland A. Carter)*





cold; for I am fain to say that she makes him dance to a lively air, though that he enjoys it much I make no manner of doubt, he being chipper and debonair, and ever given to greater length of speech than of old.' So! She leads him a sorry life, does she? Well, he is a philosopher, and what better use shall a man have of philosophy than to keep him in humor with his wife."

It became necessary for him to put aside the reading of the letter upon this remark and pinch the cheek of Betty in great play, and make much mirth of his quip, to which she answered with a pout and an arch look that made them young lovers once more, and wholly so. They were arrived at the house before he was in the humor to look to his missive again. His eyes had scarcely more than fallen on it, spread on the table that graced their great room — for they had four rooms to their dwelling now, — than he gave a mighty shout and called to him Betty, who had gone about her spinning like the good housewife she was.

"Now is God mightily to be praised!" he cried, as she hastened to him; "and now shall we give high thanks for His blessings! For look you here! Come! Read with me, lest my voice fail!"

Together, without a sound between them, they finished the letter:

"And now, my fair young friend, having told thee how I missed of being sent on further adventures through there being many young men come forward to take the places of such as have endured much, and of how I lead but an idle and unsatisfied life in the paths of peace and quiet, I will come to the nub, for I have over-much to tell you of. You have learned how my lines lay for a time with the Plymouth company, and how I made a voyage for them that discovered much to their knowledge. And I am still friends with them, though there is no place for me in their ships.

"Thereafter I made my headquarters at the Mermaid Tavern with my cronies, and one night as I was sitting talking with one who had recently come in, there approached to him a young man that gave me such a start that I shall



RALEIGH PARTING WITH HIS WIFE ON THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION

never leave it off from my memory; for, except that he had fair hair where yours is dark, and blue eyes in place of those black orbs, and except that his face was fairer in hue, there stood before me your own sweet self, body and limb, to the same height, weight, bearing, manner, and carriage, so that I was fain to raise a shout in my surprise and dismay; for

let me tell you I was on the point of believing for a moment that it was your ghost, however foolish such fancy may be, the other was so like you.

“ ‘And now, for the love of Heaven!’ cried I, when I could fetch my breath, ‘tell me your name!’

“He looked at me with the reproachful dignity that you might show to a stranger of rough demeanor so saluting you, till his friend, who knew who I was, set him at ease.

“ ‘Nay, Master Stevens, stare not so coldly,’ he said, striking him a jesting blow upon the back, ‘for Smith is but a rough fellow himself, being one who followed the sea, and ’t is but his bluff way!’

“ ‘Bluff way, quotha!’ cried I, staring more than ever at the young man at the sound of his name, which was yours, ‘Nay, ’t was little enough my bluff way, forsooth. ’T was that I saw one who so resembles a part of my own heart that it turned over in my breast. Have you ever heard the name of Philip Stevens?’ I asked him, not knowing how to come at that which I hungered to know.

“He had not, and my hopes shriveled, till I bethought me that belike he knew nought of being himself full brothered an he should be your true brother. Well, to make a long story short, lest you break in twain getting to the end of it, and my fingers gain a cramp they may never lose, the tale was soon told. I told him the tale you have spun to me, and he related his own history, to the effect that it is firmly known between us that he is your brother whom Sir Francis Drake took up from Saint Augustine.

“You will no doubt have heard of the lamentable death, a true murder if ever there was one, of our good Sir Walter Raleigh, who was taken from the White Tower in October, 1618, and slain by the executioner by order of King James. It is becoming known—what I surmised at the time—that Raleigh’s own monarch, in the hope of gaining for his bride



a rich infanta of Spain, betrayed our gallant hero to Philip III, England's bitter enemy, even going so far as to promise that Sir Walter should be put to death in Madrid; though this, God be praised! James did not dare to do. So passeth Elizabeth's admiral of the seas.

"It seems that the French jade who played off as your mother was taken suddenly of a fit ere she left Plymouth,



SPOT WHERE SIR WALTER RALEIGH WAS EXECUTED

of which she shortly died, and your brother Matthew, with such papers as she had left with him, was taken by a worthy minister who was called in in the last moments of her raving, but of whom she would have nothing, he being of the Puritan persuasion. This same godly gentleman brought your brother up in comfort and love, though their way in life was lowly enough. At the time when his religion fared ill at the hands of the court this worthy man took his family and charge and journeyed to Holland, where they spent many

years, only returning now to prepare the way to go into the New World and settle on the land where the Plymouth company would found a colony. This he will shortly do, belike, and thus you shall have for neighbor your own brother, with his sweet wife and little son.

“What his joys were on learning of you, and the many questions he asked concerning you, you must fancy, for the pen could not tell them all, or the ship carry their bulk to you, being writ. He has scarcely left me, night or day, since first he heard of you, and even now he is at my side. And as I write he bids me tell you that he has come swiftly to the thought of paying you a visit ere he undertakes his new venture in North Virginia, and so I may close, for perchance you shall see him for yourself soon.

“And now, full of warm affection ever for you and yours, and with so many wishes for your good that I cannot find space on paper or ink to write them in, I shall bring this long letter to a close.

JOHN SMITH.”

As they finished in silence, Betty, her arm about her husband's neck, chanced to look toward the door through the tears brimming in her eyes. But it was joy, and that had brought tears to the eyes of her beloved as well. Looking, she started and gave a cry. For there, standing in the door, was just such a one as Philip, save that his hair was fair and his eyes a merry blue.

THE END



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